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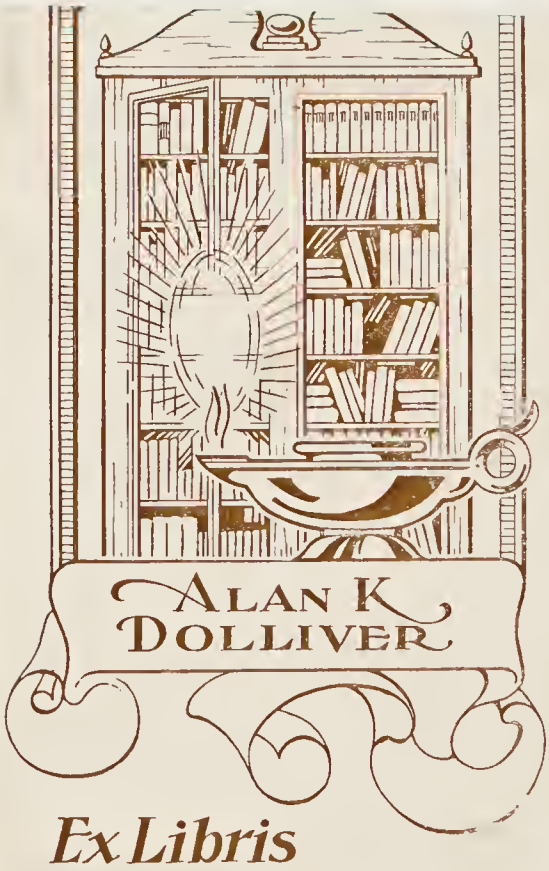

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PARIS

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT DAY

VOLUME IV

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FACSIMILE OF POSTER DESIGNED BY JULES CHÉRET FOR THE THEATRE "FOLIES-BERGÈRE."

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS, Bishop of Clermont, in Auvergne, born at Lugdunum (Lyons) about A.D. 431, has left us, in prose and in verse, a complacent and appreciative description of the refinement and luxury of the Gallo-Roman period, of which period of transition, medley, and compromise he himself was an excellent representative citizen. Though a bishop, he was not a priest, and though a Christian, he was penetrated with the culture and elegance of the Roman civilization, and retained the cult for the gods whom Virgil sung; he had been made a senator by the Emperor Avitus, whose daughter he had married, and a patrician and prefect by his successor Anthemius, to whom he had been sent as ambassador by the Arverni, a Gallic people of

the modern Auvergne. He describes in detail the civilization of Toulouse and Narbonne and the cities of the Midi, in which the arts flourished cheerfully between two invasions; in a villa in the environs of Bordeaux he is one of the guests at a supper in which literature and music contribute to the refinements of the table. While the wine is drunk discreetly, between the roses and the incense and the perfumes, the songs of the poets are introduced between two services, apropos of a volume of the epistles of Petrus Magister, a celebrity of the times, which a guest draws from under his cloak. Severianus and Lampidius and Sidonius himself chant the praises of this great writer in smooth Latin verses, and the latter sings the charm of this festival to which all the arts contribute:

"The day is declining; may wine and dances and joy charm these lingering hours! See, the couches are covered with purple, and it is they who will drink thirstily the purple nectar. Behold the richness of all, the sparkle, how everything charms the eye! These articles come from Asia, those arrive from Greece; everywhere there is sculpture and painting; the murderous hunting-parties in which no one is murdered, the wounded groups from which no blood flows. It is pleasure to wander through these blossoming flowers which droop their corolla in alabaster urns; a pleasure to yield one's body to the broken and supple dance, and to imitate the trembling drunkenness of the bacchantes!

"Behold the cytisus, the lilies, the jonquils. Already the hanging lamp is filled with the incense gathered in Arabia, and the smoke lifts itself toward the shining roof; here, there is no oil known, and it is odorous balm which sheds the light upon us. Hasten, slaves! stoop your heads under the weight of the metal wrought with an exquisite care! Hasten, musicians, both

male and female! and ravish our hearts with your living chords, your singing fingers, your sonorous brass, your passionate flutes; give to us all that poesy has of the most divine, all that eloquence has of the most ravishing!"

He praised the incomparable Petrus Magister for having carried the Gallic elegance among the ferocious Iberians, and he terminated by an enthusiastic eulogy of civilization, of letters, of everything that constitutes the brilliancy and the ease of life. At these pleasing accents, say the historians, the ancient genius of the Gauls was lulled to slumber.

The ancient Gaulish genius manifested itself otherwise, if we may take, for example, a description of one of their feasts by Athenæus. The guests sat on the ground, on bundles of hay, and had before them wooden tables, very low. Their food consisted of very little bread and of much meat, boiled, roasted, or broiled. These meats were served decently, but they were eaten without other implements than the hands and the teeth, excepting the occasional use, for an unusually obdurate piece, of the sheath-knife which every one carried at his side. For seasoning, they used cumin, or wild aniseed, for most of their food and in all their drinks. They were not without a certain etiquette;—in the not very clear descriptions which have come down to us they are represented as "sitting in a semicircle, placing in the middle the personage the most distinguished by his valor, his birth, or his riches; by his side, the master of the house; then, successively, the other guests, in the order of their rank or their dignity." Behind them were placed the warriors of their suite who carried their shields during the entire repast, and before them others were seated, also, armed with lances. Their dishes were of earthenware or of silver, and the wine, from Italy or from the neighbor-

hood of Marseille, which the rich drank, was served in a great vase, frequently of silver; from this vase each drank in his turn.

In the mansions of the rich Gallo-Romans might be found many of the characteristics of the social life of the baronial castles of the Middle Ages, in their periods of greatest prosperity. The same pleasures were sought, there were wandering musicians, bards, and mimes, and all the intellectual distractions that the civilization of the period could offer. In the most sumptuous of the city houses much of the Roman luxury reappeared. "There were the same rich garments of the guests, the same couches arranged around a table adorned with incrustations of marble or precious metals, the same diversity of meats and of game, the same search for delicate vegetables; already had appeared the mushroom, the truffle, and the elaborate art of fattening poultry, heritages of the Roman gormandizing. The wines the most difficult to obtain were served in vases, sometimes of simple earthenware, sometimes of marble, sometimes of glass of divers colors, and cooled in snow. Add the diversions introduced during the repast, the dances executed by dancing girls from Cadiz, and, after the meal, the games of skill or of chance, such as dice or backgammon." The coming age manifested itself principally in the advent of new superstitions, such as the fear of being seated thirteen at table, which dates from this epoch.

Under the Merovingians, most of the refinement of the Roman social customs had disappeared, and been replaced by the mediæval coarseness. The dissoluteness of the upper clergy excited scandal even in that not censorious age. Grégoire de Tours gives us a long list of bishops who sinned in this respect. "The bishops Salonius and Sagittarius passed nearly all their nights at table, eating and drinking to excess, persuading the clercs return-

A FÊTE IN MEDIÆVAL PARIS. After a water-color by André Cahard

ing from matins to drink with them. Here, quite other things were considered than God and the services of the Church. These two bishops left the table only when day was dawning, to betake themselves to a sumptuous bed most carefully arranged, where, buried in the arms of sleep and of drunkenness, they remained until the third hour of the day (nine o'clock in the morning). From the bed, they went to their baths, and from the baths to the table, from which they did not rise before evening, and then only in expectation of the supper."

Not all of the social relaxation of the Dark Ages was of this gross character. The popular and official festivals, processions, and ceremonies were much more intelligent and artistic in character, borrowing their characteristic features somewhat from all available sources. "In the midst of so many miseries, wars, invasions, and crimes, of the default of all internal security in the State, of the destruction of agriculture itself and of the greater number of the productions of the human mind," says M. Baudrillart in his *Histoire de Luxe*, "a diversion was sought in the fêtes, then a singular medley of grossness, of joviality, sometimes of luxury or of profusion. Frequently pagan in their origin, these festivals attached themselves to Christianity in the best manner they could. They were placed under the protection of the Virgin and the saints. They had for their pretexts funerals as well as marriages. Even when profane, they were more than once celebrated in the halls of abbeys or under the porches of churches, and they were associated, in certain circumstances, with the brilliancy and the solemnity of the pomps of Religion. But most frequently they were distinguished only by prodigality, good cheer, and feasting. Closely connected with the corporations and the confréries, they had, nevertheless, a character somewhat

religious, somewhat industrial, by which they were sometimes brought into touch with a moral idea, with that of brotherhood, of mutual succor. More than once a bishop would give a public repast on the occasion of the fêtes of the martyrs and confessors, or of the transferral of bodies of saints; but, however sacred the pretext might be, these festivals most frequently degenerated into orgies."

In the feudal château, the refinements of social life profited gradually by the movement of riches and the widening of ideas brought about by the crusades, by the communal movement, and by all that relative development of liberty and security which began in the eleventh century and grew and increased in the twelfth and thirteenth. During the first of these, there was neither comfort nor luxury in this abode; toward the end of it only, was there some commencement of richness in the furnishing. The repasts might be abundant, but the lighting and the warming were most inadequate; the wax-candle was almost unknown, and even that of tallow was a luxury, pieces of dry wood being largely used for illuminating. The roofs were generally thatched, the doors narrow and low, the windows small and without glass; chimneys were not used, and the smoke escaped through a central hole in the roof from the fire burning on the hearthstone in the middle of the hall. The seats were benches and stools, usually without backs; the custom of the Gauls of strewing hay on the floor, to protect the feet of the inmates from the cold and damp, was still maintained, and when straw was substituted for this hay, it was considered that a great advance in luxury had been made. As late as Philippe-Auguste and Charles VI we find the kings of France regularly served with so many cartfuls of straw for their royal apartments.

Toward the end of the eleventh century, carpets and tapestries began to appear in the richest of these feudal abodes, and rude species of time-keepers, the hour-glass and the clepsydra. In the twelfth, there was a great development in the furnishing; in the great hall, which was the general meeting-place of the household, a great table was fixed to the floor in the centre, and there were added buffets and side-tables, the *chaire* of the seigneur, the bed with a canopy or dais, chests containing the linen, the garments for summer and winter, the arms were hung on the walls for furnishing, cushions were supplied for the seats, and there were more of these, some of them folding. The true date of the *château* is, however, considered to be the thirteenth century, when the luxury of the interior had been most fully developed by the influence of the crusade, and the progress in commerce and manufactures. Not only were all the arts, of the painter, the carver, the gilder, the tapestry-weaver and the goldsmith, called in to embellish these dwellings, but there was a great demand for space and light and air by these lords who had seen the palaces of Italy and Constantinople. At the end of the thirteenth century, there were counted forty thousand of these rich dwellings in France.

In the midst of all this luxury, the service of the table played a most important part, and even assumed the character of a symbolic custom. In the first centuries of the Middle Ages, the feasts, as we have seen, had partaken at once of the civilization of the Romans and the profusion of the barbarians,—"the Greek elegance and the Gaulish abundance," says Sidonius Apollinaris. The influence of feudalism was to develop this species of luxury while, at first, suppressing all others. The Gargantuan feasts of Rabelais were repeated in these feudal castles, feeding an army of retainers and open to all the world. "The table took the

place of other and unknown distractions,—it occupied the long leisures; it had for auxiliaries the development of physical exercises, and for an accomplice in the North, the influence still so sensible at the present day, the climate. In the city, as in the fields, there was nothing but what furnished occasion for copious libations and joyous feasting. All the corporations of arts and trades consecrated certain holiday periods to eating and drinking. All the confréries seized the occasion of the fête-day of their patron saint to give themselves up to this favorite diversion. No reception of an apprentice as a master-workman which was not accompanied by a repast, so that the acquiring of a trade was burdened with this heavy tax. No marriage or baptism without feasting. . . . Even in refining itself, the culinary art remained grossly abundant. . . . The feudal and seignorial table constituted almost an integral part of the existing institutions, it was the visible form of the protectorate exercised over the rural population. The châteaux maintained open table for the pilgrims, for the mendicants. On great days, the entire population was invited. . . . "

But a more intelligent art came to the aid of this grosser one. For the mimes and buffoons, the jugglers, singers, and improvisatores who animated the long hours of the Roman banquet, the Middle Ages substituted the poetry of the trouvères and troubadours and the somewhat baser art of the jongleurs. Some of these trouvères were nobles themselves, or carried swords and fought like knights,—as Taillefert at the battle of Hastings. Their services were frequently richly rewarded by their appreciative patrons, gifts of lands and livings being not infrequent both in England and France. Some of them were regularly retained on fixed wages, and formed a part of the seigneur's establishment;

CARD OF INVITATION TO A BALL GIVEN BY THE GARDE NATIONALE IN 1835.

others, following a wandering life, formed themselves into corporations and devoted themselves to rhymed tales, the *fabliaux* and the *chansons légères*. Some of them, in their trade of *ménestrandie*, enjoyed certain privileges, like other bodies of artisans, such as that of teaching the musical art and declamation. Women were not excluded from these corporations; in the thirteenth century, the jongleurs took the name of *ménestrels* and, later, of *ménétriers*. "The mise en scène of these brilliant and costly entertainments, which demonstrate the persistent taste for the arts and the works of the imagination in an aristocracy so little refined, is very remarkable. We may imagine these wandering minstrels introduced into the great salle of the château brilliant with vivid colors. Frequently they were accompanied with a regular orchestra. Sometimes they would sing in an evening as many as two thousand verses, listened to with a passionate interest. For audience, they had a crowd of invited guests. . . ."

The frequency of sumptuary laws during the Middle Ages testifies to the growth of this luxury of entertainment, as well as to the jealousy of the monarchs of a wealthy and powerful aristocracy and of their willingness at the same time to cater to the hatred of the latter for the bourgeoisie by suppressing the ostentation of the rich merchants and traders. Under Saint Louis, the citizens of Paris were forbidden to sit up late and divert themselves after their supper at six o'clock without the permission of the Prévôt; in the first years of the reign of Philippe le Bel, the very meals of the citizens were regulated by royal ordinance. For the *grand mangier*, the supper, only two dishes and a soup of bacon or lard were allowed; for the *petit mangier*, the dinner, only one dish and a side-dish, an entremets. On fast-days, only one meal was to be eaten, which might consist of two herring

soups and two dishes, or one soup and three dishes. No dish was to consist of more than one kind of meat or fish. The cost and variety of the costumes were regulated with equal severity, especially for the richer women of the bourgeoisie. In 1305, this monarch caused it to be proclaimed through the city that no persons, no matter what their rank or condition, should assemble in greater numbers than five at any hour of the day or night, publicly or in secret. The luxury in the interiors of the great hôtels of the rich bourgeois who inhabited the quarter of the church of Saint-Jacques-de-la-Boucherie and of the charniers of the Innocents was known to "all Paris of the fourteenth century."

This development of the splendor and comfort of domestic life in this and the following centuries was accompanied by a decline of the moral qualities that the historians of manners and customs qualify as a real decadence. All the national defects of character seemed to develop and increase; the people became light and frivolous, like their rulers. Under the first Valois, they contracted the habit of amusing themselves amidst the most serious national misfortunes. The luxury of these monarchs was half-feudal, half-monarchical, and in the château of Vincennes and the noble forest which surrounded it their fêtes were celebrated with a magnificence till then unknown, though the black plague might be devastating Paris at the rate of five hundred deaths a day. The loss of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers was attributed by the chroniclers of the time to the extravagance and dissoluteness of the nobles. King Jean le Bon, prisoner in England, passed his time "in great rejoicings, recreations, dinners, suppers, and other matters." Under the young Charles VI, the luxury and licentiousness of the court attained a degree of effrontery never seen at any other time in the history of France,—not even in the famous

days of the Regency. It was at one of these court balls, in one of the libertine masquerades introduced from Italy, that the king, disguised as a satyr, was very nearly burned to death, like several of his companions. The queen, Isabeau de Bavière, and her ladies displayed themselves in the fêtes at Vincennes, their nudity scarcely veiled by the strings of precious stones which she had made the fashion and revealed by the slashes and openings in their garments which the indignant preachers of the day called *fenêtres d'enfer*, windows of hell.

To the entertainment furnished by the wandering troupes of ménétriers and jongleurs, singing, playing on instruments, and reciting tales, giving performances of trained animals, monkeys, dogs, and others, succeeded theatrical representations, frequently mounted with extraordinary elaboration. These entertainments, which were called *entremets*, sometimes were protracted through several hours, at a fête or banquet. One of the most famous recorded was that presented at a great feast given by Charles V in the grand salle of his palace to his uncle, the Emperor Charles IV, on his visit to Paris, in 1378, where there were served on the royal table two hundred and forty courses. The festival was terminated by a spectacle in which were represented, in two acts, the arrival of the crusaders, under Godefroi de Bouillon, under the walls of Jerusalem and the subsequent capture of the city by storm. The chroniclers grow enthusiastic over the marvels of these entremets-spectacles. At one time, it was a forest of the "Indies, filled with different automatic animals which walked about." To one tree was fastened a lion, and, near by, a man was beating a dog. To the right and left of a great buffet adorned with vases of crystal, cups ornamented with gold and precious stones, and an immense number of vessels of gold and silver, the spectators admired two

columns, "of which one supported a statue of a woman, nude, from whose right breast issued, during the entire supper, a stream of hippocrass, and to the other column was secured by an iron chain a living lion." This animal seemed to be guarding the nude woman, for there was an inscription in golden letters upon a shield: *Ne toucher à Madame.* All this concealed an allegory of the events of the day,—the woman represented Constantinople despoiled; the lion which defended her, the Duc de Bourgogne; and the man who beat the dog, the Sultan Mahomet.

Among the minor diversions of both the court and the people, games of chance were in great favor, and attempts were made to check them by prohibitory regulations and by encouraging martial exercises. The king's council, reflecting upon the great advantage which the English had derived at Crécy and Poitiers from their unequalled archery, wished to train the French people in this art. At the same time, severe laws were issued against all games of dice, of cards, and of tennis, which had become so common among the people, and measures were taken to encourage, in their stead, practice in the use of the bow and the arbalist. This gave great pleasure to the populace, even children and youth became proficient in the use of these weapons, but the constituted authorities presently took alarm at the possibility of the people learning their real strength and becoming more powerful than the king and the nobles, and a royal decree, therefore, forbade this training for all excepting a few companies of cross-bowmen. Consequently, "the people returned, as formerly, to their bad games of chance," says Juvénal des Ursins.

Sometimes they turned on their oppressors, who in every way set them such an unworthy example. In October, 1413, the dauphin was giving a ball in the Hôtel Saint-Paul; at eleven

o'clock at night, the capitaine-gouverneur of Paris, Hélion de Jacqueville, passing before the doors with the night-watch, suddenly entered the building, forced his way into the dauphin's presence, and bitterly reproached him with leading a dissolute and pleasure-seeking life in the midst of the grave crisis in the affairs of the capital and the nation. It was not the first time that this prince had heard similar reproaches. Furious at this reprimand, he drew his dagger and struck at Jacqueville three times, but the latter, fortunately, wore a habergeon, or shirt of mail, under his outer garment. Georges de la Trémoille, whom the captain-governor taunted with being the instigator of these princely follies, came to his aid, and was set upon by the soldiers of the watch; had it not been for the interference of the Duc de Bourgogne, he would certainly have been killed. The dauphin was so affected by this interruption of his pleasures, that he spat blood for three days after.

As for that very ancient diversion of tale-telling, it had long been in favor with both prince and people. Louis XI is given the credit, which he probably does not deserve, of having corrupted this cheerful and innocent custom by confining the tales told strictly to those of a loose or obscene character. Brantôme says that "most of the time he took his meals in company, in the salle, with a number of gentlemen of his most intimate followers; and he who related to him the most lascivious story of the *filles de joye* was the most favored and best rewarded. And the king himself did not spare to tell these; for he was very inquisitive about such things and often wished to learn; then he would communicate them freely to others, and publicly. This was a very great scandal, this was. He had a very poor opinion of women, and did not believe them to be all chaste."

In both the cities and the country, this custom of gathering in the evenings for mutual entertainment and story-telling became a national characteristic. In the rural districts, these gatherings took different names,—*Sérées* or *Series* in France, *Siètes* in Artois, *Escriènes* in Hainaut, *Escraignes* in Bourgogne, in the sixteenth century; the inhabitants of each village would assemble in a common hall, or in a large barn, or sometimes in each other's houses, the women with their spinning, each with a little lamp, a *chaufferette* or portable stove in winter, there would be much surreptitious love-making during the story-telling and various rude games and practical jokes. If we may believe Balzac, these *Veillées* were maintained in some of the southern provinces at the period of the Restoration. In the seventeenth century, the clergy endeavored to abolish this custom as being the principal source of "the corruption and vice in the country districts." In the cities during the age of the Renaissance in France, the dislike of eating alone, or in one's own house, was so great that it was the practice for each to carry his meal to his neighbor's in turn, and there in social converse wait the hour for retiring.

PARISIENNES. By F. Fau.

Saint Louis had created the title and office of *maître d'hôtel* for Arnould de Wissemale, who was given the charge of furnish-

ing the royal table; the use of forks had been introduced, apparently, at that of Edward I of England, in 1297; the grossness of the mediæval table-service—such as that of bringing on pastry representing certain parts of the body—had largely disappeared, and in the sixteenth century the luxury and splendor of the table was in full accord with this era of material progress. At the courts of Henri II and François II, and even, at intervals, at those of Charles IX and Henri III, this pomp was maintained, though not infrequently accompanied by gross excesses. The fêtes of Catherine de Médicis are described at length by the chroniclers of the times,—the richness of the service, the display of costly garments, embroideries, pearls, and precious stones, as well as the intemperance in eating of the queen-mother herself. The festival of the wedding of the Duc de Joyeuse was followed by sixteen others, given by the princes and seigneurs, all equally luxurious for the costumes and furnishings loaded with gold and changed after each use. "The expense," says Pierre de l'Estoile, "was so great, including the masquerades, combats on foot and on horseback, jousts, tourneys, music, dances of men, women, and horses, gifts and liveries, that the rumor was that the king had not gotten off for less than twelve hundred thousand écus." Michel de Castelnau, himself an actor in some of the entremets-spectacles of the festivals of Catherine de Médicis, describes these "*très-rares et excellents festins* with the accompaniment of perfect music by sirens very well represented in the canals and gardens of Fontainebleau, with several other pleasant and agreeable inventions for love and for arms." He depicts the illustrious combat between twelve Greeks and twelve Trojans "who had a great dispute for the love and on the beauty of a lady," and who, "desirous of deciding their quarrel in the presence of great princes and beautiful

ladies, sent by the heralds at arms to the king to request permission for this combat." The narrator took part in the contest under the name of the chevalier Glaucus; and he also assisted in a tragi-comedy "which the queen-mother of the king caused to be played in her festival, the most beautiful and also as well and artistically represented as could possibly be imagined, in which the Duc d'Anjou, at present the king (Henri III), wished to take part, and with him also Marguerite de France, at present the Queen of Navarre, and several princes and princesses, as the Prince de Condé, Henri de Lorraine (Duc de Guise), the Duchesse de Nevers, the Duchesse d'Uzès, the Duc de Retz, Villequier, and some other seigneurs of the court."

"That which is striking in these sumptuous amusements," says Baudrillart, "is the part taken by wit, by ingenuity, in the gallantry; each one pays with his own person; these great personages, these fine ladies, are required to contribute each their portion of gracefulness, of good-humor, of imagination even, in these gay tourneys. The cartels, the names and the exploits of the combatants, in this which we have just described, furnished matter for so much poetry and singing, and on all the shields were painted the devices of each combatant."

Under Henri IV, as we have seen, the court of France was considered the most unpolished and immoral in Europe, but the greater leisure of the women of the upper classes, the seclusion of the life of the château, had induced many of them to seek in study and self-cultivation a higher enjoyment and recreation than that afforded by the *ballets de la reine*, *ballets du roi*, *ballets de la cour*, to the accompaniment of the royal band of six violins. Among these was Catherine de Vivonne, daughter of the Marquis Pisani, just married to the Comte d'Angennes, eldest son of the

Marquis de Rambouillet. She had been brought up in seclusion, she was fond of reading and intelligent conversation, had some skill in painting and architectural drawing, acquired probably

BALL COSTUMES, TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

during a residence in Italy, was well acquainted with Italian and Spanish, and less so with Latin, and in her twentieth year, when her husband succeeded to his father's title, was described as *belle,*

bonne et spirituelle. It was not difficult for her to find among the persons of rank and fortune others who longed for a social intercourse intimate and varied and more polished than had hitherto existed in France. "There was no society apart from the court; no *salons* thrown open for the reception of distinguished *littérateurs*, and no social *réunions.* The theatre was open only now and then; the performances also were occasional, and *loges à l'année* not then introduced. The French Academy was not yet founded, and the men who were to shed most lustre upon it were either unborn, still unknown to fame, or mere youths, and their talents immature." It was time for the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

The edifice itself was erected on grounds in the possession of the family in the Rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre, and from the designs of the marquise herself. So admirable were its arrangements considered that it served as a model for many of the châteaux afterward erected in this century. The principal reception room, the *salon bleu*, with its walls hung with panels of blue velvet in borders of gold, was a great innovation upon the red or tawny dark-yellow apartments then in vogue. Another novelty was the use of lamps of Venetian glass, for lighting the salons in the evening; and among the handsome and costly furniture with which they were filled was a marvellous spinet, brought by the marquise from Italy. The musical art in France was still awaiting its development; the opera had not yet been introduced, and Lulli was not born. The instruments then in use for the dance were violins, and, to accompany the voice, the lute and the théorbe.

In these handsome and well-contrived apartments, the Marquise de Rambouillet gradually gathered around her all that was most learned, witty, and distinguished in the society of the day. One of the earlier habitués of this salon was the queen's almoner,

A COURT BALL IN 1820. After a water-color by Eugène Lami.

Armand du Plessis, Bishop of Luçon, afterward Cardinal de Richelieu, who more than once here took part in the discussion of a thesis whose subject was love. Among the first of the men of letters were the poets Malherbe and Ogier de Gombauld, Jean Louis de Balzac, and Vaugelas, the grammarian, one of the first members of the Académie Française. There was also the young Marquis de Racan, who, according to the fashion of the day, made love to the marquise and lamented her cruelty in pastorals and poesies. She adopted his anagram of Catherine, "Arthenice," and thereby set another fashion, that of *noms de Parnasse*, as La Fontaine called them, for all women of rank and celebrity. The Hôtel de Rambouillet itself was known as *Le Parnasse Français.* Not only were *gens de lettres*, men of talent and genius whether obscurely born or not, received in its salons, but courtiers and duchesses were willing to waive etiquette and attend these gatherings, in such high honor were they held. The tact and courtesy of the hostess were frequently taxed to their utmost to ensure harmony between the widely-differing claims of talent and birth, to maintain suavity and consideration in the intercourse of her somewhat incongruous guests. But the tone of refinement which was there preserved, and duly appreciated, gradually spread and influenced French society, even the dissolute court; and the blameless private life of the marquise set an example which was more salutary, and exercised a wider influence, than even the lack of depravity that was so remarkable in the conjugal conduct of Louis XIII. The society of this period had a passion for dancing, but it sometimes happened, even in her salons, that even so distinguished a man as "the historian of the famous Hôtel," "the Brantôme of the seventeenth century," Gèdéon Tallement des Réaux, would not receive the slightest acknowledgment from the

lady he sought for his partner, so supreme was the contempt of the aristocracy for *hommes de finance*, no matter how well connected.

During the youth of Louis XIII and the regency of his mother, tilting at the rings and various other games requiring skill and dexterity had been introduced by the Italian favorite, Concini, the Maréchal d'Ancre, and in these he himself excelled, being a handsome man and much more polished in manners than the rude captains of Henri IV. Proportionally disliked by these, he was accordingly favored by the ladies who smiled upon him, "bestowed plaudits upon him, and playfully pelted him with flowers, perfumed gloves, and handkerchiefs steeped in essences." When the king came into his power, his taste for ballets, notwithstanding his melancholy nature, led to their frequent repetition at the court, with "all sorts of *scènes plaisantes* and *décorations merveilleuses*." The introduction of chamber music, at this period, in many of the houses of the city, marked a growing desire for a more intimate and refined social recreation. With the young nobles without means, and the young bourgeois, however, the prevailing passion was for the commonplace dissipation, in favor at all ages, gambling, borrowing money, feasting, drinking, and hunting; the common populace thought only of running after women and drinking to excess. The *Mémoires de Grammont* and an even more intimate and free-spoken chronicle, the *Caquets* [cackle] *de l'accouchée*, give a vivid picture of the manners of the times.

The luxury and ostentation of the reign of Louis XIV were well heralded by the truly royal pomp of the superintendent of finances, Fouquet, Marquis de Belle Isle, the indiscreet display of which to the jealous monarch at the famous fête given him at

the Château de Vaux, August 17, 1661, led to his arrest by royal order and imprisonment in the Bastille. Mazarin's favorite, Saint Evremond, *bel esprit* and writer of *vers de société*, was looking forward to seeing "the good times of the good regency," which he had sung, revived in the salons of the Mancini family when the consternation caused by the news of this arrest closed them most unexpectedly. It was not from any aversion to prodigal extravagance that the king had arrested Fouquet. The gambling at the court was one of the many scandals of his reign. *Le jeu de la Montespan* became proverbial; when she played *bassette*, the stakes sometimes mounted to a million écus. If the other players withdrew, she showed her vexation, and so did the king. One Christmas evening she lost seven hundred thousand écus, and won upon three cards a hundred and fifty thousand pistoles, the pistole being worth a little more than ten francs. It was the custom to pay the gambling debts only in golden louis. One of the Rohans, having lost to the king, and having no louis, offered him two hundred Spanish pistoles. The king refused them; "If your Majesty will not have them, they are good for nothing," said the other, and threw them out the window. "Dancing is now no longer the fashion," wrote the Princess Palatine in March, 1696. "Here, in France, as soon as the company has assembled, they do nothing but play lansquenet; the young people will no longer dance. The stakes are for frightful sums, and the players are like madmen. One of them bellows; another strikes the table so heavily with his fist that the whole salle resounds; a third blasphemes in such a manner as to make your hair stand on end;—all of them seem beside themselves, and are dreadful to see." Many of these noble gamblers cheated at their cards; the fact was well known, and excited no special comment.

Equally extravagant was the service of the king's table at Versailles, the "fêtes de Gargantua," the "solemn hierarchy of the *cuisines*," which special luxury was one of his most stately creations. The number of officials connected with this *service de la bouche* [of the mouth, literally] was almost incredible, and was repeated in all the royal residences. As for the splendor and diversity of the royal fêtes, the language was beggared in describing them. At that of the *Plaisirs de l'île enchantée*, in 1664, after the bedazzling and never-to-be-duly-depicted allegorical and mythological procession of the day, in which the king himself appeared as the chevalier Roger, captive to the charms of Armide, followed by the Four Ages, the twelve Hours, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the four Seasons (Spring, upon a Spanish horse; Summer, upon an elephant; Autumn, upon a camel; and Winter, upon a bear), gardeners, harvesters, vintagers, Pan and Diana, "everything was *characterized*," remarks Voltaire. "Shepherds brought the bars of the barrier, which were set up to the sound of trumpets, to which succeeded at intervals the bagpipes and the violins. . . . The courses being finished and the night having fallen, four thousand great flambeaux lit up the space in which the fêtes were given. The tables were served by two hundred personages, who represented the Seasons, the Fauns, the Sylvans, the Dryads, with pastors, vintagers, and harvesters. Pan and Diana descended (from the moving mountain) to place upon the tables all that the plains and the forests produced of the most delicious. Behind the tables, in a semicircle, arose suddenly a theatre filled with concert performers. The arcades which enclosed the tables and the theatre were ornamented with five hundred chandeliers, green and silver, which held wax-candles (twenty-four candles each, and two hundred other torches of

A PRIVATE BALL IN THE CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN. PERIOD OF THE RESTORATION. After a water-color by Eugène Lami.

white wax carried by as many persons each covered with a mask); and a gilded balustrade surrounded all this vast enclosure. These fêtes, so superior to those which the Romans invented, lasted for a week."

That which was given at Versailles on the night of the 18th of July, 1668, was even more splendid, and was made still more remarkable by the introduction of the water in all the great basins and fountains. Its fame extended over all Europe. The ostentation of luxury displayed by the Grand Condé at Chantilly was scarcely inferior to that of royalty itself. The fête which he gave to the king in April, 1671, was such that the cost would "have fed and lodged all France," said Madame de Sévigné. The jonquils alone had cost a thousand écus. The banquets and the entertainments of the nobles at Fontainebleau came equally under the denunciation of the independent preachers of the day, the chief of whom was Bossuet. "The fêtes were not only splendid, but enervating," says Baudrillart; "this may be seen by the madrigals of Benserade as well as by the songs interspersed through some of Molière's comedy-ballets,—perpetual provocatives to pleasure, in which everything breathes the relaxation of principle, in which everything celebrates capricious love, in which virtue is treated as an inhuman perversity, in which the promptings of voluptuousness are rendered more seductive by the enervating strains of music diffused on the air of the burning nights of summer, in the midst of the luxurious surroundings, of the crowds of richly-adorned courtiers and of dazzling women." The private life of the higher nobility was in accordance with these standards of social morality; the examples of Condé and of Henri II, Duc de Guise, violating every law, were only too readily followed; adultery in these noble families was very common; the

manifestations of this brilliant society were summed up by Bossuet in the formidable phrase: the *hennissement des cœurs lascifs* (the whinnyings of lasciviousness).

Louis XIV himself has furnished in his *Mémoires* what he considers abundant justification,—supplementing his celebrated reply to Madame de Maintenon when she asked him for money for the poor: "A king gives alms in expending freely." "*Les divertissements*," he says, "are beneficial for all men in order to give respite from labor, to furnish new strength, to benefit the health, to calm the troubles of the mind and the disquietude of the passions, to inspire a humane spirit, to improve the intelligence, to take from virtue a too sharp edge which sometimes renders it less social and less useful." For a king, all these entertainments are advantageous in enabling him to display to strangers the prosperity of his realm, in demonstrating to his subjects his skill in all bodily exercises, and in giving them, by that which they see, a superior idea of that which they do not see. They are particularly advantageous for a king of France, "because they are not so much those of the king as those of the court and the people, and because the peculiar characteristic of this monarchy is the free and complete access of the subjects to the prince."

To these ostentatious fêtes of the monarchy succeeded the *petits soupers* of the Regency, with the same senseless exaggeration of social functions excellent in themselves. The crimes, the frivolity, and the folly of this period, it is claimed by the dismayed French historians, were probably greatly magnified by the popular rumors and the memoirs of the time. The interests, the pleasures, and the luxury of private life became affairs of State; the Regent appointed Watteau painter to the king in 1717, with the official title of painter of *fêtes galantes;* the financial disorder of the

period augmented the universal immorality. "This prince and his daughter," says Lemontey in his *Histoire de la Régence*, "took the lead in all the vices;" the Duchesse de Berry excited the popular indignation as much by her insolent ostentation of luxury as by her scandalous amours. "People spoke under their breath of these suppers, full of scandal and of mystery, of these dances and of these strange performances, of these wines in which was extinguished, even to drunkenness, the reason, usually so lucid, of the prince who sought to escape ennui in these passing delights. They were truly scenes of Roman debauchery, prolonged until the morning, by the light of flambeaux, which seemed to make of the Palais-Royal, inaccessible and impenetrable, a Capri in the heart of Paris." "The crimes, supposed or real, of this unbridled libertinism," says Baudrillart, "found imitators to such a degree that the incest, supposed in the royal alcove, gave rise, we are assured, to actual incest in a society depraved sometimes even to the point of infamy."

From Paris, the taste for material pleasures extended throughout France, and the indifference to morality increased to such an extent under Louis XV that it became what was considered to be a lack of patriotism, of which the private letters of Voltaire, addressed to the King of Prussia or to individuals, are cited as flagrant examples. The Minister Dubois had used the art of dining as an aid to his diplomacy and as a means of gaining over a class devoted to pleasure and good living; he counted upon the excellence of his table and upon his famous cellar, his sherry and his tokay, to secure the favor of the highest personages. It does not appear, however, as has been claimed by a celebrated historian, that, in Paris and in the provinces, the gross drunkenness of all classes disappeared with the eighteenth century, and that

"coffee dethroned the cabaret." There were famous gatherings of literary men in the café Procope, where more moderation prevailed, but the profusion in eating and drinking suffered no perceptible diminution during this entire reign, and the passion for gambling did not cease to increase. Among the minor and more harmless diversions of the Parisians was that of the childish toy called *pantin*, a species of "jumping-jack," agitating all his members by means of a string, revived in 1746, and made almost a popular craze, after having been introduced twenty years before. These figures represented harlequins, scaramouches, bakers, shepherds, and shepherdesses; some of them were obscene and assumed indecent attitudes; occasionally they were painted by artists of repute, and those decorated by M. Boucher, one of the most famous artists of the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, sold at high prices.

A general crusade was inaugurated, about 1759, against the economical measures adopted by one of the controllers-general of the finances, Étienne de Silhouette, in his efforts to make head against the steadily-increasing annual national deficit,—two hundred and seventeen millions in that year. All the fashions were made slight and cheap, in derision of his parsimony, the tailors contrived surtouts without pleats and breeches without fobs, the snuff-boxes were in rough wood, and the portraits became those profiles in black to which the name of the unlucky minister still adheres. Weary of his thankless task, he resigned, and was succeeded by M. Bertin, but there was no improvement in the situation, and the blind hastening toward the cataclysm of the Revolution continued.

Dancing was in great favor during the Regency, and the public balls of the Opéra and the Comédie-Française were well

MARS et VÉNUS
10 HEURES.
Avenue des Champs-Élysées
Restaurant Cubat
BAL DU 14 MARS.
Invitation.
M
Le Costume est obligatoire :
Hommes : Costume militaire de 1690 à 1869
Dames : Costume Directoire, Empire, 1830,
ou Travesti militaire.

CARD OF INVITATION TO A MILITARY COSTUME BALL GIVEN BY THE PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA.

After a design by "Job" (M. Onfroy de Bréville).

attended. During the winter of 1715–1716, an unusual number of private balls were given by personages of the court and those high in financial circles, one of the finest, of which a description has been preserved for us, being that of the ambassador of Portugal in his hôtel, at that time the Hôtel Bretonvillers in the Ile Saint-Louis. This festivity opened at eleven o'clock in the evening, and continued until nine the next morning. The wife of the ambassador who received the guests appeared in three different costumes during the night, and "was constantly more brilliant." More than three thousand guests in costume were present, and "gold, silver, and precious stones glittered on every side. Four separate localities were arranged for the dancers, so as to avoid confusion, and there were provided other apartments with numerous tables for the players. All this was accompanied with pyramids of comestibles, fruits, confitures, and a profusion of all kinds of wines and liquors. In a word, there were ten great chambers or salons filled with persons of the highest distinction, and every one appeared to be as well satisfied with the fête as surprised at the splendor and magnificence of Monsieur l'Ambassadeur and at the brilliancy of Madame l'Ambassadrice."

DECADENT.
Design by Mucha.

Then, as now, there was a natural connection between balls,

official, private, and public, and marriages. The fashion concerning the latter function has, however, become somewhat modified. In the early part of the eighteenth century, the custom was still preserved of the parents of the young betrothed couple calling ceremoniously on all their friends to inform them of the conclusion of this highly important contract. It was about 1730 that these formal visits began to be replaced by official notifications, written or engraved, and ornamented with appropriate emblems. The formal presentations in person followed these announcements. Later, with the levelling progress of democracy, the printed notes entirely replaced those in manuscript, but the visits in person had not entirely disappeared, and the *billets de faire part* were used in case the person visited had not been found at home.

Billets de visite, the forerunners of our visiting-cards, first appeared under Louis XIV. These were, in the origin, like the *cartes-addresses* of the merchants, innkeepers, and tooth-pullers of the Pont-Neuf, playing-cards with the name of the individual written on them. For titled personages, the usage became general of employing an individual card with the family arms or an ornamental border in the midst of which the name was written or engraved; these cards were handed to the house-porters or slipped under doors by the engravers or by lackeys. In the eighteenth century, all the graceful arts of design of the period and the skill of the best engravers were employed on these little articles of luxury, personal cards, marriage-notices, invitations, as well as on the borders of engravings, cartouches of geographical maps, etc. Under the Revolution, the Consulate and the Empire, when the nation was occupied with more serious things, this art gradually declined, until the present day, when the visiting-card bears

severely the name and address of the individual and nothing more.

The disorder and extravagance of the entertainments and amusements of the court continued under Louis XVI, and for this the thoughtlessness of the queen, Marie-Antoinette, was largely responsible. "That this young girl of eighteen, thrown into the midst of the intoxications of the court the most brilliant and the most reckless in the entire world, should have considered, on her arrival in France, life only as a ball and a pleasure-party, and royalty as an exhibition of toilettes; that she should have taken as her prime minister a fashionable dressmaker, Mlle. Bertin, introduced into the palace against the usage; that she should have made of adornment her principal occupation, and invented every day a new fashion,—this is in nowise extraordinary." Under her inspiration, the fêtes, like the toilettes, became as incessant as extravagant. At Versailles, there were three theatrical representations, two grand suppers, and two balls a week, and from time to time the Opéra in Paris; at Fontainebleau, three representations a week, play and suppers all the other days, and, during the carnaval, balls at the Palais-Royal and the Opéra, in addition to all the public fêtes. At the royal ones, even those of the residences at Choisy and Marly, the brilliancy was remarkable. "Those of Marly revived the epoch of Louis XIV. The palaces, the gardens of this pleasure-house, these pavilions of the twelve signs of the Zodiac arranged on the two sides of the flower-garden, connected with each other by elegant arbors and reserved for the princes of the blood and for the high dignitaries, pavilions dominated by that of the *Soleil*, inhabited by the king and his family, formed a magnificent scene from an opera in the midst of a forest. In a long building, skilfully masked by one of these pavilions, were

arranged a hundred lodgings for those attached to the service of the court, the kitchens, and vast apartments in which more than thirty tables were splendidly served."

In this summer court the ladies still wore the *habit de cour de Marly* of Louis XIV, with but little variation, and the diamonds, the feathers, the rouge, the stuffs embroidered and plated with gold, were but little in keeping with the surrounding nature. "There might be seen reviving the taste of the seventeenth century for the ingenious magnificence, the souvenirs of chivalry, the tourneys, arranged and embellished by the Romanesque imagination which had added to them the enchantments, the lethargic slumbers dissipated by some magic power, of which the most gallant was the mere sight of the beauty of the young queen, suddenly appearing in the midst of the knights armed at all points and lulled to sleep in a magic grove! . . . Such was the fête given at Brunoy by Monsieur, the king's brother, to Marie-Antoinette. These mock combats in a vast arena, these fifty dancers, clothed as pages, who presented to the knights twenty-five superb black horses and twenty-five of a dazzling whiteness all richly caparisoned, the distinguished audience of ladies seated on rising steps, the most brilliant illuminations, recalled, on a somewhat narrower scene, the marvels of an age which had been thought to have forever disappeared. There were even the same surprises. The Comte d'Artois, in order to give a fête to the queen, caused to be demolished, rebuilt, arranged, and furnished the Château de Bagatelle from bottom to top by nine hundred workmen working day and night; and as there was no time to procure lime, plaster, and dressed stone, he sent out on all the high-roads patrols of the Swiss guard, who seized, paid for, and brought in the carts thus laden."

But to all these costly magnificences the king preferred, with

A MUSICAL DÉBUT. After the painting by François Flameng.

reason and good taste, and the queen, because of her souvenirs of the simplicity she had known in Vienna, and of her liking for less constrained amusements, much less luxurious retreats, embellished by gardens in the English style, and in which there might be enjoyed the intimacy of a smaller circle. Of these retreats, the favorite of the queen was the *Petit Trianon* at Versailles, where she would go sometimes a month at a time to déjeuner, and where the taste for rustic simplicity was somewhat pushed to the point of affectation. Here, after the example of the ancient Romans, occasional respite from a life of luxury might be sought in the contemplation of nature and in the contrast offered by a modest existence; accordingly, the court played at being the miller and the miller's wife, and the queen enjoyed escaping the burden of etiquette when she could enter her own salon without causing the ladies to rise from the piano or from their embroidery, or the men to suspend their billiards or their backgammon. These *bergeries* were in the fashion of the times when Florian, with his romances, comedies, and fables, gave the tone to literature. In one of these "village fêtes" the park represented a country fair, the ladies of the court presided over booths and the queen herself sold lemonade. Nevertheless, there were also spectacles and theatres, and the fête cost four hundred thousand livres.

Whatever excuse of gracefulness or imagination might be found in these amusements, none at all seems possible for the sordid passion for gambling which was carried to such excesses at this court, as it had been at those of the preceding reigns, and for which the queen was so largely responsible. Especially during her sojourns at Marly, Compiègne, and Fontainebleau was the play high, and maintained during the greater part of the night, in the apartments of M. de Guéménée, of the Princesse de Lamballe,

and of the queen. *Pharaon*, faro, forbidden under severe penalties as a game of chance, even in the houses of the princes and princesses of the blood, found a refuge at court. The queen's losses were enormous, and the king paid them out of his privy purse. So heavy was the betting that it became difficult to find partners, and the queen was obliged to admit other persons to her tables, so that her parties became mere *tumultueuses* and *indécentes*. Later, every one was admitted, "the salon is open to any one, without distinction," wrote Mercy to Marie-Thérèse; "rogues are admitted into it, and there has just been apprehended one who gave to a banker a rouleau of counters instead of louis." All these things, becoming known to the people, increased their aversion to the queen, and her fatal passion for diamonds also tended to augment this dislike.

The public gaming-houses, authorized by the lieutenant de police in 1775, were forbidden in 1778, and took refuge at court and in the houses of the ambassadors, beyond the reach of the police. Those that were authorized continued open, and in many cases were maintained by persons of quality, generally in the names of their valets. In the societies established in the Palais-Royal under the name of clubs, the play was very high, until a police ordinance of March, 1785, forbade it entirely in these associations. During the Revolution, this passion broke out beyond all bounds,—on all the public places, the quais and the boulevards, games would be set up, a man would take out from under his coat a folding-stool and display a board that shut up like a geographical map, while his confederate would shake ostentatiously a bag of silver. The idlers would gather around, put up their bets, and be promptly cleaned out.

During all this period, the entertainments and diversions of

the life of the city continued much as usual,—even though the guillotine was established permanently. Even the Opéra continued its performances. "The curtain never ceased to rise at the same hour," says Louis Blanc in his *Histoire de la Révolution.* "There was not a *Septembriseur*, no matter how ferocious, but would take his place in the *queue* like any other man. There, become inoffensive and polite, he would say to his neighbor who complained of being crowded, and whose throat he would perhaps have cut at the Abbaye: '*Pardon, citoyen*, but they are pushing me.'" The Gironde and the Montagne met on the neutral ground of the music and the dance.

Nevertheless, these social functions were liable to interruptions similar, at least, to that related of the celebrated reception given by Talma, the actor, and his wife, in their handsome residence in the Rue Chantreine, to Dumouriez, returning to Paris from his victories in the Argonne, October 12, 1792. In this mansion, furnished with all the luxury and taste of the period, famous for its grand gallery and its antiquarian collection of weapons, presided over by a hostess who was "a model of grace," and of which one of the brightest ornaments was the charming actress of the day, Mlle. Candeille, there was assembled on this evening a most brilliant collection of the fairest women of the capital in their richest adornments and of orators, writers, artists, men distinguished in every line. Dumouriez was the centre of this illustrious company, Mlle. Candeille was at the piano, when there was suddenly heard the muttering of voices outside and the sound of some one entering abruptly. The usher at the door advanced and announced the Citoyen Marat! All of the guests fell back, some of them fled, as he came brusquely into the salon, accompanied by two of his followers, wearing the carmagnole or

Revolutionary jacket, a red Madras handkerchief covering his head, and another, soiled and loosely knotted, around his throat. He marched straight up to Dumouriez, who surveyed him coolly and said: "Ah! it is you who is called Marat?" After insulting the guest of the evening, denouncing all those who had gathered to do him honor as a "heap of counter-revolutionists and concubines," and spread consternation around him, he took his departure, only to repeat on the morrow, swelling with venom, his hatred for this festival, in which, as he said, "a child of Thalia fêted a child of Mars."

Under the Directory, the need of escaping, in some form of social diversion and distraction, from the obsession of the daily events of life became more imperative than ever. Men's minds were weakened and tortured by the period through which they had lived, and they threw themselves with a sort of frenzy into balls and festivals and debauchery, and even into an extravagance of sumptuous carriages;—there seemed to be a reaction in favor of the customs of the ancient régime. "The rule of the sans-culottes had brought about the authority of the wealthy class; the clubs had restored the salons. For the rest," said Mignet, in his *Histoire de la Révolution française*, "it was scarcely possible that this first symptom of the awakening of the new civilization should not be thus disorderly. The manners and customs of the Directory were the product of another society which would have to reappear before the new state of society could regulate its arrangements and formulate its own customs. In this transition period, luxury would necessarily give a new impulse to labor, cause stock-jobbing to thrust itself into commerce, the salons to bring about the reconciliation of parties, which could not maintain themselves in the retirement of private life,—in short, civilization to establish again liberty."

A BALL AT THE ÉLYSÉE. Engraved by Florian, after the painting by E. Girardin.

There was no metallic currency, but little manufactures, and great disorder in commercial pursuits; the uncertainty as to the future was so great that no enterprises of great consequence could be undertaken, and the public threw itself into transitory enjoyment and seemed to seek forgetfulness in the intoxication of festivals. On every side, there was a fury of selling and buying,—furniture, articles of luxury and art, and even private hôtels,—Paris was like a great bazaar, of which the Palais-Royal was the busiest mart; and the centre of the luxurious society of the capital, of the newly enriched and the women of the world, was in the Chaussée d'Antin. The feverish and ephemeral characteristics of the time were reflected in the furnishing of the houses and in the costumes, which have seldom been more fantastic and indecent in the long history of the follies of fashion. The Merveilleuses, the Muscadins, and the Incroyables, the female *costume à la sauvage*, without petticoat or chemise, but with golden garters above and below the knee and with diamond rings on the toes, were but another manifestation of that disordered society which gave balls to which no guest could be invited unless he or she had lost a near relative by the guillotine, and wore his own hair *à la victime*,—that is, cut short at the level of the top of the neck, as if prepared for the axe. On the walls, the hostess hung ostentatiously the portrait of her husband or father, beheaded within the last two years, and the women would drape themselves in red shawls, to recall the red chemise of Charlotte Corday.

To all this feverish agitation succeeded the well-regulated and fertile activity of the Consulate and the Empire,—not without certain factitious and artificial influences at work. Men began to count upon an assured future; although the name of the Republic was still preserved, there was already a court, which M. Thiers

qualifies as "at once military and civil, severe and elegant," and around which many distinguished personages gathered, notwithstanding the absence of the old royalists. Brilliant receptions were given in the palace of the Tuileries; many salons were opened; a taste for luxury and display, the splendor of costumes and the manufacture of the silks of Lyon and the lawn and cambric of Saint-Quentin, were officially encouraged. These instructions and this example were readily followed by the upper classes of society, the ancient fashion of ostentation seemed to revive; as Thibaudeau, in his *Mémoires*, defines it: "The dress-sword and the silk stockings replaced the sabre and the boots." The coronation of Napoleon and Josephine, with many tokens and insignia of the new régime that was being inaugurated, nevertheless recalled the splendors of the ancient monarchy; and the Sénat and the Corps Législatif alternately gave fêtes that were surpassed only by that of the city of Paris which sufficed to plunge the municipality in debt for several years. All the marshals united to give a splendid entertainment in the salle de l'Opéra, which cost each of them ten thousand francs, as Madame de Rémusat records in her *Mémoires*. "The auditorium was floored over, so as to be on a level with the stage; the loges were decorated with silver mirrors, lit up by brilliant candelabra and filled with richly-dressed ladies. The Imperial family were seated on a raised stage, and the great enclosure was given up to the dancers. The profusion of flowers, of diamonds, the splendor of the costumes, the magnificence of the court, gave to this solemnity a very great brilliancy." Each lady of the court received the sum of ten thousand francs for her toilette, which was far from being sufficient to meet her expenses.

The total costs of the coronation were computed at nearly four million francs, and the soirées at the Tuileries after this cere-

mony were marked by a bewildering development of magnificence in the costumes, the imposing uniforms of the men exceeding in real pomp and a certain artistic quality the very best efforts of the ladies,—as they had done at some of the best periods of the Renaissance. "The Empress," says Madame de Rémusat, "always appeared with a new dress and ornaments and with a multitude of pearls and precious stones. She had in her caskets pearls to the value of a million. The custom was also beginning of wearing many stuffs plated with gold and with silver. The fashion of turbans was established at the court this winter; they were made of fine muslin, white or colored, sown with gold, or of very brilliant Turkish stuffs. The garments, little by little, assumed also Oriental forms. . . . The costume of the men surrounding the Emperor was also regulated; it was very handsome and exceedingly becoming. . . ." Without adopting unreservedly such a judgment of Josephine as that, for example, of her latest biographer, M. Frédéric Masson,—a poor little Creole, brought up any way, having no thought and no object but to please, light, capricious, frivolous, and concerned solely with personal adornment, toilettes, toys, fantasies, and a thousand nothings, with a taste in dress that no one could rival and employing every possible device in order to seduce, not understanding in the least that which her station required of her and yet clinging passionately to it, insensible to all ideas of patriotism, of glory, and of national grandeur, anxious only to live and to enjoy life,—we can yet believe that she was an efficient auxiliary in this restoration of a luxurious and pleasure-loving society. The court was not without its rural pleasures, and the life at Malmaison afforded occasionally a welcome respite in the round of official ceremonies.

Balzac, in one of his most convincing bits of description, has

given us, in *La Paix du Ménage*, a very vivid presentation of a ball in Paris, at the house of a rich senator, in the month of November, 1809, "at the moment in which the transient Empire of Napoleon attained the climax of its splendor. The fanfares of the victory of Wagram still resounded in the heart of the Austrian monarchy. Peace was signed between France and the Coalition. The kings and the princes came accordingly, like the stars, to accomplish their revolutions around Napoleon, who gave himself the pleasure of dragging all Europe in his train." The incidents and developments of this ball have that somewhat turgid theatrical quality which so frequently characterizes his shorter stories, but the mise en scène is very picturesque.

"Never, according to the testimony of contemporaries, had Paris seen more brilliant fêtes than those which preceded and followed the marriage of this sovereign with an Austrian archduchess. Never, in the greatest days of the ancient monarchy, had so many crowned heads thronged the banks of the Seine, and never had the French aristocracy been so wealthy and brilliant as then. The profusion of diamonds displayed on costumes, the embroideries of gold and of silver of the uniforms, contrasted so strongly with the Republican indigence, that it seemed as if the riches of the globe were displayed in the Parisian salons. A general intoxication had, as it were, taken possession of this empire of a day. All the military men, not excepting their chief, revelled like parvenus in the enjoyment of treasures conquered by a million of men in woollen epaulettes whose requirements were satisfied with some yards of red ribbon. At this epoch, the greater number of the women displayed that ease of manner and that relaxation of the moral code which signalized the reign of Louis XV. Whether it were in imitation of the tone of the

A FÊTE-CHAMPÊTRE AT THE TRIANON.
Facsimile, after a water-color by André Cahard.

crumbled monarchy, whether it were that certain members of the Imperial family had set the example, as was asserted by the Frondeurs of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, it is certain that, men and women, all threw themselves into the pursuit of pleasure with an intrepidity which seemed to presage the end of the world. But there existed, at this time, another reason for this license. The infatuation of the women for the military grew to be like a frenzy, and was too much in accord with the views of the Emperor for him to put any restraint upon it. The frequent shocks of arms, which made all the treaties concluded between Europe and Napoleon resemble armistices, rendered the passions liable to dénouements as rapid as the decisions of the supreme chief of these kolbaks, of these dolmans, and of these aiguillettes which so greatly please the fair sex. Hearts were at this period as nomadic as regiments. Between a first and a fifth bulletin of the Grand Army, a woman might be successively courted, wife, mother, and widow. Was it the prospect of a near widowhood, that of an endowment, or the hope of bearing a name promised to history, which rendered the soldiers so seductive? Were the women attracted to them by the certainty that the secret of their passions would be interred on the fields of battle, or should the cause of this gentle fanaticism be sought in the noble attraction which courage has for them? Perhaps these reasons, which the future historian of the Imperial manners and customs will doubtless amuse himself by weighing, counted for something in the facile promptness with which they yielded to love. Whatever it may have been, let us admit it here,—the laurels covered then a great many faults, the women sought ardently those hardy adventurers who appeared to them to be veritable sources of honor, of riches, or of pleasures, and in the eyes of the young girls, an epaulette, that pre-

dieting hieroglyphic, signified happiness and liberty. A feature of this epoch, unique in our annals, and which characterizes it, was a frenzied passion for everything that glittered. Never were there so many exhibitions of fireworks, never did the diamond attain so high a value. Then, men, as greedy as the women for these white pebbles, adorned themselves with them as they did. Perhaps the necessity of transforming the booty into the shape that should be the most easy to transport, was the cause of the high honor in which jewels were held in the army. A man was not so ridiculous as he would be to-day when the jabot of his shirt-front, or his fingers, display large diamonds. Murat, a man completely Oriental, set the example of a luxury absurd among modern soldiers. . . .

"The prettiest women in Paris, eager to go to the ball of the Comte de Gondreville on the strength of hearsay evidence, were there at this moment in a formidable array of luxury, of coquetry, of adornment, and of beauty. Proud of its wealth, the Bank here defied these glittering generals and these grand officers of the Empire, newly gorged with crosses, with titles, and with decorations. These great balls were always occasions seized by the rich families on which to produce their heiresses before the eyes of Napoleon's pretorians in the insane hope of exchanging their magnificent dots for an uncertain favor. Women who thought themselves strong enough in their beauty only, came to try its power. There, as everywhere, pleasure was only a mask. The serene and laughing countenances, the calm brows, concealed odious calculations; the testimonies of friendship were false, and more than one personage was less distrustful of his enemies than of his friends. . . ."

One of the most celebrated of these balls, that given by the

Austrian ambassador, the Prince von Schwartzenberg, in 1810, to the Emperor on the occasion of his marriage with the archduchess Marie-Louise, has retained its place in history among the notable catastrophes of the capital. The hôtel of the ambassador was at that date situated in the Rue du Mont-Blanc, to-day Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, the immense Hôtel de Montesson, but as this did not appear to him to be large enough to accommodate all the distinguished personages in Paris, he leased the adjoining hôtel and opened communications between the two buildings. Everything was adorned with a princely luxury, one of the lawns of the garden had been converted into a hall for dancing, the walls and the ceiling of which had been covered with waxed canvas, as was then the custom, and the whole was richly decorated with handsome tapestries, candelabra, and great mirrors. The hour was near midnight, the Queen of Naples had opened the ball with Prince Esterhazy; Marie-Louise, after having walked through the salons, had taken her seat on a species of throne which had been prepared for her, the Emperor was going about familiarly among the guests, laughing and talking, when suddenly a reddish light sprang up from the burning of a gauze curtain blown by a current of air against a lighted candle. At first, it was very slight, the Comte de Beinhem threw his hat against the wall to extinguish the sparks in the hangings, the Comte Dumanoir, chamberlain to the Emperor, climbed up a pillar, tore down the light material, and tramped out the fire under his feet. Everything was thought to be over, when it was seen with terror that the flames had communicated to the hangings too high to be reached, and in a few moments they burst out from the gallery in which they had originated, and traversed the space which separated them from the grand salle.

The music suddenly ceased, the musicians being driven from their posts by the conflagration, and when the draught from one of the entrance-doors, hastily thrown open, fanned the fire into fury, the consternation and flight became general. The ambassador hastened to the

A "BAL PARÉ" IN A PRIVATE HOUSE.
After a drawing by L. Marchetti.

Emperor and implored him to depart immediately, but the latter would not do so until he had seen that all hopes of saving the building were gone. Then he offered his arm, quite calmly, to the Empress, and made his exit through the main doorway, opening on the Rue Mont-Blanc. The water-supply was entirely inadequate; the entrance-steps gave way under the weight of the multitude that sought safety in flight; all the usual scenes of horror attending these catastrophes manifested themselves. The Queen of Naples was on the floor, and was saved with difficulty by the Grand-Duc de Wurtzbourg; the Queen of Westphalia was nearly crushed to death; the Prince de Kourakin, the Russian ambassador, fainted and was dragged out of the flames by the doctor Koreff, and while charitable hands were sprinkling him with water, other hands, less charitable, cut off the diamond buttons of his uniform. The host of the evening, the Austrian ambassador, embraced his daughter, saved as by a miracle, while distracted with anxiety as to the fate of his wife, who had been overwhelmed by the falling of some blazing timber-work. The next day her charred body was found, as was that of the Princesse de Leyen, her forehead seared by the red-hot metal of her golden diadem. It was not until a tempest, which had been long gathering, suddenly broke over the city, that this frightful conflagration was finally extinguished.

Nevertheless, balls were not discontinued, and under the Restoration the dancers were as indefatigable as ever. Toward four o'clock in the morning, all the graver guests would have departed, even the gaming-tables in the *salons de jeu* would be deserted, but under the extinguishing candles over their heads the quadrilles would be forming anew. Not until about eight o'clock would the last of these *valseurs* roll away in the gray mist, turn-

ing to rain, of a Parisian winter morning. And yet they had commenced, with the first notes of the music, early in the evening, driving out before them the elderly and dignified, and the buzzing swarm of politicians to whom all places were equal for their incessant discussion. When the dimensions of the salle would permit, the *rond* would be formed of as many as thirty-two dancers; and they danced sliding on their toes, carefully avoiding the pirouettes of a past and superannuated generation. It was also *fort choisi* to appear very much bored, to slur over four measures out of eight, to make only two *traverses* in the *poule*. In the *moulinet*, it was very bad form for the ladies to turn round quickly, as they had done in ancient times; in the *été*, the pace was that of a walk, and the *queue du chat*, shown in our illustration on page 11, was executed in a series of indolent passages, almost unavowed and imperceptible.

In their general enterprise of re-establishing the past, the Bourbons restored the ancient court ballets, in which took part, not professionals, but the highest personages of the realm. Thus, on the Monday before Shrove Tuesday, March 2, 1829, a ballet according to the ancient fashion was given by the court, in the Pavillon de Marsan, the northern wing of the Tuileries. The *Pandore*, a daily journal of the period, devoted to literature, the theatre, and the arts, mentions this fête in these terms: "The ball given on Lundi Gras in the apartments of the Enfants de France had an appearance as brilliant as novel. The draperies and the decorations were in perfect harmony with the different thrones elevated to present the ceremonial of the various Courts of France. The first group represented the Court of François II; then there were seen afterward the Courts of Jeanne d'Albret, of Henry VIII, King of England, and that of Catherine de Mé-

dicis. His Majesty and their Royal Highnesses were present at this divertissement." Another contemporary authority gives us many details of this ballet, in which the greatest names figured, in which Madame represented Marie Stuart. "Madame (the king's sister), having arrived at the lower end of the amphitheatre, seated herself upon the throne which had been prepared for her. With her hair crimped and drawn up straight from the roots, her ruff stiffened and sparkling with precious stones; clothed in a gown of blue velvet over which she wore a small farthingale and which was ornamented by *rivières* of diamonds, the value of which might be more than three millions, Madame recalled in the most striking manner the portraits of the Queen of Scots. . . . Near her, standing and uncovered, in the costume of François, Dauphin de France, was Monseigneur the Duc de Chartres. The other personages, each in their own rank, took their places. Then, a page of the queen-mother of Scotland entered to announce the visit of that sovereign. Marie de Lorraine appeared, leaning on the arm of François de Guise, preceded by her pages and followed by her court. . . . At an order from Madame, the most charming young girls of the court executed a quadrille arranged by M. Gardel. I would not undertake to give any idea of this dance, which was neither a sarabande nor any other choregraphic figure of the times, but to which the ingenuous and modest graces of those who performed it lent all its charm. . . .

"Of all the costumes which were seen at this fête, the only one which rivalled that of Madame in the fidelity of its details to the historic truth was that of Monsieur le Duc de Richelieu. His mantle was lined with a gray stuff, embroidered with golden flowers, brought from the Orient, and similar to those which Venice alone furnished to Europe in the sixteenth century. The

buttons of his pourpoint were fine pearls. The sword which he wore, of the most exquisite workmanship, was a family weapon, descended to him by inheritance."

Similar festivals were given in their salons by the aristocracy, following loyally the example of the court. "There was a Gothic ball in the neighborhood of the Palais-Bourbon, in the house of a lady favorite of the Duchesse de Berry," says Bouchot (*La Restauration*); "a marquise, who had been a celebrity before the Revolution, revived for one night the Court of the king Henri. In these fêtes in costume, there was produced a medley of theatricals and of contemporary worldliness freely intermingled. The performers would leave the stage of the theatre set up in the salon to take part in the quadrilles, retaining their stage costumes. Madame de Puisbusque has just given a very chilly interpretation of her rôle in a comedy, but she is waltzing under her diadem covered with feathers, which draws down upon her this speech of M. Decazes: 'Ah! a plumed ice.'" Flowers were, at this period, very much in favor for the decoration of apartments, both real and artificial ones being used; decorative baskets of flowers were carved on the woodwork, clocks were fashioned in this shape, and the ballets were danced by animated flowers. "The love of dancing seems almost innate," says a conscientious British *Stranger's Guide to the French Metropolis*, 1817; "the porter and the shoeblack will frequently exhibit a gracefulness of attitude perfectly unknown in the lower ranks of society on this side the water. The promenade and the dance are the Frenchman's chief pleasures."

> "Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
> Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
> And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
> Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore."

ON THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE OPERA-HOUSE.

After the water-color by Marold.

In the yellowing pages of this curious little guide-book the traveller of the present day will find many amusing variations and confirmations of his own personal experience in this "Metropolis," and also an interesting contemporary document bearing upon the characteristics, not of one people, but of two, for the compiler reveals almost as much of his own insular mental processes as he does of the outward signs of the capital he is visiting. In the careful little copper-plates which adorn it, the white flag appears on top of the column Vendôme in place of the statue of Napoleon, the Arch of Triumph does not bear Rude's spirited reliefs, but stiff arrangements of trophies, and two more stiff little figures appear on top of the arch, as they do also on top of the "Carousel." Directions are given as to the best methods of seeing the royal family, on Sunday morning, at the review "in the court of the Thuilleries. At the close of the review, the gates are opened for admission at the chapel. If our tourist is properly dressed, he may possibly obtain a seat in the same gallery with the royal family; but if he is clothed either in boots or pantaloons, he will in vain apply for admittance."

But it is in the chapter on the "Character and Manners of the Parisians" that we find the most information concerning "a people whose internal economy, during an usurpation of so many years, has been sedulously kept from the observation of strangers." He ventures to affirm that the character of the noblesse has materially improved, notwithstanding the disastrous effects of the Revolution. "The strange vicissitudes of the last twenty years have sobered down much of their peculiar and disgusting levity. The character and habits of the present reigning family, and the degree of uncertainty which yet attends the political situation of France, have given a serious, but not an unpleasing, cast to their natural cheer-

fulness and buoyancy of spirits. The necessity of the times has likewise taught them affability, condescension, and an apparent interest in the welfare of the middle and lower classes. It cannot, however, be denied, that disappointment at not regaining the patrimony and feudal rights of their ancestors has given to some of them a severe and morose air, curiously contrasted with the *politesse* and grimace which are indigenous to the French character.

"The morals of the noblesse are likewise evidently improved; and the shameless exhibitions of profligacy which disgraced the reigns of Louis XIV, Louis XV, the later years of Louis XVI, and the whole of the imperial usurpation, are now seldom witnessed."

As to the peculiarities of the middle ranks of society, to whom the traveller must look for the true character of a people,—"The most prominent feature in the character of the Parisian is a peculiar politesse, which rarely fails to please, though it frequently borders on grimace, and is not always exempt from hypocrisy. It must be acknowledged, however, that the strange and horrible events of revolutionary times have effected no inconsiderable change in the manners of the Frenchman. The traveller still recognizes the frivolous, good-humored, conceited people which former tourists had described; but, mingled with the politeness of the old régime, he observes much gloom, suspicion, and even ferocity."

"The Parisian, though he has little idea of the comforts of his domestic fireside, does not, at the close of the business of the day, quit his family and resort to the coffee-house or the club, but with his wife and children, dressed in all their little finery, he parades the Boulevards; he visits some of the numerous gardens with which the metropolis abounds; he treats himself and them with the cheap pleasures which these places afford; and usually

closes the evening with either joining in the dance, or gazing with delight on the graceful movements of others. The cheapness of provisions in France, and an economy in dress and living scarcely known in England, enable him to make almost every evening a season of festivity. Drunkenness is nearly unknown. A tumbler of lemonade or orgeat is frequently the whole of the Frenchman's debauch.

"A passion for gaming lamentably pervades the middle classes, and those especially of an intermediate rank between the *bourgeois* and the *noblesse*. It commenced its destructive ravages when religious belief was weakened, and the public morals contaminated by the baneful writings of the French illuminati a short time before the Revolution. It spread with recruited energy when the unprincipled and contemptible Duke of Orleans converted his palace into the sanctuary of every abomination: and its empire was fully established, when, under the government of Buonaparte, the licentiousness of a military life usurped the place of domestic habits, honesty, industry, and public and private virtue.

"The spacious apartments of the Palais-Royal are daily crowded. Men and women promiscuously assemble, and enter into the dangerous business of the gaming-table with all the energy of their national character. Different rooms are suited to the finances of every speculator. The mechanic who can only stake a single franc, the hardly-earned produce of a laborious day, is not excluded. The Palais-Royal may be termed the spot where the demon of gambling holds his principal court; but in every district of Paris, and almost in every street, the unhallowed, but legalized, assemblies of his votaries abound. . . .

"A truly unique passion for dress and personal decoration likewise distinguishes the Parisian. This, indeed, from the natural

versatility of the French character, appeared for a while suspended, during the worst period of the Revolution. There was a time when the remembrance of ancient manners, forms, and decorations appeared to be banished from the mind of the Parisian. As much care was taken to assume the true costume of a sans-culotte as had formerly been bestowed on the nonsensical eccentricities of puppyism and foppery. This barbarous taste was of short duration. With the domination of Buonaparte returned much of the ancient frivolity of garb and appearance. The sprucely-decorated *petit-maître* of former days is not now, perhaps, so often seen; but the English traveller will sometimes gaze with astonishment at the fantastic finery of the inhabitants of Paris.

"The very finery of the Parisians has generally, however, much of the strange inconsistency of their character. The smartest beau seldom has the appearance of a gentleman. A loose, shabby surtout, a worn-out hat, or a tattered shirt, often accompany the most splendid habiliments."

"In our sketch of Parisian manners, the fair sex must not be omitted. In France, more than in any other country, the empire of woman is apparently established. The records of the nation demonstrate that her fascinations, her virtues, or her foibles have influenced and governed almost every political event. In private life, she bears a prominent part in every transaction, and universal homage is paid to her charms. At every place of public entertainment, she presides. She sits enthroned in the café, and more occupies the attention of visitors than the most interesting or important news of the day. Even in the baths, it is woman who must administer refreshment to the swimmers, although their scanty covering is scarcely an apology for decency. In the shop

DESIGN FOR AN INVITATION-CARD TO A MI-CARÊME PARTY.
Engraved by L. Ruffe, after F. Thévenot.

of the tradesman, the female presents herself to every customer, and superintends the whole concern, while the husband lounges over the counter or amuses himself at the café. In the name of the wife every guest is invited, and to her discretion every domestic arrangement is implicitly submitted.

"It may, however, be doubted whether this apparent supremacy is not gained at the expense of real power. It is a compliment yielded by the overstrained politesse of the Frenchman, and not the faithful and undeviating homage of the heart. . . .

"In France, however, as in every other country of the world, that noblest of the works of the Deity, the heart of woman, often triumphantly resists the influence of the most pernicious customs. The traveller will undoubtedly be surprised at the profusion of tawdry ornaments with which almost every class of Parisian women decorate themselves, and be somewhat startled at the prominent display of their personal charms, the unreserved manner in which they address him, and their evident anxiety to attract his attention; but if he universally, or even generally, attributes this to depravity of heart, or licentiousness of conduct, he will do them much injustice. The Frenchwoman has a peculiar sprightliness of look and vivacity of manner. Prompted by the excusable vanity of her sex, and sanctioned by the custom of her country, she expects, and seems even to court, the attention of the men; but an intimate acquaintance with her will convince the most prejudiced that this may often be perfectly consistent with sensibility, with modesty, and with virtue. The tourist will, indeed, seldom find in Paris the retired and unassuming delicacy which was once said to constitute the character of the English fair; 'his heart, untravelled,' will still return to those to whom he has been endeared from early years, and in whose private and domestic virtues he contemplates the

perfection of female excellence: but he will ever be ready to acknowledge that to beauty, gaiety, intelligence, and virtue the pretensions of the Parisian women are of a very distinguished order."

Among the manners and customs of these entertaining citizens, their very important contributions to the art of dining, as practised by civilized societies, should not be omitted, and under the Restoration, as we have already seen, there was a tendency to refine and elaborate somewhat upon the brusque military meals of the Consulate and the Empire. However, though Napoleon took his déjeuner in twelve minutes and his dinner in half an hour, he was not indifferent to the pomp of official banquets as functions of State, and we find him, in 1806, ordering a thousand plates of silver for his table at once. His arch-chancellor, Cambacérès, was given the surname of the *roi des gourmands*, and he had many willing subjects. Of the many private societies that were formed in the capital at different periods, with a social dinner for their principal feature, one of the most celebrated was that of the Caveau, originally founded in 1729, in the rear shop of the grocer Gallet, and later transported to the cabaret of Landel, where was established a Masonic lodge. The *Société du Caveau* received its name from the apartment so called, in which it held its monthly dinners, recited verses, and sang songs. To the men of letters who constitute the greater number of its members were gradually added certain grand seigneurs, their friends and patrons, but these latter made it a point to refuse the seats which were offered them, and to remain standing, thus indicating that they were present merely as spectators. Naturally, this method of proceeding offended some of the original members, who ceased to attend the meetings, and the society dissolved in the latter part of 1739.

Twenty years later, M. Pelletier, fermier général, who was in

the habit of giving a dinner every Wednesday to four literary men of his acquaintance, undertook to revive the Société du Caveau by increasing the number of the guests and expanding the programme of the entertainment. Garrick, Sterne, and Wilkes were among the distinguished foreigners admitted to these symposiums during their visits to Paris; but the bonds of intimacy failed to unite in the gilded salons of M. Pelletier as they had done in the smoky cabaret of the wine-seller Landel, and at the expiration of three years the society again came to an end. Under the Empire, it appeared a third time, in company with several other associations with similar social aims,—the *Société des soupers de Momus*, the *Société des amis de la goguette*, the *Société dramatico-littéraire*, and others. In 1806, the Caveau reassembled in the hospitable *Rocher de Cancale*, under the leadership of Armand Gouffé and the book-seller Cappelle, and on the 5th of June, 1813, all the members were invited to a grand banquet at the house of Beauvillers to meet the Soupers de Momus. "In 1813," says Béranger, "there had been in existence for several years an association of singers and literary men which had taken the name of *Caveau*, in remembrance of the Caveau made illustrious by Piron, Panard, Collé, Gallet, and Crébillon, father and son. . . . Désaugiers, having seen my couplets, sought to make my acquaintance, and I could not resist his importunities that I should accept an invitation to dine at least once at the Caveau with all his associates, whom I knew only by name." At this dinner, he was unanimously elected a member of the society, and it was to the sound of its applause that his immortal *Chansons* were first introduced to Paris and then to all France.

Singing of patriotic and sentimental songs was at this period much in vogue, and it was customary to introduce the singers at

the end of the repast. Political dissensions, however, crept in to disturb the harmony of the Caveau, and it was again dissolved in 1817, not to reappear until 1834, when it was reorganized by M. Albert Montémont,—at first under the title of *Société des enfants du Caveau.* But as these "enfants" were all men of ripe age and judgment, the title was criticised, and at the end of the first three years of its new existence this word was dropped. The meetings were held on the first Friday of each month, the dinners were at first given in the restaurant Pestel, at the foot of the old Butte Saint-Roch, afterward at the Palais-Royal, in one of the salons of the café Corazza. The guests consisted of the regular members of the society, the honorary members, the associates, and the visitors. Of these, the first were twenty in number. The officers were a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, and a master of ceremonies, elected for a year; at the dinners, the president had, at his right, a hand-bell with an ebony handle, called the *grelot de la folie,* and at his left, in a morocco case, a drinking glass, known as the *fameux verre de Panard.* When the coffee was served, the president arose, shook his little bell, and announced the chansons,—not only the regular members of the society, but all the others, including the invited guests, were invited to make their productions heard.

"The guests at the café Corazza," says M. H. Buguet, in his *Foyers et coulisses,* "are neither convivial drinkers, nor performers on guitars, nor beribboned shepherds, nor rustics under the influence of malt; they are men of their own times, and men in black coats. If some of them, in obedience to traditions, others, prompted by temperament, revive occasionally the mocking fife and the gay squeak of the fiddle of the eighteenth century, there may generally be recognized, under these airs of a past epoch,

more of conventionality than of frankness. The Caveau itself is all instinct with the life of our day. This antique institution renews its youth under the breath of the new ideas." This *société lyrique* has since continued to exist down to the present day, and it has published each year a collection of songs, selected from among those sung at each monthly banquet.

There have fortunately been preserved, for the benefit of the modern chronicler, innumerable examples of the Parisian *petite estampe*, invitations to balls, dinners, suppers, social announcements of all kinds, which enable us to form a more intimate knowledge of the manners and customs than can always be gathered from the pages of grave historians. These pictorial documents, however, do not always bear out the eulogiums which, in France, at least, it is the custom to bestow upon the last century, upon "the pre-eminence of its taste, the spontaneity and abundance of the decorative sentiment during this fortunate era." In the amusing collection gathered and reproduced by M. Maillard in his *Menus et Programmes illustrés*, there are many examples,—one of the most important being an invitation to breakfast during this fortunate era, adorned with a careful little engraving setting forth the charms of the prospective feast. "Monsieur," the text reads, "you are requested, on the part of the Sieur Blondel, one of the members of the *Société poulardière*, to be present on the . . . next, at nine o'clock precisely in the morning, in the salle de fondation, where the general meeting of the aforesaid society will be held, to assist at the dissection of the *poularde* [pullet], and other déjeunatory expeditions which he will have the honor to present to you." Then, in small script at the bottom: "A good appetite." "M. Blondel, Professor of the Académie d'Architecture and author of several distinguished works, will carve." The picture

of this nine-o'clock-in-the-morning feast shows the guests, many of them wearing their hats over their wigs, crowded together around a low table in what appears to be a kitchen, as there are various culinary articles hanging on the wall. A very stout female servant and a cadaverous lackey wait upon them; at the far end of the table, the wine appears to have already begun to excite disturbance, and in the foreground, one of the drinkers, having emptied his bottle, has thrown it on the floor in company with a couple of plates, and is taking another from a stool behind him. At his feet, a half-starved dog is gnawing voraciously at a bone.

Three or four examples of these pictorial invitations may be found among our illustrations, each with a certain stamp of the characteristics of its age. That to the ball given by the Fifth Legion of the Garde Nationale in 1835 has, evidently, but little in common with "Job's" free and malicious rendering of the costume ball offered by the Prince de la Moskowa, at the restaurant Cubat, or Gorguet's graceful design for the programme of the night fête given at the Cercle des Acacias by the Comte and Comtesse de Castellane, of our own day. M. de Bréville, who conceals his identity under the pseudonym of "Job," is a clever artist, with a talent for clean and characteristic drawing, and a fondness for the trooper of any age, which is thought to bring him into the distinguished company of Detaille and "Caran d'Ache;" M. Auguste Gorguet, a painter with a much wider range, but seldom occupies himself with these lighter sketches. In that here given, he contrives to present, by the simplest means, a pleasant nocturne filled with colonnades, stairways, *rocailles*, and fountain-basins, and enlivened by the dances of nymphs and the soft flutings of pipes *à l'antique*.

All this, and more, too, was really to be found in this festival

FANCY-DRESS BALL COSTUME.

Designed in water-colors by Mme. Madeleine Lemaire.

which, with much greater justice than is usual, was compared to the royal and ostentatious fêtes of the court of Louis XIV at Versailles. In certain respects, in a certain simplicity and artistic taste, and in the much more brilliant and beautiful effects obtained by modern methods of illumination, it is probable that this nocturne surpassed those of the seventeenth century. This entertainment was offered by the Comte and the Comtesse de Castellane to their friends on an islet in the Bois de Boulogne in the summer of 1896. The locality was admirably fitted for the purpose; the little horseshoe-shaped lake is in winter reserved for the skaters, and in summer becomes the Cercle des Acacias, and the resources of both nature and art were called upon to embellish the occasion. The invited guests, after traversing a long gallery vestibule, between a double line of valets de pied, in gold-and-white livery and with powdered heads, entered a salon banked with flowers, in which they were received by their distinguished hosts. Everywhere there were flowers, whose glowing hues were repeated in the great mirrors on the walls. From this salon, to which, later, the guests returned, either to dance or to seek refreshment at a sumptuous buffet, they passed out on the level of the surrounding lawns. Here, a beautiful spectacle met their eyes,—on the still waters of the lake floated a long galley, a species of Bucentaure, from which the strains of an orchestra alternated with those of another concealed in the shrubbery. Twelve white swans swam in smooth curves around a number of skilfully contrived dolphins; and on the shore, to the right, the shattered walls and columns of some picturesque ruins revealed themselves. These were, in fact, artfully contrived with painted canvas to cover the unpicturesque walls of an unfinished modern building. On the other shore of the lake, an antique temple presented itself, access to which was

gained by two broad and high flights of steps. Behind the colonnades of this temple the chorus of the Opéra, there concealed, sang selections from Handel, Rameau, Gluck, and Bach; and the corps du ballet of the same theatre presented in swiftly-moving figures the "apotheosis of the god Phœbus." When this antique theme had wrought itself out, in the midst of the hymns of the worshippers and the dancers, the fanfares of the trumpets announced the *feu d'artifice*,—the bombs burst, the rockets rose in the air, the temple, the lake, the lawns, were inundated by a flood of light that terrified the swans, and the final grand illumination extinguished the stars. Thus ended this midsummer night's dream.

Of the many brilliant public and official fêtes that have been given in Paris in modern times, one of the most important was that which celebrated the visit of the Queen of England to the capital in 1855. She arrived on the 18th of April, and was received by the Emperor and the Empress in state, and by the citizens with every demonstration of popular welcome. On the 23d of August, the city of Paris offered her, at the Hôtel de Ville, "a fête that surpassed in beauty and in magnificence everything that had been seen up to this time of the most brilliant and the most admirably conceived." More than eight thousand invitations had been issued, very many of them to distinguished foreigners; at ten o'clock, the Emperor opened the ball with the Queen, Prince Albert with the Princesse Mathilde, Prince Napoleon with Lady Cowley, Prince Adalbert of Bavaria with Madame Haussman. "No words can describe the splendor of this fête, the beauty and the richness of the costumes, the satisfaction and the joy which shone on every visage. Precautions had been taken, so that, notwithstanding the immense crowd, the ventilation was always sufficient, and the circulation was not interrupted for a moment. Their

Majesties retired about eleven o'clock, and after their departure the festival was prolonged till morning."

At the famous *banquet de souverains*, October 28, 1867, which was, as it were, the climax of the brilliant series of festivities of the Exposition summer, there sat at the royal table the Emperor

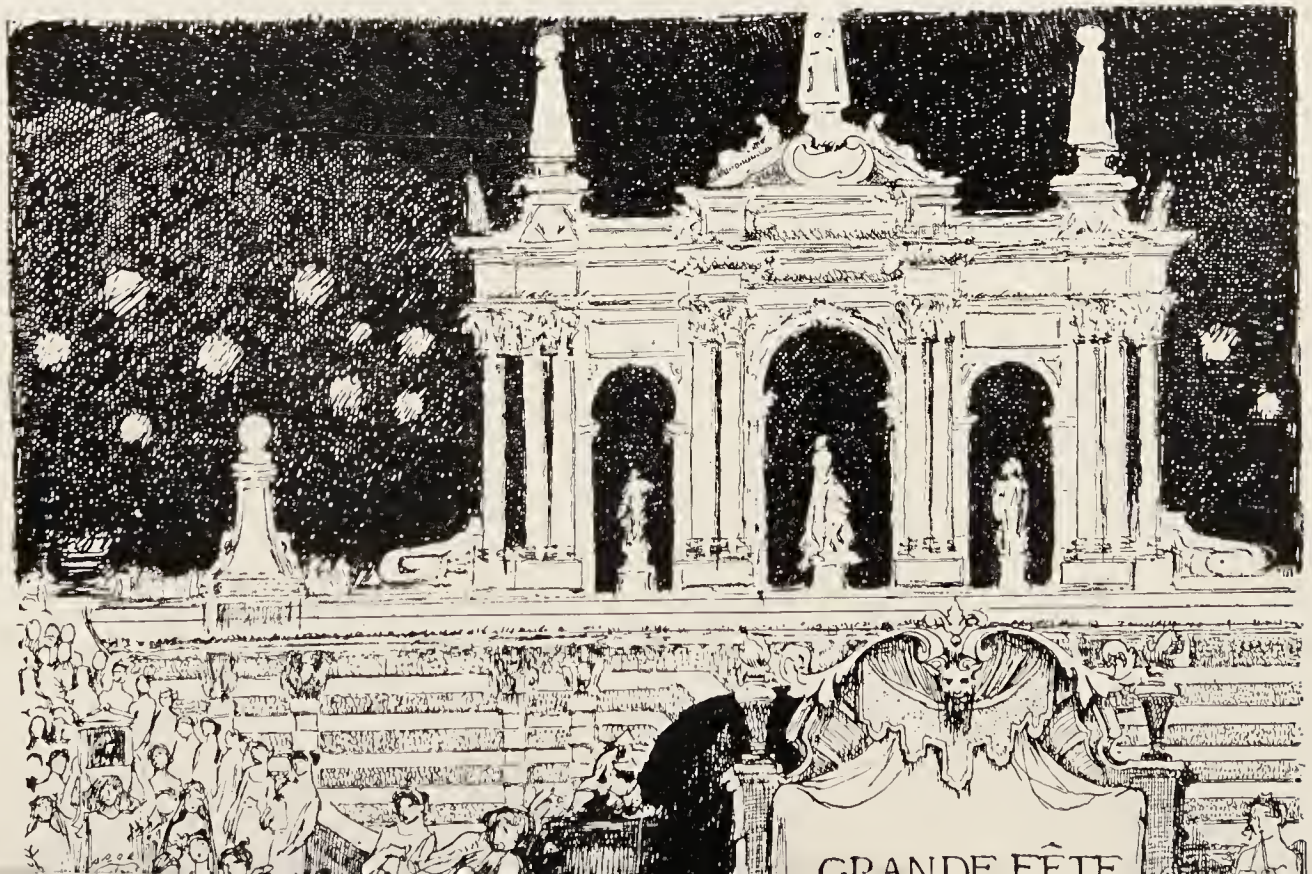
DURING CARNIVAL. Drawing by Maurice Leloir.

Napoleon, the Empress, the Emperor of Austria, the Queen of Holland, the king, Louis I, the Archdukes Louis-Victor and Charles-Louis, the Princesse Christine, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Princes Napoleon-Charles, Joachim, and Lucien Bonaparte, the

Princesse Mathilde, the Princesse de Metternich, the Prince de Metternich, the Baron and Baroness de Budberg, the Count Goltz, Monseigneur Chigi, nuncio of the Pope, M. Mon, and Djamil Pacha.

One of the most brilliant official ceremonies of the Third Republic was that attending the visit of the Lord Mayor of London and the formal opening of the new Opera-house, January 5, 1875. The red coats and black caps of the English heralds, sounding their trumpets before their chief civic officer, greatly excited the curiosity of the Parisians. The illuminations and the general rejoicings were on a scale of great magnitude, and the inauguration of the new building was made illustrious by the presence of the Lord Mayor, Marshal MacMahon, the young King of Spain, the King of Hanover, the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and "the flower of the European aristocracy."

The new Hôtel de Ville, rebuilt since the Commune, has also witnessed its great festal ceremonials. At that of the ball given there in January, 1888, illustrated in our engraving, more than twelve thousand persons were present, and the feature of the evening was the presence of the President of the Republic, M. Carnot, and of his wife. "At about a quarter past ten," says a contemporary record, "there was much movement in the salle Saint-Jean, and MM. Hovelacque, Poubelle, and Jacques, accompanied by the Bureau du Conseil, repaired to the entrance of honor to receive the President and Madame Carnot. The president of the Conseil greeted Madame Carnot and thanked Monsieur Carnot in a few words. Then the whole cortége ascended the stairway of honor, between a double line of Gardes Municipaux, while the music played the Marseillaise. The march was opened by the forest guards of the Bois de Boulogne, with all their decorations,


GRANDE FÊTE

PROGRAMME FOR A "FÊTE DE NUIT" GIVEN AT THE CERCLE DES ACACIAS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE BY THE COMTE AND COMTESSE BONI DE CASTELLANE.

Engraved by Stern, after a design by Auguste François Gorguet.

and the huissiers of the Hôtel de Ville. Then came the President, wearing the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor with the star on his coat, and Madame Carnot, very stately in her gown of red velvet, trimmed on the front with magnificent laces, and on her head a crescent in diamonds." The President and the principal personages, having made the tour of the apartments, departed with the same ceremonial as that which attended their entrance.

And another chronicler gives us this glimpse of a garden-party at the Élysée, in July, 1895, under the administration of M. Faure. "Very animated, very variegated, very full of movement, this presidential garden-party. At the beginning of the reception, Madame Félix Faure welcomed her guests in the grand salon d'honneur, her graceful daughter by her side. The wife of the chief of State has a gentle and beneficent air, which goes to prove that in all things M. Faure justifies his name of Félix.

"The dress of Madame Faure, of a dark taffeta *à bouquets Pompadour*, very modest in trimming, is perfect in style. That of Mademoiselle Lucie, in *crépon beige clair*, with girdle and collar of ribbons *turquoise très jeune fille*, is no less admirably chosen. With this toilette, a great straw hat trimmed with white silk to shade the face.

"After having traversed the grand salon, we descend into the garden, or rather into the park, and, if we have been clever enough to come early, we find ourselves transported under these centenarian trees, in the verdure and the silence of a romantic open-air fête, to the velvety lawns shaded by the heavy foliage, to the green alleys, and descending to a piece of water on which the ducks swim. Oh! how far away are we carried by these ducks, dear to President Grévy!

"Two military bands alternate under the branches, whilst a third gives forth its harmonious notes within the palace itself. At

four o'clock, the President appears in the garden, where the groups are becoming more and more numerous, and where they may be seen flitting about, like a flight of swallows, the pensionnaires of the school at Saint-Denis, following the alleys with a light step, happy to find themselves in the midst of all this movement and of these multicolored toilettes. M. Faure has the ease of manner of a man who has much seen, thought, and acted. His aspect is military, his figure tall, his physiognomy frank, honest, intelligent, the smile kindly under the still blonde moustache.

"We see him grasp the hands of the ambassadors of Turkey and of Italy, who are surrounding Madame Papadaki, a beauty of the Greek colony. Madame Papadaki wears a dress with a thousand stripes, black and white, and a black toque, set upon the jet bandeaux of her hair. Not far from her a circle of young girls animate with the clear colors of their toilettes the shadows of the old trees. Among them may be recognized Mlle. Henriette Fouquier, a Madonna of Luini, slender as a lily of Florence. Her petticoat of silk *côtelée blanche*, her corsage of rose taffeta veiled with *mousseline de soie blanche*, her *chapeau Lamballe*," etc.,—the rest is like any other description of these social functions, in this instance, set to the fashions of the summer of 1895.

Apropos of these distinguished official fêtes, we may quote some gossip from the Paris correspondent of the London *Truth* concerning the social qualities of the French Presidents. "It is worthy of remark," he says, "that Félix Faure was the only President out of the six we have had to whom the sovereigns of Europe 'cottoned.' They respected Carnot, but they really felt at home with Félix Faure. I recollect the Queen would not hear of meeting M. Thiers, one of the most gifted, most original, most charming, and highly intellectual men that ever lived. Grévy had

extraordinary intellectual charm, and a delightful vein of slyness; but all the royalties, save Queen Isabella, stood aloof from him.

COUSIN AND COUSINE.

After a drawing by L. Marchetti.

She wished to be more intimate than he desired. MacMahon was too independent to please them. He stood on his dignity with all of them, save the Queen. Strange, but true, he always felt he owed her a sort of allegiance, and may be said to have been

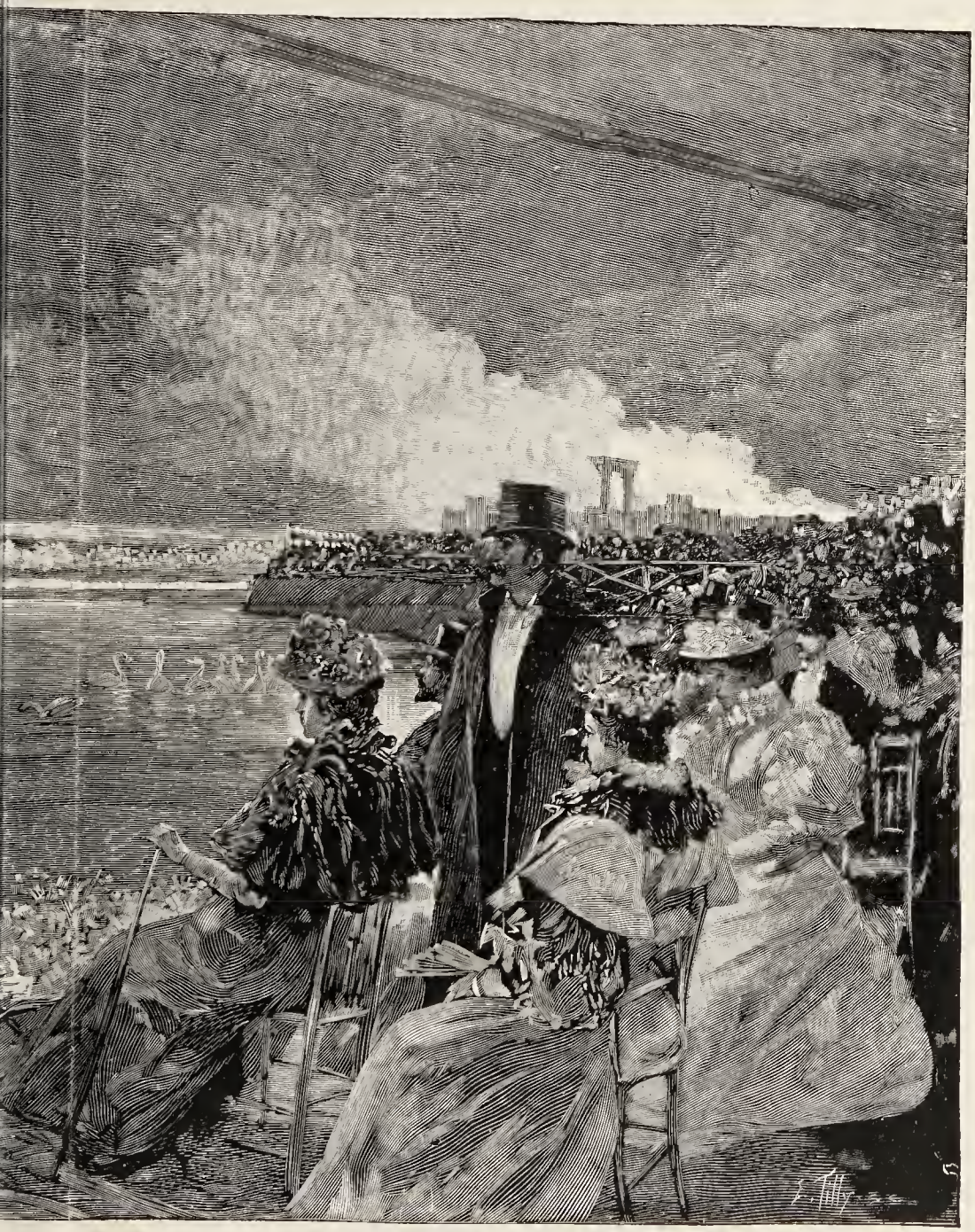
personally loyal to her. He was the devoted knight of the Princess of Wales. But as there were gaps in his front teeth, and she was hard of hearing, his great desire to converse with her had its drawbacks. M. Casimir-Perier also stood on his dignity. So did Félix Faure, but in another way. He put on his best *Jeunesse de Louis Quatorze* manners with crowned heads. There was with emperors and kings a hail-fellow-well-met air, but without familiarity. As to empresses and queens, he was at their feet, but as a *Français né galant.* He lost his head on finding how pleased they all were with his adoration.

"There is nothing at all of this in the new President. He is not in the least theatrical, and has reached the sobering age of sixty, and never was a beau. He was not brought up snobbishly by father or mother, least of all by the mother, Mme. Auguste Loubet. He is own son of that old lady, look at him how you may; though he does not inherit the bright, straightforward, perceptive black eyes that still shine in her head, notwithstanding her eighty-six years. The President has slate-colored eyes that seem to gaze as through a vail at some distant object that haunts him in his day-dreams. There is a tinge of poetry in them. He has not been indifferent to any opportunity to better himself in the world. But it may be said of him that if he has long been in the great official world, he is not of it. . . . The other day at the agricultural show he told some farmers with whom he chatted that when he retires from the Élysée he will go to live at the farm where he was reared."

That peculiar form of social festivity which consists in gathering around a festal board in honor of some distinguished citizen of the republic of politics, of science, of literature, or of art, partaking of a more or less bounteous feast in his honor and for our own

THE "FÊTE DE NUIT" GIVEN AT THE CERCL

Engraved by



S ACACIAS BY THE COMTE AND COMTESSE BONI DE CASTELLANE.

lly, after a drawing by G. Amato.

gratification, drinking healths to his honor and listening to set speeches that, it is understood, are not to be too formal,—all this very intelligent and judicious method of diversion is carried to great perfection in Paris. The occasions offered are innumerable,—and both the practical and intellectual qualities of the citizens, combined with certain material advantages which they are enabled to draw from the peculiarities of their climate and their soil, permit them to do well in this respect. If the eminent personage to whom this banquet is dedicated is sometimes somewhat overpraised over the *pousse-cafés*, but little harm is done, and good-feeling is promoted in a world much given to lying. It is, for example, difficult for the intelligent foreigner to subscribe implicitly to all that is asserted by the distinguished speakers at the various *Banquets Molière*, under the patronage of the Comédie-Française, but he cannot suspect any wilful deceit. This ceremonial was revived in 1894 on the initiative of M. Mareuse, the learned secretary of the Commission des Inscriptions de la Ville de Paris, and M. Jules Claretie was, naturally, called upon to preside. "I did not feel at liberty to decline," he said; "this was the second time that I had had the honor to propose, on this date of the 15th of January, a toast to the glory of Molière. I did so in wishing to insist upon celebrating, in the admirable author of comedies, him whom I would willingly entitle the *Grand Français*. I have been somewhat reproached, here and there, with having denied the *international mind* in order to better praise the *French mind*. . . . This is not narrow patriotism; it is, I think, a well-considered sense of gratitude."

"The *Banquet Molière*," he went on to explain, "did not originate in the present day. I remember that, under the Empire, we were forbidden to assemble, young fellows that we were, to

celebrate the jubilee of Shakespeare, because, in those times, to speak of Shakespeare, to fête Shakespeare, that was to speak of Victor Hugo, to celebrate Victor Hugo [!] There was, however, permitted to the comédiens and to some friends of Molière (the *Molièristes* were not yet born or baptized) to assemble on the 15th of January for the purpose of praising Molière by drinking to his glory. The honor of the creation of the Banquet Molière is due to the actor Albert, the *Bel Albert* of the Ambigu-Comique as he was called, Albert who melted all Paris in *Abélard* and terrified it in *Atar-Gull*. That was in 1854; the comédien Samson made the necessary application to M. Piétri, and the official permit to banquet was finally given. It is probable that an agent of the préfecture was, according to the custom, among the guests.

"Samson drank to Molière, as did also Baron Taylor, expert at discourses of ceremony. But that which was the most characteristic at this first banquet was the toast of Frédérick-Lemaître. The great comédien rose, and spoke in these words: 'To Molière! And, as in order to diffuse the comprehension of this immense genius it is not too much to have all possible aid, I entertain the most ardent vows that, in the future, no one shall be disinherited from the glorious right of interpreting him!' This toast made at that time, in the theatrical world, a great sensation. It was, in fact, a formal claim. It was truly interesting to hear Frédérick-Lemaître demand, before Samson and Regnier, who were present at this first banquet, the right to interpret Molière. The *répertoire* then belonged to the only Comédie-Française,—this was, for the creator of Ruy Blas and of Robert-Macaire, one way of presenting his candidacy for a place as comédien at the Théâtre-Français. . . .

"To-day, all the world can *interpret* Molière, and all the

world can do him honor. I found myself, at the banquet of the 15th of January, seated between M. Marck, the director of the Odéon, and M. Paul Mesnard, the learned publisher of Molière in the collection of *Grands Écrivains*. . . . Every year, henceforth, the Molièristes will assemble around the immense *tarte à la crème*, which is the traditional dish, the official dessert, of these feasts. And the Supper of the disciples of the poet who created *Alceste* will be quite worthy—for all it is somewhat less mystic and more familiar—of that of the pilgrims of Wagner, grouped around the knight of the Sangreal. Moreover, we may then admire at once the great poetic Wagnerian tocsin, with its voice of the infinite, its voice of dreams, and the clear and immortal Molièrian laughter, brilliant as the light."

The *Dîner Saint-Simon* had a much more amusing origin. In the early part of the year 1892, two of the editors of the *Gaulois* published in their journal a series of "interviews" (both the word and the custom being borrowed from the English or the Americans) with various distinguished people on one of those imbecile debating-society questions which the self-advertising editors spring upon the public. Among others, they applied to the Académicien M. E. Melchior de Vogüé, and received a most unexpected reply. After disposing, very curtly, of their conundrum in his first paragraph by citing the example of England, the country *le plus solide*, and which yet produced "the greatest number of romances,"—whereas their debating society had decided that such things were impossible,—he went on to assail in very plain-spoken phrases the whole theory and practice of interviewing. "Briefly, you ask of me one of those articles which I am in the habit of writing for the journals and reviews with which I have engagements;—an article which I myself might carry directly to the

Gaulois, which would, perhaps, do me the honor to insert it,—and to pay me for it. Let us remove my personality from the question and take a general view of it. We very soon arrive at the real facts in the case,—the interview, which was originally only a brief conversation, has become an article, demanded of the writer; according to the length of this article and the value of the writer, it is exactly as if there were demanded of him one, five, or ten louis. . . . If you will seriously reflect upon it, the frequent demands which we receive will certainly appear to you in their true light, in this very simple form,—of gratuitous 'copy,' furnished to a confrère, who receives the author's perquisites himself." And he closed by recommending this question to them as much more worthy of serious consideration than their own.

In the month of August, 1894, these two editors, having opened a new series of interviews on interviewing itself,—apropos of a letter of Alexandre Dumas fils to M. Hector Pessard in which he declared that he would no longer submit to it,—bethought themselves of M. de Vogüé's letter and requested his permission to publish it. This was readily granted, and when it appeared, there was immediately precipitated a general discussion. Three journals in particular headed the opposition to his views, from more or less practical motives, the *Temps*, the *Paris*, and *L'Éclair*. In the latter, M. Ledrain extolled the merits of his young confrères the interviewers, and compared them to the chroniclers and the writers of mémoires of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, beginning with Saint-Simon, that son of Louis XIII's duke and equerry whose chronicles of the last years of Louis XIV and of the Regency have so frequently been quoted by historians. This ancestry pleased the reporters immensely; M. Ledrain advised four

FLIRTATION. Engraved by L. Ruffe, after a drawing by St. Rejchan.

of them to assemble for communion with their glorious forerunner,—and the Dîner Saint-Simon was born.

Bearing no malice in their souls, these diners invited M. de Vogüé himself to be present at their first banquet, but he excused himself with that lofty politeness which, it seems, is one of his qualities, as being otherwise engaged. M. Sarcey, desirous of bestowing some mark of sympathy on the interviewers,—which was considered to conceal some malice on the part of a man who never allowed himself to be interviewed,—looked in for a moment at the soup, and embraced Madame Séverine, the sympathetic *interviewveuse* of the Pope and of the poor, who was assisting M. Ledrain to preside, but as he was desirous of being present at the representation of *La Fée Printemps* at the Ambigu that evening, he could not remain. M. Jules Lemaître, M. François Coppée, and M. Jules Claretie were unable to attend,—the latter announced, in his letter of regret, that the Académie had just adopted for its Dictionary the word *Actualité*, that patron saint of the interviewers. In his oration, eulogizing them, M. Ledrain, regretting the absence of M. de Vogüé, recalled the similar circumstance of M. Barbey d'Aurevilly accepting an invitation from the *bas bleus*, whom he had been flagellating, and declaring the next morning that there was really some good in blue-stockings. And, to demonstrate their own faith in their works, these interviewers, before separating, permitted themselves all to be interviewed as to what, in their personal opinion, was the best interview!

The banquets in honor of some illustrious master of the arts date back to nearly a century ago, to a dinner given by artists and writers to the French painter Vien. Of late years, these celebrations have usually been brought about by some notable event in

the career of him whom it was desired to honor,—an important commission, a promotion in the Legion of Honor. Thus it has happened within the last few years for the medallionist Oscar Roty, and for the designer of affiches, Jules Chéret; in 1885, the painter, Théodule Ribot, was, however, thus honored merely on general principles. The celebrated dinner offered Puvis de Chavannes, January 16, 1895, had for pretext the completion of his paintings in the Hôtel de Ville, and it was at first proposed to hold this feast in that building itself. This was, however, found to be impracticable, and it was celebrated at the Hôtel Continental, under the presidency of Rodin, the sculptor, and with the assistance, among the invited guests, of the mayors of Lyon, of Poitiers, of Amiens, of Marseille, and of Rouen, to recall the fact that in all these cities might be found the master's decorations. The guests were so numerous that very many of them were unable to find seats in the grande salle of the hôtel, but they were all enabled to hear the speeches addressed to M. de Chavannes, and his reply. Among these speakers was M. Brunetière, the director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who had excited considerable consternation in the bosoms of the dinner committee by demanding permission to express his own personal views. And more than one protestation was heard when, in the course of his eulogy of the guest of the evening, he denied the "symbolic values" of the painters, and criticised with some scorn their narrow "naturalism." However, they were soothed by the poesy of M. Catulle Mendès, the fat poet, who followed M. Brunetière, and who, in his very first verse, brought in, in the illustrious company of Hugo, Gautier, De Lisle, and Banville, the "dear Baudelaire" for whom M. Brunetière entertains an immense contempt.

Of the five hundred guests at this dinner, a very considera-

ble number reappeared among the three hundred at the Banquet Goncourt, given to M. Edmond de Goncourt on the 1st of the following March. The originators of this feast, MM. Roger Marx, Gustave Geffroy, and Carrière, had proposed it in July, 1894, which would have given it precedence over the banquet Puvis de Chavannes, but in deference—somewhat excessive, it was thought at the time—to the painter of the *Ludus pro patria*, the author of *La Fille Éliza* and of *Germinie Lacerteux* had to wait. It was also considered at the time that the ceremony might have gained by being somewhat more select and less numerously attended, but then, on the other hand, it might have been less generally representative. The medley of elements which contributed to this honoring was well expressed in Willette's characteristic design for the menu of the feast, and which symbolized the varying characteristics or characters of the joint work of these illustrious brothers. On a low, two-step platform, with the word *Salve* on the upper step, was erected a simple pedestal bearing a bust of Jules, who died in 1870; standing by this, with his arm resting familiarly on the base of the bust and with his white head and white neckerchief relieved against a fantastic background of his own cigarette smoke, branches of laurel and fluttering Cupids,—one of them being only a winged head,—was the surviving brother, the hero of the fête. At the foot of the pedestal was seated a very proper little Japanese maid, strumming a fat guitar; at the feet of M. Edmond sat a very improper French cocotte, her white dress pulled up to her waist and down below her breasts, and her striped-stockinged legs very much in evidence. On the open space before this incongruous group, a petticoated and powdered young lady of the eighteenth century made a little courtesy to the master. At the bottom of all, the artist had written: *Hommage aux Goncourt.*

M. R. Poincaré, Ministre de l'Instruction publique, presided at this feast, "delicate of wit, exquisite in its charm of freedom," and made the opening speech. After apologizing for the appearance of bringing "the coldness and the artificiality of a vain official homage" to this expansive occasion, he went on to assure M. de Goncourt of the very distinguished consideration which even the government entertained for him, in proof of which he begged leave to present him with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor which he, M. de Goncourt, had never solicited but for others, and which had graciously been accorded him by the President of the Republic at the suggestion of himself, M. Poincaré. Thunders of applause. The note being thus given, the non-official speakers took care not to fall behind in enthusiasm,—M. Zola, M. Clemenceau, M. Alphonse Daudet, and others. And when it was all over, as was afterward suggested, all the guests went home wondering how long it would be before Charpentier, the publisher, brought out M. de Goncourt's *Journal* for the year 1895, and what they would read therein concerning themselves, set down in the master's notes of the occasion!

Much more picturesque and amusing was the *Journée Sarah Bernhardt*, offered to that distinguished lady by some of her innumerable admirers, December 9, 1896. This important day began with a déjeuner in the salle du Zodiac of the Grand-Hôtel, "marvellously decorated;"—in the midst of this great hall, set out with tables covered with flowers for the five hundred guests, descends a great spiral staircase with an open, ornamental railing, and when she was seen descending this winding stair, dressed in a long white robe trimmed with Irish lace, embroidered with gold and bordered with chinchilla, and with all that "supple harmony" of movement of which she possesses the secret, the five hundred

"THE TEMPTATION OF BUDDHA." VAUDEVILLE IN A PRI

IOUSE. Engraved by L. Rousseau, after the drawing by Pierre-Georges Jeanniot.

guests cheered like one man! At these tables were gathered all the distinguished men of letters, the most distinguished foreign friends of this "wandering star," the prettiest actresses in Paris; M. Victorien Sardou, seated at her right, when it came to the toasts, rose in the sight of all, spilled his champagne over his own fingers while he stooped gallantly to kiss hers, and drank to "the artist without rival, the undisputed sovereign of the dramatic art, *la grande et la bonne Sarah!*" The menus were designed by Abbema, Chéret, and Mucha; after the toasts, the orchestra of Colonne played the *Hymne à Sarah Bernhardt*, words by Silvestre, music by Pierné, and then all adjourned to the Théâtre de la Renaissance. Here, before the most brilliant audience in Paris, provided with a "golden book" designed by some of the most famous painters of the capital, and while the loge of the actress was filling with congratulatory telegrams from Italy, from London, and from New York, there were presented the second act of *Phèdre* and the fourth act of *Rome vaincue*, with Sarah in the *rôles* of *Phèdre* eloquent in her maledictions and of *Posthumia* tragic in her sorrow and anguish. After the curtain, more compliments,—the students, represented by their president, M. Paul Tissier, offered her some flowers, from their "ephemeral youth" to her "eternal youth," and declared that they were bound to her by an even more intimate sentiment than others "since you personify the most precious qualities of their youth when you revive in their enchanted eyes the *Dame aux camélias*" [!]; and there were laudatory verses recited by François Coppée, Catulle Mendès, André Theuriet, and others, which were no more bad than official verses usually are. Finally, the curtain rose six times for the recalls, and all was over. There was only one regret,—less fortunate than M. de Goncourt, Sarah did not receive the red ribbon.

The grumblers grumbled that Rachel was never so fêted, but no one regarded them.

But, even the Parisian wit sometimes misses fire, and these incomparable citizens of the world occasionally fail to comprehend each other. M. Jules Claretie, in the course of a long, rambling communication to the *Temps* of his recollections of Sainte-Beuve,—apropos of the setting-up in the Luxembourg garden of the bust of that critic,—and in which he retails, with that complacent insistence upon inconsiderable details of not very important men which is so characteristic of literary reminiscences everywhere, innumerable minutiæ of this Parisian master, gives this account of a little dinner. "He loved the comédiens, the gross farces of the Palais-Royal. He took great pleasure occasionally in surrounding himself with the actresses, in inviting them, in order to *Parisianize* himself a little, and an artiste of very great cleverness, and, more than that, of a superior intelligence, Suzanne Lagier, a friend of Théophile Gautier, of the De Goncourts, presented to him one day,—to give a smile to this repast,—a blonde and charming actress who was then playing at the Gymnase and who, as pretty as possible, afterward took it into her head to have talent, and a great deal of it, when she presented the part of one of Zola's heroines in a scene of the boulevards, at the Ambigu.

"Sainte-Beuve delighted in seeing himself surrounded by friends of a superior order, by pleasant countenances. On this occasion, he talked (as he knew how to talk, like a master in this admirable art). And, on this evening, in his most brilliant vein, he bedazzled Gautier and the De Goncourts with his reminiscences of the eighteenth century, of its women, of Mme. de Boufflers, of Mlle. de Lespinasse, of the Maréchale de Luxembourg. . . . It was delightful.

"Two hours later, the pretty actress, who was playing at the Gymnase in a piece after this repast, arrives at the theatre in the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, and, with a long sigh of relief:

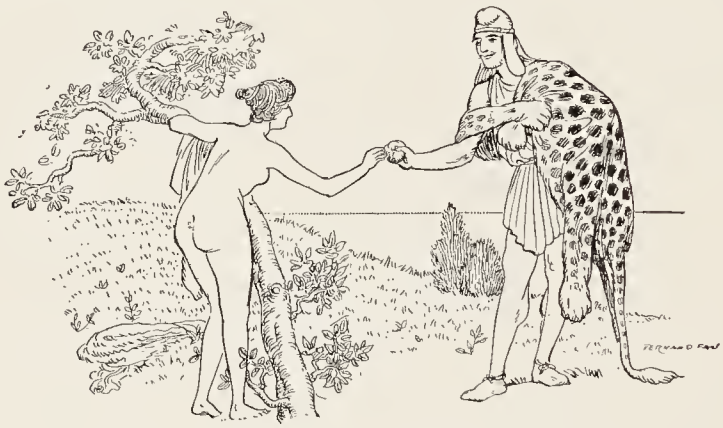
"'Ouf!' she gasped. 'I have just been dining with a senator, a man named Sainte-Beuve. It seems that he is very well known. I never heard of him. But, how stupid he is! . . .'

"And the accent was sincere, the exclamation came from the heart: '*Mais il est bête!* . . .'"

At the private entertainments, the wit and ingenuity of the hosts are taxed to the utmost to provide novel and worthy diversions. Historical reconstructions, mythological ones—with considerable freedom of translation, and flights of pure fantasy and imagination, are all called upon to decorate these sumptuous fêtes. In his novel of the period, *Les Plus Forts*, M. Georges Clemenceau gives an amusing sketch of some of the difficulties encountered by the organizers of one of these social reunions in devising something particularly distinguished in the way of a divertissement. It was at first proposed to compose a *tableau vivant* which should reproduce literally Paul Veronese's great picture in the Louvre of the marriage at Cana, but at a rendezvous given in the Salon Carré it was discovered with dismay that there were present at this magnificent feast no more than three noble ladies in the company of the Saviour and his mother. It was also concluded that it would be difficult to put a little dog on the table, as in the original, and inexpedient to represent a princess picking her teeth, as Veronese had done. The scene was therefore reproduced with judicious modifications and freed from any servile adherence to precedent. Its success before the brilliant assembly of invited guests on the appointed evening was very great; and "The Queen of Sheba before Solomon" was also warmly re-

ceived. The success of the entertainment, however, was reserved for the two Indian scenes, of which "The Temptation of Buddha" we reproduce.

"The most admirable moment was that in which the actors, after the last tableau, mingled with the spectators. There was a great desire to admire more closely the marvellous costumes, to praise their arrangement, to touch the stuffs and know if 'they



AN EARLY LAWN-PARTY. Drawing by Fernand Fau.

were really of the period,' to obtain some information concerning this curious Indian prince who contemplated his own thumbs while a so rare troupe of bayaderes were proposing quite other subjects to his attention. A discreet note of Deschairs on the programme said all that was necessary on the subject. But this indifference of the precursor, as Madame F. said, was none the less the object of more or less ironical commentary."

All the other and more familiar methods of entertainment are of course called in to add to the pleasure of these guests who, though the most brilliant talkers in the world, do not care to be thrown entirely upon that resource. The arts of music and the

dance, and that of professional sleight-of-hand performers, the prestidigitateurs and *prestidigitateuses*, enliven the long hours of these soirées. The marvellous perfection to which these modern magicians attain has served not only to puzzle and amuse, but also, in a number of cases, to expose the pretensions of other performers who professed to work by occult means. When the brothers Davenport appeared in Paris in 1865, claiming the aid of disembodied spirits in their manifestations, their séances in the salle Herz were attended by the prestidigitateur Robin, who soon after, on his own stage, produced the same surprising occurrences with even more neatness and skill, and thus effectually silenced the American charlatans.

Then there is, of course, notably in modern days, that more or less reprehensible modern diversion of which the Parisians have borrowed the name and claim to have borrowed most of the details, the *Flirt*, and concerning which the typical Parisian wife of the conventional modern-society romance advises her husband to think well, because, while it is comparatively inexpensive, commodious and amusing, it is also to be encouraged as having a tendency to prevent—" Well,—accidents."

The noble art of the sword still figures in the social and political life of the capital, and while the duels of the contemporary Parisian have become food for mirth for all but Parisians, the less ostentatious exhibitions of this art are quite worthy of appreciation. Among the more brilliant fencing fêtes are those given from time to time by the *Société d'encouragement d'escrime*, which sometimes essays historical retrospect. At that of February, 1894, in the great salon de l'hémicyle of the Grand-Hôtel, which scarcely sufficed to hold the multitude of invited guests, after the first, *sérieuse*, part of the programme, consisting of a

number of *assaults* by distinguished amateurs, followed the *pittoresque* or historical portion, in which representative combats of various ages were presented. The first, and one of the most striking of these, was a duel between a Florentine gentleman of the time of the Médicis, armed with sword and buckler, and a *spadassin*, one of those German-Swiss mercenaries who served in all armies, and whose characteristic weapon was the great two-handed sword. Both combatants, in the costumes of the period, and well skilled in the peculiar methods of their weapons, displayed a skill and a courage that the conventional and carefully rehearsed mock combats of the theatrical stage do not attain. It was so in all the succeeding representations, and in those which the society

SKETCH BY "JOB" (J. Onfroy de Bréville).

also presented at another *fête de l'épée* in March of the following year,—fight between a Roman legionary and a Gaul; fight between two lansquenets with their double-handed swords; combat between D'Artagnan and a *coupe-jarret*, the latter armed with a dagger and using his mantle as a buckler; historical duels between De Jarnac and De la Châtaignerie, between Bussy d'Amboise and three of the king's mignons, the triple duel of the Comtes de Mont-

morency and De Beuvron and their seconds, duel between two officers of the Empire, combat between a Russian officer and a Zouave, etc.,—the fire flew from the steel, the spectators caught their breath in suspense, a broken blade wounded one of the officers in the forehead and terminated the conflict in real blood, etc.

AMUSEMENTS, RESTAURANTS, AND CAFÉS

INITIAL, AFTER A WATER-COLOR BY G. ROCHEGROSSE.

AMUSEMENTS, RESTAURANTS, AND CAFÉS

IN the great world of public amusements in Paris the cafés-chantants and cafés-concerts still hold a very important rank,—due distinction being maintained always, it is understood, between public amusements and discriminating ones. The types of these more successful variety entertainments vary,—at the Cigale, for example, one of the recent triumphs has been effected by the arrival on the scene of all the actresses at once, as if in the greenroom of the theatre, all of them in corsets and under-petticoats and all uttering lamentable cries: "The dressmaker has made a mistake in our measures; none of our costumes has arrived; we cannot go on the stage!" "That makes no difference," returns the manager; "go on as you are." And the piece is

accordingly played *en chemise*. At the Théâtre Pompadour, in the saynète by Courteline, *La Peur des coups*, Madame Jane Derval apparently took the audiences into all the confidences of her disrobing for the night. This has been much surpassed since then,—the disrobing is now done on a trapeze, suspended in mid-air in the middle of the stage, so that no details may be lost. The fair performer's toilette is very elaborate, Parisian hat, parasol, gloves, high-heeled boots, and all,—the gradual shedding of all these is accompanied by pleasant stretching and rubbing of the compressed body and limbs as they are relieved from their confining coverings, by appealing glances from dark eyes at an imaginary friend at the side of the house who objects to this unnecessary publicity, and by a sudden losing of balance and falling over backward to catch on the trapeze bar by the knees, head downward, with an apparently dreadful display of nudity by the reversed skirts. The nudity is, of course, only the fleshings of a skilful acrobat, but the knowledge of this perfectly conventional and acceptable under-strata does not seem to affect the scandalousness of the act. For a relief from these pleasantries, there are terrifying and fearsome things to be seen, such as the white phantoms appearing and disappearing on a background of black darkness, with beheadings and gatherings up of the severed member, presented by the Clives at the Concert Parisiana. This genre is impudently asserted to be derived from America, that grisly country of Edgar Poe,—to be the *humour de Yankee*. To complete it, it is only necessary for the orchestra to render a dirge, or a dead march, during the performance,—"as they do in the United States."

Some of this morbid business, however, is native and to the manner born. Of such was the *pendu* who exhibited himself two

or three years ago hanging by the neck, but not dead, in the Concert Duclerc, in the Rue Fontaine. For thirteen days at a time swinging in the air. His sole recompense was derived from selling pieces of his rope. Various explanations were offered,—that his windpipe had been replaced by a silver tube; that he was hung by the chin and not by the neck; that he wore the apparatus used in cases of ataxia, which supports the head in a species of collar and which is called *la Minerve*. And yet it was asserted that the slightest disarrangement of his cord would be fatal; and it was confidently expected that on opening the café some morning he would be found hung indeed. At any rate, he was a great success; the scholars declared that he represented most naturally the *Heautontimorouenos* of Terence. Originally from Marseille, he had first acquired fame by remaining for twenty days on top of a column, but not seated like Saint Simeon, standing upright.

It is for the great public that all these entertainments, postures, and chansonnettes are prepared; and it is because they represent so faithfully the tastes of the great public of the moment that they are not to be considered as negligible quantities by the student of social science,—who is not permitted to be squeamish. Notwithstanding all the false glamour in which they have appeared for so long, the very celebrated cafés-chantants of Paris remain sufficiently unamusing and unprofitable places of entertainment. But they do meet a want, and consequently thrive; the most successful managers are those who can most closely divine the tastes of the uncritical public, the small bourgeoisie, the clerks, the small shopkeepers and tradesmen; the songs are written for them, the singers address themselves directly to their dearest prejudices, and the audience only too frequently

responds to their appeal in the refrain: "*Chantez donc avec moi. . . . Répétez avec moi,*" and joins lustily in the chorus. The concerts of the cabarets artistiques de Montmartre represent something quite different, a minority artistic and Bohemian, decadent, *raffiné* and *précieuse*, long-haired poets and painters of doubtful talent. In them, the commonplace bourgeois finds himself singularly out of place, and overwhelmed with general insult; the earthiness is more tempered with wit.

The narrow limits within which this taste of the plebs is confined naturally affect the character and the quality of the songs which are composed and sung to please them. It might be thought that all these obscure song-writers, working each in his garret, without communion with his fellow-laborers or acquaintance with them, would produce the wildest medley of extravagances, but it is found that they all observe certain rules and keep themselves within certain limitations. Whoever would wish to draw up a catalogue raisonné of these chansons would do well, it has been said, to avail himself of the division that applies to comedy, and to divide his subject-matter into the song of intrigue and the song of condition. The former relates an interesting story, a little history, a comedy or a drama of love or of death,—the action unrolls itself gradually and winds up with a dénouement. The chanson of condition does not concern itself with any sequence of events, but depicts a condition of things, a portrait of an individual, of a caste, of a class, of some particular whim or craze of the moment, or of a profession or a vice. This latter is the richer of the two, and in both it is necessary to consider the themes which inspire, and which constantly reappear,—the patriotism, the army, love, drunkenness, malice, candor, obscenity, blackguardness, peasants, Spaniards or Englishmen, or the facts

VIEW OF THE CAFÉS-CHANTANTS AT THE POINT-DU-JOUR.

Engraved by Florian, after a drawing by A. Lepere.

of the day. Some of these *chansons de mœurs* are considered to portray certain types, or describe certain situations of human life, with singular insight and clearness, and much of their success of later years has been attributed to the collaboration of certain distinguished song-writers and to the talent and popularity of Mme. Yvette Guilbert.

Opinions differ as to the true merits of this celebrated lady. One critic finds the two principal elements of her success defined in two lines of verse addressed to her, and in which she is made to observe:

> "*Je chante sans faire un geste*
> *Et plus j'ai des gants noirs!*"

Another thinks that her black gloves have no more to do with her popularity than has her nasal accent, and that the real reason is that she understands what she sings and articulates very distinctly. The greater number of these chanteuses squirm and wriggle their hips without any consideration of the sense of their words. "They lift their legs to say: 'More gentle than the spring-time;' there is perpetual discord between the song and the gesture, and you feel that the first care of the artiste is that you shall see her calves and her salmon-colored undergarments. The words are only an accessory, and beyond the second row of fauteuils no one hears anything. Madame Guilbert does just the contrary,—she studies her text, examines it in detail, underscores certain passages; in a word, she *plays* her couplet, and she is careful to make herself both heard and understood." A certain originality and individuality, and the possession of an extensive répertoire, combine to replete the not very enduring charm of this singer.

Her "conditions" are those unpleasant faults and vices of society which offer such a fair field for the satire of the ballad-makers of all times, and which here appear under various appellations conferred by the Parisian slang of the day. The *petits vernis* are the young fops, brainless and conceited, the *pschutteux*, the *vlans*, the *chics*, the *fleurs de gomme;* the *vieux beaux* are the goatish old roués who follow the little shop-girls along the street; the *demi-vierges* we have already met:

> "*C'est névrosé, c'est détraqué,*
> *C'est de l'hystérie en bouquet,*
> *Comm' sentiment, c'est du plaqué,*
> *Les demi-vierges. . . .*"

Much less intellectual are those refrains which are included in the genre known as *scie populaire*, and which are distinguished by wilful incoherence or by a bewildering and exasperating repetition of similar sounds delivered with extraordinary rapidity. Such is an interminable narrative which relates nothing concerning the social doings of the Boudins and the Boutons, these names appearing alternately at every fifth or sixth word. One of the most successful of these *scies* in recent years is a shade less witty even than this: "*En voulez-vous des z'homards? Oh! les sales bêtes; ils ont du poil aux pattes!*" literally: "Do you want some lobsters? Oh! the dirty things, they have hair on their paws!" or "hands," or "claws!" This was received with such overwhelming popular appreciation that it brought forth imitations—as do all other great works of art. One poet wrote a history of *z'Homards* to the air of the *Dent de sagesse*, or "Wisdom-tooth;" another saw Bismarck in this lobster, and designed a green and red head which

was seized by the police. A third produced the *Réponse aux z'Homards;* a fourth parodied it for the benefit of the soldiers returning from Madagascar: *En voulez-vous des z'Hovas?* Of this last chanson no less than four hundred thousand copies were printed, and the lucky author's profits amounted to seven thousand francs. As he remarked feelingly: "It is a very pretty sum for having so bored all your neighbors."

Another rival at the time to the *z'Homards* was a charming song by Jean Varney, the son of the well-known composer, the *Sérénade du pavé*, which was sung both on the stage and in the street,—the poor serenader on the sidewalk under her window asks, not her love, but her alms, "money, a crust, old clothes, anything from thee will give me pleasure, and I will pray God that He will keep thee a little better than He has me." This, however, not being gross enough to appeal to the popular appreciation, sold only to the extent of some twenty thousand copies; and the vexed friends of the poet quoted Leconte de Lisle: "It would be easier for a chimpanzee to teach Zend to its young ones than for a poet to impart to the public a taste for and the comprehension of the Beautiful." From the modern socialistic movement, or from something else, there has sprung up quite a literature of the poor and the ragged,—*picaresque*, it is called, this being one of the new words, not to be found in the Dictionnaire of the Académie, and derived from the Spanish *picaro*, a good-for-nothing. The chansons of Aristide Bruant, which are declared to be the epopees of the faubourgs and the barrières, are of this literature, as are also all the *chansons de gigolettes*, *pierreuses*, *loqueteuses* (more new words), and of drunkards. These songs have been carried down from the stage to the streets, and sung on the pavements for the benefit of the poor whom they parody. There is even, or there

was, a troupe which traversed the provinces, from city to city, singing in the public squares. The real street-singer, singing for his own peculiar benefit, is said to be disappearing from Paris; he is replaced, more or less satisfactorily, by the vendor of songs who warbles to the worthy bourgeois the air which he proposes to sell him, while his confederate accompanies on a violin. There are, however, still to be heard, especially in the poorer quarters, these wandering singers, and occasionally an excellent voice.

One of the least successful and most unnecessary of the types presented before the footlights of these minor temples of music is an attempt at a lunatic, eccentric in dress and figure, and discoursing disconnected nonsense in a vain attempt to be droll. The foreigners, English, Spanish, and American, are also brought forward and made ridiculous according to certain rules which please the groundlings; the Britisher says: "Shakespeare, *chat qui expire* [supposed to be a phonetic equivalent], *chat qui est mort, crevé.* Oh! yes!" This British matron dances in a long white baby's robe, as in the music-halls of London. These imbecilities are, however, not confined to the other side of the ocean. Even the familiar little French soldier, the *tourlourou*, is misrepresented in a fixed type of naïve stupidity which is said to have completely disappeared since the adoption of the general conscription. There is much sameness in these threadbare ditties; sometimes there are patriotic outbursts, as when, in the *Vois des Sapins*, the opportune thunderbolt sends the pine branch crashing down on the scoundrelly head of the Prussian soldier about to lay violent hands on a Lorraine maid, or when the little chanteuse describes, with appropriate wriggles, the effect upon her of the sound of the infantry bugles.

STAGE-DOOR OF A CAFÉ-CONCERT. After a water-color by J.-L. Forain.

Sometimes also there are more worthy things, as the tableaux vivants, mounted with much artistic skill and with a plenteousness of pretty women. The nudity is at its worst when it is suggested and not revealed, and even this is said to be less marked than it used to be. When it comes to such a *dernier cri*, "the very latest," as the searching for her fleas by the disrobing artiste, honors are probably even. "It would be impossible," says Léo Claretie, "to describe all the stars of the cafés-concerts, from Anna Held with the big eyes, or Dji, or the belle Anna Thibaud, to Balty, Gilberte, or Suzanne Duvernois, or so many others. The chanteurs have created specialties in which they excel,—Polin and Ouvrard are perfect tourlourous; Kam-Hill or Fragson are men of the salons; Sulbac is a peasant worthy of Baric, and he is very funny when he relates his hours of waiting in the office of the Minister,—he thinks that the employé is hard at work; in reality, the employé is at the neighboring café, and he has set at his desk a wig, wearing a black cap with a tassel. From a distance, you would think him absorbed in his task. As for Brunin, it is requisite, to represent as he does the danseuse of the Opéra, to have spindle-shanks for legs, and arms long enough to go twice around his body. On every side, the artistes, the talents, the inventions, the innovations, the concerts, multiply themselves. This institution is constantly extending. The chansonnette is no longer sufficient,—it is necessary to have acrobats as at the circus, vaudevilles and pantomimes as at the theatre. The regular temples of the drama will soon experience a redoubtable competition from this quarter, which will have the effect of giving to the concerts more comfortable auditoriums, where the public can drink and smoke as in the Spanish theatres. For him who may wish to compare the different periods, we can foresee the time

when there will spring up again between the regular theatres and the cafés-chantants the old quarrels of the Opéra and the Comédie-Française with the *Jeux* of the great fairs, the disputes of the *Romains* and the *forains*. In the last century, the forains created a new genre, which became our Opéra-comique. Let us hope that, in a similar manner, another genre, as new and as agreeable, will soon come to increase the number of species of dramatic literature by the performances and the concurrence of the cafés-concerts."

In 1817, as we learn from our British guide-book to Paris of that date, the gardens in the suburbs of the capital, to which the people were in the habit of resorting on Sundays and fête-days, were called *guinguettes*, and when they added an orchestra and a room for dancing, they became *Bastringues*. "The stranger will probably occasionally look in at some of these places, for there he will form the most correct idea of the real character and manners of the French people." "There is something pleasant," says an observer of about twenty years ago, "in the easy understanding that exists among all parties at these lesser cafés; the singers are not of the isolated, unapproachable kind, as on the larger stage, there is not an impassable gulf between the *ouvrier* and the comic man, and a lively interchange of pleasantries is kept up between the large audience and the little stage. These places vary according to the *quartier* in which you find them, and there is a marked difference in the style of the singers, the habitués, and the scale of prices, as you near the barrières; in fact, often in their neighborhood you get only a bloused audience. The earnings of the singers range from two to five francs a night, and rarely, if ever, exceed the latter amount. But though these humble performers seldom rise higher, tradition is juster to them than history is to

many heroes; it preserves the particulars of their career as accurately as a court-circular records the trivial actions of princes."

These institutions, important as they are, date only from the commencement of the present century. The very first of all, it appears, was the Cheval-Blanc, in the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Denis, which was originally only a simple inn for man and beast, "*logeant à pied et à cheval.*" It was founded in 1787 by a certain Gauthier, who was later a member of the Tribunal Révolutionnaire. "At the bottom of the garden of this hostel was established, soon after 1800, a sort of guinguette in which two violins and a base constituted the entire orchestra. The comédiens and comédiennes having no engagements sometimes came to pass their evenings here, and they did not always need very much coaxing to warble a romance or to hum a chanson. Such was the origin of the café-concerts." The immediate successors of this were the famous cafés-caveaux of the Palais-Royal, so much in favor during the Empire and the Restoration. Of these, the most popular were the Caveau-Borel, where the celebrated ventriloquist of that name attracted the curious for the space of ten consecutive years; the Caveau du Sauvage, to which "all Paris" thronged, and the Caveau des Aveugles, which existed for more than a hundred years, and whose building was offered for rent during all that period in vain. Of others, established later in different portions of Paris, none survived except the Café de l'Horloge of the Champs-Élysées, still in existence, but which originally was situated at the extremity of the Cours-la-Reine. In 1842, it was demolished to make way for the Palais de l'Industrie, and Madame Picolo, the proprietor, transported it to a site nearer the Place de la Concorde.

Before the Second Empire, the cafés-concerts were greatly hampered in their enterprise and development by the restrictions imposed upon them by the police. The performers were not allowed to travesty themselves in any manner, the men were condemned to the everlasting black coat and white tie and the women to evening dress. When these tyrannical regulations were removed, under Napoleon III, these establishments began, finally, that dazzling career which has continued down to the present day. In the period between 1860 and 1870 there were opened in Paris more than a hundred cafés-concerts of every description. The Concert des Oisiaux, in the little street of the same name, at Ménilmontant, behind the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, was in the second story of a brick house. At the entrance, an inscription set forth that the musical programme would be changed three times a week; and at the door of the cabaret: *Au Souvenir de Béranger;* on the ground-floor, another announced that the guests could cook their own dishes. For this privilege they paid the sum of two sous for each plate, and after dining they could pass from the salle à manger into the salle de concert.

Some years before the Revolution of 1848, a sort of buffoon set up his show before the door of the Café du Midi, in the Champs-Élysées, where, arrayed in a variety of costumes, singing various burlesque ballads and otherwise disporting himself, he contrived to give a good deal of amusement to the drinkers of beer and eaters of simnels, or wheaten cakes, who were there sitting at little green tables on straw-seated stools. To this worthy has also been ascribed the origin of the modern cafés-concerts. The first of these which had a troupe of male and female singers was the Café des Ambassadeurs. In 1864 was inaugurated a salle de concert on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, very near the Musée

DEMAY AT THE CAFÉ-CONCERT "L'ALCAZAR D'ÉTÉ."
Engraved by Ch. Baude, after a drawing by Louis Picard.

de Cluny, under the name of the Athénée Musical; but, meeting with very little success, it was soon transformed into a theatre. The Alcazar and the Eldorado were also establishments partaking somewhat of the natures both of a theatre and a café; the former, situated in a Moorish saloon of the Faubourg Poissonnière, had also a summer salle on the Champs-Élysées. The Eldorado, on the Boulevard de Strasbourg, had a company of somewhat superior artistes and an orchestra directed by Hervé. In 1862, Alfred Delvau wrote: "Each quartier has now its café-concert; in addition to those of the Champs-Élysées, for the summer season, there are the café-concert du Géant (situated on the Boulevard du Temple and burned in April, 1863), the café-concert des Folies, Boulevard de Strasbourg, etc. Those who like these establishments should be content, for they have been set up everywhere. I would take only one of them for a type for all,—the café-concert of the Rue Contrescarpe, which its patrons designate as *le Beuglant* [the Bellowing]. . . ."

After the first of July, 1864, these establishments looked forward confidently to having all their restrictions removed, to being allowed to costume their performers and to give at least bits of operettas, but this full theatrical liberty was not granted them till after the somewhat unexpected appearance, in 1867, on the boards of the Eldorado, of an ex-tragédienne of the Théâtre-Français, Mlle. Cornélie, giving recitations from Corneille and Racine.

Of the somewhat more ambitious representations, like those of the very celebrated Folies-Bergère, a very active if somewhat unheroic Fame has trumpeted the excellencies wherever tourists go. They are very modern and sophisticated "shepherdesses" indeed who assist at these "follies." The programmes range from the

comparatively simple and familiar agilities of the acrobats *d'appareils* and *de tapis* to the most elaborate and bewildering spectacular pieces: *Visions Animées*, *Ballets Pantomimes*, *Femmes Aériennes*, etc.,—the former are varied by a number of very modern innovations, such as the introduction of a marvellously adaptable bicycle, or the incongruity of decorous and quite realistic restaurant patrons suddenly taking to filling the air with dishes, goblets, knives, forks and spoons, tables, table-cloths, and chairs, not one of which is permitted to touch the floor. The French school of the acrobat—this art having, like all others, its rules, its masters, its celebrities, its social scale, and its methods of education—differs greatly from the English school in its processes and traditions. The system of training beginners is, as may be supposed, very exact; the greatest care is taken to avoid falls which, apart from their danger, tend to destroy the pupil's confidence in himself, and the whole theory and practice proceeding on the employment only of the mildest means, care, consideration, and kindness. The four cardinal virtues, without which it is impossible ever to arrive at distinction, are "gracefulness, suppleness, energy," and sometimes "strength." The last, which might seem to be the most important, comes after all the others,—the great secret is to be graceful, and this can be taught to the most uncouth. Energy is that intensity of will which gives to the muscles the maximum of their power; it enables the performer to resist fatigue, and even pain, without the slightest manifestation of feebleness or discomfort. He must always have the appearance of being able to do much more, if he chose. It has long been considered desirable to have the clowns English, or at least able to speak some English words, which delights the children. It is, however, stated with regret that the Parisian child of the present day no longer cares

much for the circus and the acrobat,—he is too *malin* and too end-of-the-century.

For the great spectacular presentations, the féeries, the art is still more complex. It appears that the choice of a subject is very important, and M. Ernest Blum, the author of several of these works, including the very dazzling *Poudre de Perlinpinpin* produced at the Châtelet in December, 1898, is of the opinion that the most familiar fairy-stories, such as those of Hans Andersen and Perrault, furnish the best subjects. The development of the story is, however, subject to the most violent dislocations by the exigencies of the spectacle. The deadly dulness of the dialogue, which seems to be so necessary to the proper development of these presentations, M. Blum assures us *is* necessary. Théophile Gautier has said: "It is requisite that the dialogue should be beastly enough to eat hay; the more beastly it is, the more is it in the *ton*." The real heroes of these productions are the decorator and the machinist. For the various tricks, the main reliance is still upon those venerable ones imported from England some sixty years ago. These are still the best, and the more ancient they are, the more effective they are. When, occasionally, a new *truc* does appear, you may be certain that the "specialist" has had nothing to do with it; it comes from the brain of the writer. Generally, says M. Blum, it fails. A multitude of young women are, of course, required, and the recruiting of the *bataillon des petites femmes* is amusing. "The director of the theatre inserts in the newspapers an advertisement to this effect: 'Required, at the Théâtre X . . . , for the new féerie, some young and pretty women.' On the appointed day, there arrive at the theatre—I do not exaggerate—from five to six hundred women. They come from all professions, from all the quartiers, of all ages, pretty

ones,—oh! how few!—the humpbacked, the lame, the one-eyed. A first selection is rapidly made. Then those who have been retained remove their dresses and their corsages and the definite choice is effected. Without wishing to underrate my contemporaries, I can assure you that that which is the rarest is pretty legs." The general rehearsals, which commence soon after, frequently last from eight o'clock in the evening to four o'clock in the morning, and are wearing to all concerned in them.

The introduction of animals on the boards dates further back than is generally known. To relieve the overwhelming ennui which oppressed the young Louis XIV during his minority, the queen-mother requested of Corneille some divertissement which might be played before him, and not long afterward the author of the *Cid* was delivered of *Andromède, tragédie avec machines.* Among these machines was the horse Pegasus, in the flesh, and to give him proper spirit and aspiration, an ingenious method was adopted,—the poor beast was subjected to a long fasting, and when he appeared before the audience an assistant occupied himself in the wings by winnowing out oats directly before his eyes. No wonder that he pricked up his ears, whinnied, pranced, and strove to break away! The list of various animals that have appeared on the Parisian stage of the present day includes turtle-doves, swans, ducks, dogs, sheep, serpents, camels, horses, marmots, and monkeys.

Probably the most beautiful single feature that has been introduced of late years is the skirt dance of Miss Loie Fuller, with its infinite variations and amplifications. On the stage of the Folies-Bergère this young woman first charmed the eyes and the hearts of the Parisians, and nowhere has she been more appreciated, with her "dance of fire," "dance of the lily,"

THE PARIS DÉBUT OF A PROVINCIAL. Engraved by L. Ruffe, after the painting by René Reinicke.

"serpentine," "Spanish," "the basket," "the screw," "the butterfly." Nothing, as so many of our readers can testify, can be more curious and beautiful as a spectacle than the sudden appearance against the background of darkness of this luminous floating figure, changing like a gigantic fire-opal, dancing amidst a wilderness of voluminous and iridescent drapery. In some of her latest developments, the artiste wears concealed in the million folds of her costume several hundred very small incandescent lamps, of many colors, so that she herself furnishes her own light as she sways and revolves in the gloom. In the recent amplifications of this dance on the Parisian stage, presented by four or five figures, those in the centre remain on the earth while those at the sides rise and fall smoothly in the air, or swoop down and up rhythmically from the wings like beautiful luminous birds of the twilight. The infinite beauty and splendor of color which the modern grand ballet in costume is capable of affording, under the changing electric light, exceeds anything that the wit of our ancestors conceived.

The famous Bal Bullier, on the other side of the river, in the Carrefour de l'Observatoire, is as famous as the Folies-Bergère,—though it is not quite as important as it was twenty years ago. It was formerly the Closerie des Lilas, and dated from 1847, in which year it succeeded the Chartreuse, founded by Carnaud in 1838. Béranger went there one evening, and Jeanne la Belle offered him a bouquet. Under the Second Empire, the quadrilles of the Closerie des Lilas owed their celebrity largely to five danseuses, whose names have been preserved to posterity. "Already at this epoch," says M. Henri d'Alméras "there was complaint made of the invasion of the *calicots* [calicoes, shopkeepers]. Vermersch wrote, in 1864, in his pamphlet, the *Latium moderne:*

'I am enraged when I see these young sapheads who sell reps, orléans, and buttons in the quartier Saint-Denis, and who have been stooping all day over a page of figures, come to strut around at the Bullier sniffing with a superb air.' I have not heard them sniff with a superb air, but I can state that they are, in fact, numerous at the Bullier, especially on Saturdays. The women of the quartier, without daring to avow it, appreciate them almost as much as the students. '*Saltavit et placuit*' is the device inscribed over the door of the Bullier, without any one's being able to tell whether it applies to one of the students modelled in high-relief in plaster, or to the cock which surmounts the group. The salle du bal, painted in red and in blue, with its slender pillars, the open-work of its arches and the brightness of its colors, bears some resemblance to Arab architecture. It is surrounded by galleries in which the spectators are seated,—the English especially, who do not appear to be bored. In every corner of the amusements of Paris you are sure to encounter them. The Britannic virtue seems to them so precious that they are very careful not to carry it with them when they travel abroad.

"Some very moral writer, whose name I have forgotten, assures us, in the course of a study of the Latin Quarter, that the Bullier left him with an impression of sadness. He had doubtless taken it there with him. Among the two or three hundred women who come from all the corners of Paris, some of them, with their set expressions in countenances swollen by drunkenness or pallid with neurotic ailments, are not conducive to gaiety. There may be divined in their every attitude some indefinable, abhorrent melancholy. There are also, and in sufficient number, some who exhibit with too much complacency a mincing senility, under the pretext that the heart knows not age. Let us forget that they

exist, and endeavor not to see them. There is no law that compels a man who does not wish to make himself sad, to look at an ugly woman.

"The audience is numerous, but very much mixed. More strangers in the quarter than students, especially on Saturdays. During the summer, in August, September, and October, when the colleges are closed, there may be remarked a certain number of black caps.

"Take your places for the quadrille! The orchestra strikes up the first measures. The promenaders draw back against the galleries, hugging the pillars, and into the space thus left clear some thirty or forty women throw themselves. They are not all of them pretty, but they become so while they dance. Intoxicated with the noise and the music, and with the joy of being looked at and with the pleasure which they give, they laugh, they leap, they sink down, they lift a leg and carry it like a musket. If there should be found among the spectators one who has a stupid air,—there are generally to be seen several of them,—they take his hat delicately and send it into the middle of the hall. When the quadrille is finished, you throw sous to them.

"The costumes of the bicyclistes are in the majority. They please the women—at least, these women—because they unclothe them a little more. The baggy trousers, the short waistcoat in flannel or in ticking, and the graceful cap, round in form, like the cover of a box, set on one side, on hair artificially puffed out,—when a woman is pretty, in this costume she is delicious. Separated from the ball-room by large arcades in trellis-work is the garden, lit up by many-colored globes which diffuse a faint light and give to the leaves of the young elms reflections of silver. When the orchestra is silent, there may be heard the monotonous

TYPE OF CABARET SINGER.
Drawn by Japhet.

gurgle of the fountain and the rustle of the leaves. In the backgrounds carpeted with turf, the couples take refuge, and in the midst of this set scene of youth and of springtime a voice is suddenly heard: 'Wilt thou give me a bock, say?' "

Champfleury said that in this place "the hope of France might be seen dancing,"—but this opinion is not generally shared.

With this description by an eye-witness may be compared another, of a similar establishment, the Tivoli garden in the Rue Saint-Lazare, in the early years of the Restoration. "This delightful garden is open only during the summer. It has been termed the Vauxhall of Paris. It is infinitely superior to that celebrated place in the day, but certainly yields to it in the decorations which it presents at night. It has none of the formality of the English Vauxhall. The walks, bordered with roses, honeysuckles, and orange-trees, pleasingly wind in various directions, discovering an interesting succession of objects at every turning. The lawns exhibit rope-dancers, mountebanks, grimaciers,

groups riding at the ring, or playing at shuttlecock, and innumerable parties, in the little bowers around, gazing on the amusements, and sipping their lemonade or orgeat.

"In the centre is a stage for dancing. The waltz is the favorite dance; nearly two hundred couples may sometimes be seen following each other through the giddy and voluptuous whirls of this fascinating, but dangerous, amusement. The visitor must bring his partner with him, or he will not easily meet with a fair one willing to admit a stranger to the freedoms which this dance allows.

"Several little canals intersect the garden. Several diminutive boats are on the bank with which the visitor may amuse himself, while the shallowness of the water secures him from every danger beyond that of a complete ducking.

"In the evenings, these gardens are splendidly illuminated,—a tolerable concert is given,—additional bands of musicians await the commands of the dancers, and an exhibition of fireworks takes place at ten.

"On gala and festival days, additional decorations and amusements are presented. The price of admission in the day is one franc, three francs at night, and five francs on festivals."

From this authority, who will be readily recognized as a travelling Londoner of the time, we also receive some rather surprising statements concerning the general good taste, "genuine simplicity, and legitimate dignity" of the French drama as compared with the English stage of his day,—surprising when the writer's strong insular prejudices are considered. No false or meretricious allurements, he says, are held out by the Parisian managers to attract audiences or to extort applause; even the play-bills are commendably brief and simple, announcing only

the performance and the names of the actors; in the presentation of the plays themselves, there are no extravagances, "no unnecessary and often ill-placed pageants, no quadruped performers," but the management relies only upon the legitimate dramatic qualities of his piece and the judgment and discrimination of his audience. Possibly, the writer admits, this may be carried too far, it is possible that a brilliant and not inappropriate spectacle may pleasantly relieve the intensity of interest and feeling, and he suggests that an Englishman may find the mounting of the classic drama at the Théâtre-Français,—as many other captious travellers have since found it,—though classically correct, "seldom magnificent, little varied, and almost never picturesque."

"In another respect the French stage is certainly superior to the English. Very few of the plays have an immoral tendency, and vulgar and gross double-entendres would excite universal disapprobation. It is a problem which I leave to the metaphysician or the moralist to elucidate, that while, in France, all the principles of private and domestic virtue are plainly and proverbially loose, their theatrical pieces breathe the purest sentiments and inculcate the noblest maxims: yet, in England, where the domestic virtues have established their peculiar empire, the moral of many of the most favorite dramas is worse than equivocal, and female delicacy is too frequently shocked with the most vulgar and palpable ribaldry.

"Connected with this is another circumstance, the explanation of which I likewise leave to others. In England, where female chastity is justly considered as the sex's point of honor, and a lapse from it is never, can never, be forgiven, the managers of the national theatres have built accommodations expressly for the most degraded class of society. They nightly encourage

scenes offensive to delicacy and subversive of good morals, and may truly be said to share, not only in the gains, but in the very business of the brothel-keeper. In France, however, where fidelity to the marriage-vow is little regarded,—where the female who has forgotten the duty which she owed her husband, and dishonors herself, is on that account treated with no contempt, and excluded from no society,—the theatres are perfectly free from the intrusion, or at least from the disgusting conduct, of the women of the town."

It is possible that the general tone of the Parisian stage has deteriorated on the score of morality since this was written, or that the London visitor erred somewhat in his diagnosis and confounded the absence of "disgusting conduct" or "vulgar and palpable ribaldry"—which absence is generally the case to-day—with the presence of "the purest sentiments" and "the noblest maxims." The much—and justly—praised artistic taste and discretion of the French, now believed to be deserting the great manifestations, literature, painting, sculpture, and architecture, seem to have taken refuge in such lesser ones as the balls of the *Quat-z-Arts* and the *Cortéges* of the Moulin Rouge. Whatever special moral offence may attach to this making impropriety decorous and attractive, it is certain that the liberty thus granted artistic invention secures some admirable artistic invention. The *Moulin Rouge*, the "Red Mill," with real mill-sails that revolve in an artificial manner on nights of fête, on the Place Blanche, has succeeded to the glory, not only of the Bullier on the left bank of the Seine, but also to that of the Chat Noir in its own quarter. The star of Montmartre, which for so many years burned over the famous cabaret of Monsieur Salis, now hovers over this dance-hall. In its masquerades, mummeries, and processions, the best

artistic talent available for the purpose in the capital, is called in by the administration and given full power, and the results are quite worthy of record for the benefit of posterity. One of the latest and most distinguished of these entertainments was presented in November, 1898, the *Cortège Militaire et Allégorique* of Mars and Venus, under the management of M. Rœdel, who has had much previous experience in this line. This divertissement was preceded, as is usually the case, by long waits and various inferior minor performances skilfully contrived to whet the visitor's impatience for the great event. The audience sit in the little concert-hall, at the side, and watch the cheap variety show,—which is very much like all others, all the world over. The dancers and the clever acrobats are more or less amusing and the comic (?) singers always more or less deadly. The audience—which is a very well-dressed and respectable-looking one, with a very few exceptions—does not make any pretence of being amused,—no one even smiles. Finally, the last number is over and the noisy orchestra stops, just as a bigger and noisier one in the great dance-hall strikes up.

The dancing by women in this ball, like that of the Bullier, is almost entirely in the hands of professionals, and has been often described. The youthful suppleness of the female dancers is admirable; there is not one who cannot perch on one foot, like a bird, and hold the other foot above her head,—which no bird can. The steps are as pretty as good dancing steps always are; the high kicking is not very amusing. The underlinen so plentifully displayed is exceedingly voluminous, fluffy, beflounced, beribboned, and spotlessly clean,—with some modifications this dance might be made much more rhythmic, suave, and harmonious than the usual stiff ballet gymnastics on rigid toes. The slim, black,

MME. YVETTE GUILBERT LEAVING THE "CONCERT DES AMBASSADEURS," IN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

Engraved by Florian, after the drawing by Sauber.

twinkling legs and the floating white balloon drapery do not constitute an uncouth combination. But at last, a good half-hour after the appointed one, and when Sunday morning has fairly begun, the spectators and the dancers are all roped in the centre of the big hall and the wide outside alley is reserved for the event of the evening, the procession.

This is ostensibly dedicated to Mars and Venus, but this couple of immortals are here presented in a large and comprehensive sense, with no restrictive reference to their Roman originals. Mars and his attendants wear, very justly, the smart military costumes of the old régime, the Empire and the Republic,—all the *pimpant* and picturesque uniforms, hussars, lancers, sapeurs in bearskins and white aprons, carrying their axes on their right shoulders and little swaddled babies in their left arms, dolmans, sabretaches, towering plumes, powdered heads and pigtails, *la cantinière de Valmy* in a little Raffet green-covered cart drawn by a white donkey, a "too-amiable lancer," all in red, making love to the enthroned proprietress of a café of the Empire, Josephine and the ladies of her court walking each with a gorgeous officer,—and it is impossible to decide which are the handsomer, the women in their scant and indiscreet gowns, or the men in their overloaded military pomp. Interspersed with all these are the Cytherean and her attendants, in the lightest and most revealing of draperies,—but justifying themselves by their youth and beauty. In this respect, the cortége is excellent,—it is peculiarly a youthful festival. None of the mummers but has the fresh smoothness of youth, men and women. Many of them are very handsome and picturesque in their gala costumes, which they wear with that ease and lack of self-consciousness to which, apparently, only Latin maskers can attain. No trouble and no expense seem to have

been spared here; there are somewhere near two hundred persons in the parade, and at least two dozen horses and white asses. After the white-wigged and pigtailed regimental band which leads the array—the advance drummers and fifers being very little and boyish white wigs and pigtails indeed—come *Un Général* and *L'Amour*, handsomely mounted, riding side by side. The general is of the First Empire,—and not at all of the theatrical "super;" l'Amour is a very young woman, riding astride, with flesh-colored hose on her round young legs and a very transparent gauze revealing her round young body. She sits up straight on her horse, sedate and unembarrassed, she is no more "ashamed" than the first woman,—and probably for much the same reason. There is, throughout, a species of sedateness about the fun and the demi-nudity which saves it; there is no indecency or vulgarity except in the demi-nudity, and this is almost so frank that it ceases to be indecent. Much the same may be said of very many of the habitués of this hall, excepting probably the professional dancers. There is an almost complete absence of the professional paint and the professional carriage. They are the most presentable members of their trade; their cheeks are as youthfully smooth and translucent as their voices are wheedling and pleasant. The French young woman, it may be remarked, is much given to having a pleasant voice,—not so enticing and low-toned as her English neighbor's, but with dulcet falling inflections. Indeed, the quite young French person of both sexes is very apt to be pleasant to look upon, much more delicate and less robustious than the Britishers, with excellent noses, good clear eyes, reasonable mouths, clear translucent olive skins, and beautiful black hair. Youth seems peculiarly youthful in these brunettes, male and female.

It is the unrestrained of this *jeunesse* which finds amplification and expression in these cortéges of the Moulin Rouge, under the skilful manipulation of the artists Willette, Rœdel, and Vallet,—the conventional and much restrained youth, the school-boys always accompanied to school by their bonnes, the pretty young ladies who have never been permitted to walk alone in the streets of their native town, possibly substituting for these unknown joys the still more unbridled ones of the imagination. At least, this is the warning addressed by his elder Mentors to the younger man, British or American, who finds a peculiar charm in the freshness and purity of these convent-bred demoiselles. Among the more ingenious of the cortéges which immediately preceded the above-mentioned one of *Mars et Vénus* were the *Fête du Printemps*, the *Fêtes galantes*, and *Bohème*, also by Rœdel; the *1806* by Vallet and Rœdel, and the *Retour de la Mecque* by Willette. In all of these, the admirers found a more or less definite note of sentiment or philosophy, mingled with the capricious fancy of invention and adaptation, an ability to range very widely indeed in the themes introduced, but always with that lightness of touch which is qualified in Montmartre as *légèreté zutiste*.

The *Fête du Printemps* was a symphony in greens and yellows,—as was proper for an allegory of Spring. The Sun appeared in his chariot—regardless of gender—as a handsome woman in a robe of gold, her head and her car adorned with sunflowers and the wheels counterfeiting the same. The Amour which followed her was the *Amour à Mort*,—according to the legend on his car; there was a long file of *Bourgeons* (which means buds of all kinds, including those on the human visage), wine-bibbers in straw hats and red noses with green pimples; *Laverdure*, a painter of the vegetables of the fields, whose car

was decorated with the attributes of his profession, and also with his very best canvases, and a pretty little tender group of *Papillons*, or butterflies, genre of a bonbon box cover. The *Nid d'hirondelles*, or swallows' nest, was a garret window on the heights of Montmartre,—thus indifferent are youth and love and happiness to the accident of locality. For other spring-like things, there was a page from the *Famille à Robinson*, suggestive of Paul de Kock, and, of course, *Paul et Virginie* and *Daphnis et Chloé;* and, for practical measures, the inevitable allusion to the remedies of M. Purgon so indispensable, according to all French ideas, at this season of the year. This procession was considered to be singularly free from all grossness and indecency and to breathe only wit and laughter and the tenderest sentiments.

Of a different quality was the "Return from Mecca," organized by Willette, and largely a medley of untranslatable puns. At the call of the Muezzin from his minaret, *le Docteur*, presumably Purgon again, advanced, a turban rolled around his hat, a white apron concealing his little round stomach, and an immense pair of scissors in his hand. Then followed the *Échelles du Levant*, *échelle* being one of the inexact words in this language, and signifying at once a ladder, a scale, and a sea-port of the Levant. M. Willette's version was that of a ladder, carried on the shoulders of various personages, male and female, in various stages of night and other undress apparel, chemises, shirts, cotton nightcaps, bare legs, etc. This was supported by a great variety of Orientals of doubtful authenticity, most of them carrying enormous knives or razors, porters, guards, dancers of the *danse du ventre*, a Grand Turk who was a near relative of the Grand Mamamouchi,—and even one impaled for venturing too near the grand seraglio, guarded by eunuchs and followed by the Prophet

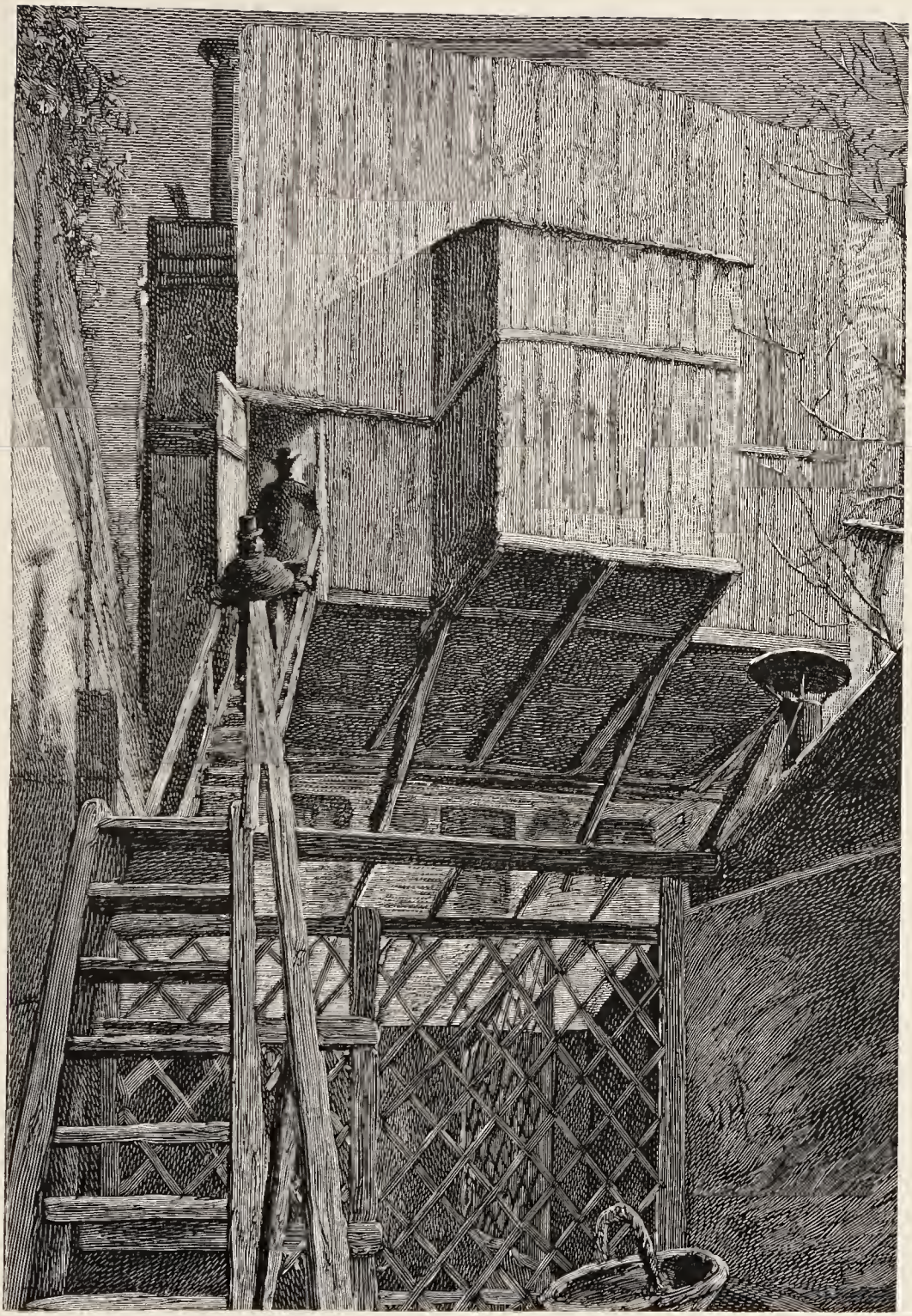
and Moses. For the necessary feminine element, there was an *Aurore*, lightly draped in gauze, caressed by a white cat under a radiant sun; and a *Nuit*, veiled in crape and stars, who watched over a *Cage de l'Amour*, borne on the shoulders of Bashi-Bazouks. All this was followed, as a sort of *l'envoi*, by two remarkable figures, an absurd Albion, with the squirrel mouth and the long front teeth which all English are supposed to possess, her sandy hair in stiff little curls, a helmet, a trident, a ridiculous plaid wrapped around her, carrying a "reticule" marked "Gin," and terminating in pantalettes and shoes that were supposed to represent those of an "old Quakeress." This grotesque figure was accompanied by the sombre one of a Hindu woman, vainly attempting to conceal under her shroud-like cloak her visage ravaged by the plague.

DOOR-KEEPER AT THE "CHAT NOIR."
Drawn by Henri Rivière.

Rœdel's *Fêtes galantes* was a most picturesque diversity of characters,—musicians, *Gardes-françaises, Gardes champêtres, comédiens, l'Amour, la Cruche cassée* (a new version), and an *Idylle villageoise* in two tableaux, mounted on carts drawn and pushed by pretty bewigged

eighteenth-century pages. In the first of these, in a fine field of growing grain and at the foot of a little cherry-tree in full bearing, the Boucher or Watteau shepherd knelt in adoration at the feet of his beribboned shepherdess. In the second, the grain was withered and beaten down, the cherry-tree was all but leafless, and it was the distracted shepherdess who knelt and implored her shepherd. However, all was to end happily; after all came the wedding-procession, dancing, fluting, and joyful, and followed—as the surgeon follows the regiment in case of casualties—by a very stout goddess, Lucina, on a little car of her own, and surrounded by children. The *1806*, something like the *Mars et Vénus*, was of the time of the Empire, the old soldiers, the young recruits, the cantinières furred, befrogged, and yet reasonably décolletée, the marshals, the heroes,—and an *Ange de batailles*, a graceful, terrible reaper, clothed in black and violet crapes sown with "tears" in silver, and whose very scythe, bright and shining, was draped in heavy mourning.

But these divertissements are only occasional,—it is the dance which is the great business of this establishment. "In this temple of the *quadrille naturaliste*," says M. Henri de Weindell, "all our choregraphic celebrities of the public balls, *poetæ minores* of the art of the Rosita Mauri and of the Subra, have made their début,—from the Goulue, a good girl with a bad mouth, but without any airs, to Nini-Patte-en-l'Air, the directress-foundress of an academy of *chahut*, not including the poetic Grille-d'Égout, Môme-Fromage, and Macarona, and not forgetting the perfect waltzer whose *troi temps* so made these ladies delirious,—the illustrious Valentin-le-Désossé. The queen Pomaré would blush for the Goulue,—Valentin, he, blushed for Chiquard." All this glory is departing, as we have already intimated, the modern



STAGE-ENTRANCE FOR THE "ARTISTES" OF THE "THÉÂTRE DU CHAT NOIR."

Engraved by E. Tilly, after a drawing by Georges Redon.

student has the Morgue in his veins, "the English garments and the British phlegm are the style to-day; the very latest fashion is to be sportsman and to thee-and-thou the jockeys. Thus the students, the real students, of the good old times, no longer exist. The female student, still less. The actual female of these Messieurs is only a jointed doll of commerce, made in the factories that are more and more numerous in the capital." ". . . All this, because the youth of the present generation, wearied and full of bile, do not cease to say to themselves mentally: 'Brothers, it is necessary to live!'

"As if it were necessary."

The poor Chat Noir is no more, "and her saucer is upset," as a recent chronicler mourns, but the space in the history of popular art and artistic amusements in Paris occupied by this cabaret and its founder remains a very considerable one. M. Rodolphe Salis, *gentilhomme-cabaretier*, was born in 1852, the son of a distiller of Châtellerault, of a family undoubtedly noble, having had the right to bear a count's coronet since the twelfth century. One of his ancestors, Louis-Rodolphe, captain of Swiss troops, even set up in one of the great fairs a theatre of marionnettes, in collaboration with Fuzelier, and there exhibited a shadow pantomime that "greatly pleased the ladies and the scholars," says the canon Roy. In the college of Châtellerault the young Rodolphe did not distinguish himself as a scholar, and when he left had accomplished little beyond covering the margins of all his note-books with drawings,—according to the rules of conduct obligatory on all budding geniuses. He was accordingly placed in a wholesale commercial establishment in Tours, which dealt in *rouennerie*s,—printed cottons manufactured in Rouen,—and for which he travelled as a commercial salesman. In one of his journeys he

met at Poitiers Georges Berry, a law student, one of the founders of the journal *L'Indiscret*, which appeared "several times." Salis sent some drawings to this publication; resolved that he, too, would be an artist, and went to Paris to study.

Needless to say, he brought with him the usual paternal malediction, and the usual maternal encouragement given in secret. He established himself in the Rue de Seine, set up for his divinities, in painting, Delacroix, Courbet, Corot, and Gérôme, in literature, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Baudelaire, and Théophile Gautier, and among the masters in the Louvre, Lionarda, Botticelli, Fra Angelica, Mantegna, Ingres, and David. Notwithstanding this catholicity of taste, his artistic progress was not rapid at the École des Beaux-Arts, and in a moment of inspiration he founded the *École vibrante* or *iriso-subversive*, composed principally of himself and his friends, and which occupied itself chiefly in the production of "stations of the cross" for the dealers in religious art. One sculptor took charge of the heads, another of the feet, La Gandara of the draperies, and Salis of the landscapes and backgrounds. There were some distinguished visitors at the atelier in the Rue de Seine,—the Prince Karageorgewitch, the explorer Bonvalot, and a son of the Minister Persigny. A scion of the great Spanish family of Medina-Celi, it is recorded, one day borrowed the high hat of M. Salis and never returned it. But poverty prevailed, the chief of the vibrant school bethought him of a friend at Marlotte, the painter Camarroque, who enjoyed a little credit in an inn, and set out on foot to seek him, carrying all his possessions on his back,—the most valuable being a costume of Don Cæsar de Bazan. With these he commenced his studies in the Gorge-au-Loup and at Apremont, living on mushrooms and the rabbits of the State preserves, cooking in the hollow of a

rock, having for his comrade the Swedish painter Tornoë, who knew only one word of French, *absinthe;* and worked only at night, being a painter of moonlights.

All this was more amusing in narration than in reality; our hero was obliged to return to his father's house, went back to Paris and commenced courageously to work again, but fell sick

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE "CHAT NOIR." MANIKIN SMOKING.
Sketch by Georges Redon.

and returned a second time to Châtellerault. Here he married, and found housekeeping so difficult that he was on the point of accepting an advantageous offer to go out to India as a decorative artist, but finally concluded to set up at Montmartre an artist's cabaret, in the manner of that which Laplace had successfully inaugurated under the sign of the *Grande-Pinte* in the Avenue

Trudaine. His father wished to furnish some funds for this enterprise, and thus was established the *Cabaret du Chat Noir*, on the Boulevard Rochechouart, at two steps' distance from the ball of the Élysée-Montmartre, in the building afterward occupied by Aristide Bruant. This was in February, 1881; among his associates and supporters were several of the most distinguished poets and writers of the ancient *Société des Hydropathes*. These illustrious ones acquired the habit of meeting every Friday afternoon to repeat their rhymes to each other; after much solicitation, the new *cabaretier* obtained from the Préfet of Police, M. Camescasse, the privilege of establishing a piano permanently, and Maurice Rollinat, says one of the survivors of this band, "could then sing for us, great poet and incomparable virtuoso that he was, his fantastic poems, his music of terror and of nightmare." To him succeeded other poets, then the composer and singer Georges Fragerolle, the musician De Sivry, the violoncellist Tolbecq, the pianist Tinchant, and—very occasionally—François Coppée, Aubanel, and Mistral. The great public followed in multitude, a public that included many of the most celebrated artists, actors, and writers of the present day, and in such multitude that Salis was obliged to take measures to defend his Fridays against the invasion of the outside barbarians. The clients were obliged to submit to various ceremonies before being permitted to enter, among others, that of passing under an "arch of steel" formed by the rapiers which the habitués took down from the trophies on the walls; nothing would keep them out, and in one of these curious struggles Salis was wounded and one of his waiters was killed. Finally, the faithful were compelled to meet in a little apartment at the back of the establishment which the proprietor entitled *L'Institut*.

Here, more chansons, old and new, were sung, among others the famous *À Montmartre*, by Richepin, Bouchor, and Tanzi, too brutal and ferocious to be repeated in public, but which served as a model for Bruant in some of his first productions. Here, Coëtlogon brought out his famous *Elle est sauvée, notre sainte République*, which became the national air of the Butte Montmartre; and here the poet Jules Jouy made his reputation with his *Gamahut*, *La Terre*, and *Les Sergots*, "which he interpreted on the piano, an eternal cigar—price one sou—in the corner of his mouth and his 'melon' hat pulled down over his eyes." A fair idea of the quality of some of these unconventional ballads may be gathered from one, taken almost at random, of those in favor a few years ago among the students. A youth is importuning his mistress who has quarrelled with him and refuses to have anything more to do with him. Wearied with his entreaties and with his ceaseless demands, she finally tells him that she will forgive him if he will bring her his mother's heart, taken fresh from her body. The lover hastens home, kills his old mother, cuts out her heart, and, taking it in the corner of his blouse, starts on his return with this peace-offering. But as he runs through the narrow streets he stumbles and falls, the mother's heart, thrown some distance ahead of him on the stones, says to him softly as he rises: "Hast thou hurt thyself, my son?"

Naturally, such a force making for emancipation in literature and art had to have an organ, and the journal *Le Chat Noir* was founded by Salis, aided by Clément Privé and Émile Goudeau. There was no lack of writers, and the clever artists furnished abundant illustrations,—Henry Pille, Willette, Gill, Uzès, and the first efforts of Steinlen and Caran d'Ache; the latter, then serving his time as a soldier, came to the office "en tourlourou" with his

designs. The success of the cabaret was bursting its walls, the Seigneur de Chatnoirville-en-Vexin succeeded in dislodging an

POSTER DESIGNED BY ADOLPHE WILLETTE FOR A "REVUE" AT THE "CONCERT DES AMBASSADEURS."

unlucky clockmaker, his neighbor, but this accession was quite inadequate, and it was necessary to seek a new lodging. This was

found in the Rue de Laval, later Rue Victor-Massé, and the transferral was made in great pomp. Two Suisses *en grande tenue*, superbly arrayed, led the march, preceded by a fanfare of trumpets, then came Salis himself, he having assumed for this occasion the full dress of a préfet of the First Empire. After him, two chasseurs, carrying the banner of the Chat Noir with its arms: *or au Chat de sable passant et lampassé de gueules*, with the legend: *Montjoye Montmartre.* Four servitors, in the costume of Académiciens, bore Willette's great picture, his *Parce Domine;* and his faithful adherents transported the portrait of Salis painted by La Gandara. The smaller articles were carried in a hand-cart, and the procession, lit up by innumerable torches, traversed the exterior boulevards, the music playing minuets and gavottes, and finally entered the new building, the front of which was adorned with flowers and climbing plants, and illuminated by the red light of grotesque lanterns of wrought-iron, designed by Grasset.

This façade, by no means a large one, was one of the minor sights of Paris. It was considered to be in the style of the ancient wooden houses of Nuremberg, but the resemblance was not very striking. The entrance was to the right, on the level of the street, through a narrow doorway opening under a high gable roof porch. To the right of this entrance an affiche announced the programme of the evening, and on it the majestic Black Cat sat enthroned, with her halo and her eyes of flame. On the centre of the second story she appeared again, boldly carved, immense in size, and in the centre of a great golden "glory," such as the Italian sculptors reserved for their saints. The effect of this great black and golden effigy in the midst of the sombre and quaint façade, in the commonplace little street, was quite imposing. Over the right-hand Grasset lantern the Cat appeared again, as a swinging

sign, climbing easily down the profile of the crescent moon. The front of the ground-floor was lit by Willette's great stained-glass window, *Te Deum Laudamus*, or *Le Veau d'Or*,—the first inscription appearing on the quarter section of the big drum that was seen at the extreme right-hand lower corner of the composition. The tops of other instruments of the orchestra of Life rose above the lower border of the window, held by unseen musicians below, and in the centre surged up the chef d'orchestre with the fleshless head of Death. Nearly above him the Golden Calf sat enthroned on a money-chest, crowned with laurel, stolid and brutish, and to right and left were depicted the evil deeds done by his worshippers. At his feet, a mother strangled her new-born babe; to his right and behind him, the People, stripped of everything but their broken chains, menaced him with their instruments of labor, and, farther to the right, naked Virginity was exposed for sale. To the left of the golden Fortune, Poesy, as a winged Joan of Arc, holding her lyre, was restrained by a hideous Misery crouching like a cripple and grasping the beautiful mailed knees of the singer; behind her, *Potentia*, gross and well-fed, a model of his factory or his château in his right hand, clutched covetously with his left the wrist of the youthful ballet-dancer, *Amor*, who carried on her charger the head of Saint John the Baptist.

As will be seen, there is an acrid taste in this Art; the cheerful, pagan search for the merely beautiful and expanding in decoration and form and color is not enough for these moderns, artists and writers, and they seek stronger accents in the portrayal of human misfortune and degradation. But it is scarcely with the eye of the philanthropist that they regard these depths; and if they do damage their art with moralizing, it is not for the sake of pointing a moral.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE "THÉÂTRE DU CHAT NOIR." Engraved by H. Thiriat, after a drawing by Georges Redon.

On entering the narrow doorway, the visitor was confronted, first, with a gigantic Suisse in an imposing costume and armed with a halberd with which he announced your arrival by striking the pavement with the butt of the staff, and, secondly, by a very white plaster reproduction of the Venus of Houdon. On the left was the general apartment for the public, called the Salle des Gardes, with a monumental chimney-piece (by no means remarkable in design) by Grasset and Charpentier. The ceiling was supported by small beams, and the room lit by fantastic iron candelabra. In a corner, before the high counter, was a lectern formed by an eagle carved in oak and shadowed by tall plants. Around the room were chairs and tables for the drinkers, and on the walls, for their delectation, four panels painted by Willette. In one, the *Moulin de la galette*, on the great wings of the mill, turning in the air, were hung or were clutching desperately, dead or alive, the nude figures of young girls who had thrown their caps over it and then followed them themselves. To throw your cap over the mill in French is to abandon all restraint and to bid defiance to public opinion. In another, the *Cavalier de la Mort*, dedicated to the King of Prussia, this horseman, lance in hand, on a bony steed caparisoned in black and hobbling on bloody hoofs, led the advance of the little French soldiers beating the charge and half concealed in the smoke and dust and the folds of their great tricolor flag. Before them flamed tranquilly the low horizon of their last sunset. Opposite these two were Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, seated in a cabaret and served, instead of rabbit, with the cat of the protesting Charlotte Corday, and the *Chasse à l'amour*, frenzied virgins, mounted on furious horses and pursuing at breakneck speed the little blind god who fled away over the floating pads of the water-lilies.

Farther on, another panel of wall was decorated by Steinlen with a many-colored multitude of cats mewing toward the full moon shining on the horizon, and on which appeared the sinister silhouette of the Black Cat! On the first floor were two more apartments, more reserved, the *Salle du conseil* and the *Oratoire;* and on the second, the red *Salle des Fêtes*, which contained the famous *Parce Domini*, or *Requiem*, by Willette, brought from the Boulevard Rochechouart, and in which the naked souls of the little maids, some of them still clinging to the white robes and tapers of their first communion, float out on the wintry night air over the sordid factory chimneys. Below, on a roof, the Black Cat regards them. In this Salle des Fêtes was set up the famous miniature theatre on which were produced so many novel masterpieces of the scenic art that quite justified the artistic reputation of this otherwise somewhat humbugging tavern.

One evening, on arriving at their favorite haunt, the habitués of this establishment were not surprised to see in a corner a species of *guignol*, or Punch-and-Judy show, and to hear Salis announce, with all his peculiar fervor of diction, the first performance of the *Théâtre du Chat Noir*. A few minutes afterward, the curtain rose on the *Berline de l'Émigré*, by Henry Somm, and it was to this clever playwright, and to Henri Rivière, designer, colorist, inventor, architect, musician, and littérateur, good at everything, that the renown of the Chat Noir was most largely due. A few days later, Rivière conceived the idea of stretching a sheet of white cloth across the little stage opening and of causing to defile behind it, so as to cast their shadow upon it, the sergents de ville cut out in card-board, while Jouy should sing his *Sergots* as an accompaniment. This novelty was very favorably received, but there were soon discovered various inconveniences. The

card-board actors were too frail, and were replaced by more enduring ones in zinc; there was still a lack of color, of atmosphere, in this representation all on one plane, and the "sculptor of shadows with a penknife" undertook to represent a singer promenading around among a group. He succeeded so well that Caran d'Ache recreated his *Épopée*, which he had commenced, and the astonished spectators saw defile before them, across this little stage, the size of a *genre* painting, the great Napoleonic epoch, the multitudinous little silhouettes presenting themselves in a little world of color, of light, and of infinite variety.

"The interior of the theatre of the Chat Noir," says M. George Auriol, one of the artists who were of this band, "is one of the things the most complicated and the best organized that can possibly be seen. The directors of the Opéra would be dumfounded if they should enter it, and they would doubtless appreciate how much their machinery, as considerable as it is, is defective when compared with this. You cannot, in fact, figure to yourself how an assistance so numerous can move about in these coulisses relatively very large when you consider the little rectangle of canvas on which these tableaux succeed each other. The machinists are twelve in number. They are all of them very carefully trained, and execute the most difficult changes of scenes with a surprising unanimity when the signal is given. M. Rivière and his assistant, the indefatigable M. Jouard, who have adopted for their principle the rule to neglect nothing in order that everything may be perfect, do not hesitate, moreover, to introduce behind the scenes one or two pianos, an organ, a *célesta*, kettle-drums, and some choristers, whenever they are required.

"An oxyhydrogen apparatus of a special model lights the screen against which the silhouettes are placed and their shadows

thrown on it. This ingenious machine is confided to a sort of harp-player, extremely vigilant, who has to manage no less than seventy parallel wires in order to slide, raise, and lower the double glasses on which are painted portions of the scenes. These glasses, invented by M. Rivière, are covered with a peculiar enamel, and fired like ceramics. It frequently happens that it is necessary to begin them five or six times before succeeding with them. The coulisses of this curious theatre have a width equal to that of the salle occupied by the spectators, and they are ten mètres in height. They are therefore proportionally much more considerable than those of the Théâtre of the Châtelet. The machinists, perched upon ladders, or installed upon the little bridges, wait only for a sign from the director to allow to descend from the first or the second flies the scenes which are there arranged in order. Others, below, move the silhouettes. All this ascends, descends, rolls, and performs its evolutions very rapidly, without ever having the slightest error to regret."

The entrance to these coulisses was originally reached by entering the court of the building, passing through the kitchen. It was necessary to ascend a flight of fourteen steps, to a landing place of planks, then another flight of fifteen steps, this time protected by a double rail, to gain the exterior door of the theatre. For, the coulisses of the Chat Noir were stuck on the outer rear wall of the building like a wart,—an immense box, constructed of planks, nine mètres high, nearly as many wide, and four or five in depth. Having ascended the ladders and entered through the little door, the visitor passed under shelves of planks loaded with the little performers in zinc and found himself finally behind the scenes of the theatre, with the sensation that he might at any moment drop off into space with the whole establishment. For

the weight of this box and its contents was very considerable, and the means of anchoring it to the wall of the building were not

DESIGN FOR PROGRAMME OF THE CABARET "SANS-SOUCI."
Drawn by J. Grün.

visible. In 1887, the wall was pierced and the theatre mounted in this manner, but at that date the coulisses were only three or

four mètres in height,—so small, and with so much gunpowder burned in them during the course of the performances, that, when the play was over, the assistants were in the habit of descending into the kitchen to pick out with pins the grains of black powder buried in their skins.

At the opening of the season of 1893–1894, the salle du théâtre of the Chat Noir was greatly enlarged and improved. On the walls were panels by Jules Chéret, engravings in color (*chromoxylographiques*) executed by Rivière, Louis Morin, Lautrec, Auriol, and others, and a cheerful frieze of black and white cats, borrowed from Grasset's façade, gambolled around the top of the walls. The *Journal du Chat Noir*, having been sold by Salis, the administration of the theatre, with the concurrence of its friends, founded a new humorous organ, *La Vie drôle*, somewhat upon the plan of the admirable *Fliegende Blätter* of Munich. The tragedies, comedies, farces, pantomimes, and pieces set to music that were brought out at this theatre were noticed at length by the dramatic critics in the course of their weekly or monthly résumés, and generally with a much greater unanimity of approbation than in the case of the larger temples of the drama. It is, indeed, difficult for any one who has not seen this apparently childish method of the stage to appreciate the extraordinary ingenuity and charm of the work of these artists. M. Salis himself was in the habit of taking his stand at the lower right-hand corner of the stage—the bottom of the curtain descending to the level of the top of his head—and explaining and expounding as the drama unrolled itself with a fervor and a fluency and an offensiveness of diction that were unrivalled. "*Bourgeois stupides*," he would begin (according to a stenographic report), "you who are listening to me with the astonished eyes of a cat crouching in the ashes,

or of a cow watching the passing of a railway train, drink my too-good beer, for which I do not make you pay enough, or I will fire you all out! You have come here only to be stupefied as much as you deserve. That is to say, immeasurably (*in-com-men-sur-a-bl-e-ment*). Notorious imbeciles that you are, empty your pockets, you will still have enough of them for your money, and for the first time in my life I shall not be ungrateful. . . . Meanwhile, drink, *nunc est bibendum!* to that Montmartre, the capital of this Paris of which you are the privy parts, to that Montmartre, I say, shall shine like the lantern of the Tour Eiffel, that phallus of the capital, as the Chat Noir is its brain and as the Moulin de la Galette is its soul! Amen! Waiter, beer!"

In January, 1896, the Chat Noir intended to leave Montmartre, "the brain of France, to draw nearer to the heart of Paris," as its proprietor explained, but this breaking up was postponed for a year, and then the departure was made to Saint Petersburg, to winter there,—probably with a view of cementing the Russian alliance. In the future, another and even finer establishment is proposed, somewhere on the grand boulevards.

This departure, however, by no means left this promising field uncultivated. The success of "the Comédie-Française of the *ombres-chinoises*," as it has been called,—ombres-chinoises being shadow-pantomime, phantasmagoria,—excited a multitude of imitators of the more readily imitated details. The young poets Montmartrois, who at first brought their rhymes anxiously, "their *crinière* [horse-mane] trembling," to Salis for his majestic approval and acceptance, now carry them to other marts. The Exposition Universelle of 1889 encouraged greatly the Parisians in the habit of demanding melody with their beverages in their cafés. A "bock" without "Tziganes" was no longer a bock. Beer

without music had no flavor. Liquor and harmony must flow together. Even in the quarters the most strictly commercial, as in the Boulevard de Strasbourg, the *caveaux de chansonniers* might be found. In the eccentric quarters, they swarmed,—in every possible variety of wilful eccentricity, vulgarity, and bad taste. Chief among these is the Mirliton, established in 1888 by Aristide Bruant in the original locality of the Chat Noir, and still maintained by him, with the assistance of Raphaël, Jules Marie, Claudius, and Dranoël. Chansons, old and new. A journal, *La Lanterne de Bruant.* Permanent exhibition of designs by Steinlen, Lautrec, Alfred le Petit, and others. Opens at nine o'clock, entrance free, but the bocks are sixty-five centimes. The patrons are, in addition, treated to torrents of invective by the master himself, in imitation of Salis. His portrait has been drawn by Georges Courteline:

"One dog, two dogs, three dogs, a pair of boots. Pantaloons of ribbed velvet, completed by a double-breasted hunting vest with metal buttons. A red comforter in the month of May, a red shirt at all seasons. Under a vast hat, in the style *va-te-faire-lanlaire*, the handsome and mild head of a resolute Chouan. The passer-by stops and asks himself in anxiety: '*Bon Dieu!* Whatever in the name of Heaven can that be?'—That, that is Montmartre, the whole of Montmartre, which is taking the fresh air at the door, that is Aristide Bruant."

He is neither a Breton, nor a Chouan, nor a hunter, and his costume has nothing to do with his self-appointed rôle of singer of the songs of the poor and debased—preferably the latter. His success was coincident with the curious interest in the *canaille* suddenly developed a few years ago by the respectable classes of the community. It became the mode in Paris, as it has been

EUGÉNIE
BUFFET

POSTER DESIGNED BY M. L. MÉTIVET FOR THE CAFÉ-CONCERT "LA CIGALE."

elsewhere, to go "slumming," to explore the haunts of poverty and crime, and even to augment the manifestations of poverty and crime by encouraging such works of the imagination as the chansons of Bruant, his "epopee of beggars," his "*ordurière poésie*." Fine ladies might be seen visiting such localities as the cabaret of Père Lunette and shuddering delightedly at the contact with brutality and filth. The "naturalistic" and "realistic" schools of literature had much to do with originating and encouraging this aberration, and the theatres came to its support with such works of the drama as *Jean Mayeux* and others, in which the characters were, all of them, *gigolos* and *gigolettes*. At the present day, the cabaret of the Mirliton is one of the diversions of the capital. When the visitor approaches it, it is mysteriously closed, the shutters all up. He rings, the door is opened carefully by a Levite of the gutter; the guest enters doubtfully, and is immediately hailed by a "joyous" refrain which cannot be printed, even in French, without a great many asterisks. If he has a lady on his arm, this welcome is freely interspersed with the word made historic by Cambronne at Waterloo. Up and down the central aisle, between the tables, the master circulates, bestowing his insults freely upon his flock. When he sings one of his masterpieces, he generally demands that the audience shall join in the chorus, and if this is not done to his liking, he stops the music and distributes a fresh volley of abuse. In these songs may be found "the exact expression of all the vile sentiments of our soul, rendered by a cynical philosopher whom Diogenes would doubtless have recognized as the man for whom he was seeking. *Parbleu!*" says Rodolphe Darzens, one of Bruant's admirers, "it is advisable not to be nice in ears or nose!"

At the Cabaret de l'Ane Rouge, formerly Cabaret de la Grand' Pinte, in the Avenue Trudaine, there are *chansons anciennes*

sung by Gabriel Salis, and hearings of other Montmartrois singers, with mural decorations by Steinlen and other clever artists. At the Cabaret des Quat-z-Arts, on the Boulevard de Clichy, the programme is somewhat more ambitious. In addition to the renderings of "the strange Yong Lug with the bushy hair and the hairy beard, reciting the sombre melopœia of the '*pauv' populo*,' of whom he evokes the image emaciated, ragged, tattered, suffering, with the constant refrain, aching in its monotony, of a slow phrase psalmodied as in organ-music, which makes you shiver" (this is the description of M. Léo Claretie), there are other *chansonniers Monmartrois* nightly, and, twice a month, on Sundays, Matinées-Conférences with the songs of the eighteenth century, and those of the provinces of France, by M. Clovis Hugues and others. There are also decorations and permanent exhibitions of the works of the painters of Montmartre. Le Conservatoire de Montmartre, established in an ancient abbey of the eleventh century on the Boulevard Rochechouart, has a Théâtre d'Ombres, maintained by the designers MM. Grün, Uzès, and others, poets, chansonniers, decorations, and a gallery of crayon portraits of celebrities of Montmartre by Redon; Le Carillon, Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, has a programme of chansons, saynètes, and chimes of bells (*carillons*); La Fourrière, Rue de Douai, one of chansons, revues, and saynètes; Le Treteau de Tabarin, Rue Pigalle, revues d'actualités, poets, and chansonniers. At the last named, there is no *tabarinage* [buffoonery or scurrility] at all. La Roulotte, Rue de Douai, has much the same character. The first twelve rows of seats are known as *Fauteuils Sarcey*, after the eminent critic, so recently deceased, and the others as *Fauteuils de Santé* [health]. There are also the Coq d'Or, the Éléphants, the Chien Noir, and other animals.

Somewhat more theatrical in their performances, giving comedies, vaudevilles, operettas, pantomimes, etc., are La Cigale, Boulevard Rochechouart, the Divan Japonais, Rue des Martyrs, Les Capucines, on the boulevard of the same name, formerly the Théâtre Isola, the Fantaisies-Nouvelles, Boulevard de Strasbourg, and the Folies-Belleville, Rue de Belleville. Of the more eccentric ones are the Cabaret du Ciel, on the Boulevard de Clichy, in which the waiters are all attired as angels, with great wings at their backs and blonde wigs, and the Cabaret de l'Enfer, on the same boulevard, in which the guests, on the contrary, are served by men disguised as demons. In the former, they are entertained by "mystical illusions, celestial songs," etc., and in the latter, by "diabolical illusions, séances of Black Magic," etc. The latter is also adorned with paintings by Reitel and Valton. On the Place Pigalle, the Rat Mort derives its name from a little accident that occurred there some twenty-five years ago,—the painter Marchal, Léon Goupil, Victor Davau, and Olivier Métra, dropping in one afternoon to take their "aperient," found the establishment in a state of great excitement,—an enormous dead rat had just been discovered in the beer-pump. "*C'est ici le café du Rat mort*," exclaimed Marchal; Goupil painted the unfortunate animal on the ceiling, and Davau, later, executed four oblong panels which still decorate the walls. It has long been the resort of painters and other artists, and, of late years, it is whispered, of a peculiarly objectionable form of feminine vice. Davau, the painter, one of the celebrities of Montmartre, decorated also the basement of La Truie qui file, in the Rue Fontaine, with a series of pictures representing a family of pigs in the different phases of human life,—preference being given to those which lend themselves most readily to pornography. *La truie qui file* [the sow who spins]

has been a favorite legend for various hostels and cabarets ever since the famous original animal who, in 1466, under Louis XI, was trained by her master, one itinerant Grillet Soulard, to sit up somewhat after the manner of women and, holding a distaff in one fore-hoof, draw the thread from it with the other. As was to have been expected, this somewhat surprising performance was declared by the churchmen to be evidently the work of the demon, and poor Grillet Soulard and his sow were burned together, for witchcraft, on the Place de Grève.

Davau is in appearance somewhat the manner of man who might be surmised from his paintings,—in bulk and strength enormous, with the neck and shoulders of a bull, and with his brutal-looking nose broken by a blow with a musket butt. On his arms and body he carries the scars of some thirty knife cuts, received in open warfare, and—as may be supposed—his services as "bouncer" at the Truie qui File are very effective. Nevertheless, his legitimate profession is that of carver of precious stones, and his work in cameos is said to be marvellously fine.

One of the most enterprising of these founders of eccentric cabarets is Maxime Lisbonne, ex-colonel of the Commune. It was he who invented the famous Taverne du Bagne, in which every effort was made to recall to the mind the galleys which he had been fortunate enough to avoid. This was at first a temporary structure erected on an unoccupied lot belonging to the city, at the corner of the Boulevard Rochechouart and the Rue des Martyrs. It was a wooden building with a long glass front; after remaining some six months in its first locality, it was transported to Belleville, where it did not endure much longer. The ex-colonel then found on the Boulevard de Clichy a large empty building, which he transformed into the *Frites révolutionnaires*,—

MME. YVETTE GUILBERT. Engraved by H. Dochy, after a drawing by Marold.

these comestibles, potatoes or little fish neatly fried in butter, being served through the city by little carts, *paniers à salade*, drawn by ponies and preceded by mounted estafettes in the costume of the gendarme of 1830. When their popularity seemed to be waning, the proprietor closed up the front of his establishment

THE "CORBEILLE." MLLE. LOIE FULLER AT THE "FOLIES-BERGÈRE."

with shutters of tin or zinc, leaving only two low and narrow doorways, kept closed and padlocked, over which, in red letters, were the two notifications: *Entrée des condamnés* and *Sortie des libérés*. In a triangle suspended over the centre of the front, two sides of which bore the words *Taverne du bagne*, were the letters

T. F., and along the cornice was Dante's celebrated inscription over the entrance to Hell, signed DANTE, and followed by another: *On en revient* [Return is possible], signed LISBONNE.

The visitors were received by two convict guards, with sufficiently gallows countenances, who announced their entry and the appropriate crime for which they had been condemned. After traversing the first apartment, a second was entered, which was ornamented with scenes from the galleys, portraits of celebrated Communists, and Maxime Lisbonne himself in every aspect. This apartment was lit by oldish lanterns, furnished with simple tables and benches in whitewood, and the service was by apparent convicts, wearing the prison uniform of red vest and green cap, and dragging after them, attached at the waist by a chain, a ball of hollow metal in which they kept their money. At the bottom of the room there were arranged, behind iron bars, various tableaux vivants,—convicts at work in their cells, forge and necessary implements for putting irons on prisoners, etc. As the curious were much more numerous than the thirsty among the visitors to this establishment, no one was allowed to depart through the door, *Sortie des libérés,* without a ticket representing the price of a *consommation* disbursed by him. It was, however, sufficient to pay,—the drinking was not obligatory.

M. Lisbonne's inventive powers were by no means exhausted by these creations. He afterward set up another drinking-place in which each client sat at a table painted red, *sang de bœuf,* and had over his head a guillotine of the same color, with its knife. His latest, however, is more cheerful;—this is the Casino des Concierges, not far from the establishment of Bruant, and in which everything is contrived to suggest the persons and habits of these Parisian house guardians. The waiters wear the costume

of the traditional M. Pipelet, who represents this guild, the blue apron with a bib, the feather duster, the velvet skull cap, the handkerchief in blue squares. The walls are covered with appropriate inscriptions: "Speak to the Concierge," "Wipe your feet," etc.

Another example of this apparently misdirected energy is the Coup de Gueule, the door of which is opened for you by a railway employé who touches his cap to you and invites you to take your seat in a little tram-car running on rails. This traverses a corridor ornamented with designs and inscriptions, and disembarks in a little dépot where the singers perform to the accompaniment of pianos and flutes. One of the musicians even renders the *Te Deum* on a child's tin trumpet. The *loge d'honneur* is a tram-car draped and decorated with flags. On the grand boulevards, the cafés, in their thirst for novelties, took up the latest discoveries in science and converted themselves—as it were—into preparatory institutions for the college faculties. Under the usual apartment, in which the consumption of bocks and tobacco went on, was another, in which grave Messieurs with decorations in their buttonholes carried on conférences and experiments in *cinématographie*, *radiographie*, and *praxinoscopie* in the midst of a wilderness of retorts, tubes, dynamos, and wires. The marvels of the X-rays were demonstrated,—amongst others, their efficacy in distinguishing between true and imitation diamonds, the former always appearing upon the plates as white and the latter as black. At the back of this laboratory was a large screen, behind which was placed a pompier in uniform, his brass helmet on his head; the X Strahlen traversing the screen, the clothes, the flesh, revealed on the luminous background a skeleton wearing a brass helmet! And on the other side of the partition might be heard the voice

of a customer: "*Garçon! un bock!*" and the response: "*Baoum! voila!*"

Equally effective was the diversion offered by the Cabaret Macabre, or Antre du Néant, opened in 1895 or 1896. The entrance-door was draped in those black hangings spotted with "tears" in silver which are used at the doors of churches in

MLLE. POLAIRE AT L'ALCAZAR.

funeral ceremonies. The drinking-place was likewise hung in black, decorated with trophies of thigh-bones and skulls, and feebly lit by funeral torches which gave a livid and cadaverous tinge to every countenance. The beer was served in cups which imitated the tops of skulls. Frequently a catafalque was set up in the room, in all its gloomy pomp, while the organ rendered lugubriously the *Dies iræ*. At the end of the room, in full view of every one, an empty coffin was placed upright, and over it appeared in letters of silver on a black ground the word BIÈRE. (This was a pun.) Any one of the spectators was invited to take his place in this coffin, but if no one volunteered, one of the employés was used for the purpose. Over the figure of this person

Divan Japonais
75 rue des Martyrs

POSTER DESIGNED FOR THE CAFÉ "DIVAN JAPONAIS" BY H. T. LAUTREC.

a shroud was thrown, which left of him nothing visible but his head, and it was then announced that the final decomposition of this living corpse would now set in.

In fact, before the eyes of all, the last great change took place. The orbits of the eyes seemed to become empty, the dreadful grin of the skeleton appeared through the disappearing visage, the rows of the ribs through the fading and dissolving flesh, until finally, in place of the flesh-and-blood body, appeared only the fleshless bones, yellow as in the grave or white as in the laboratory. All this was accomplished by the well-known optical trick of the mirror,—between the spectators and the coffin was placed vertically a great transparent sheet of pure glass, set across the line of vision at an angle of forty-five degrees. The inquisitive were prevented from walking into this glass by a chain stretched across the room in front of it and parallel to it. Through this glass the coffin was seen as through the empty air. The coffin was strongly lit up by gas-burners or electric lamps concealed behind a screen. To the left of the front of the spectators, concealed from them by a lateral partition, was placed another coffin, similar to the first, but containing the skeleton, and also capable of being strongly lit up. This was so placed that, when thus illuminated, its reflection would fall upon the glass screen exactly over the apparent position of the first coffin containing the living body,—the glass screen becoming a mirror when all was black behind it. When the first coffin was lit up and the second was not, the spectators saw the first, and *vice versa*, and it was by gradually turning down the light on the first and turning it up on the second, that the concealed operator produced his uncanny result.

There were two or three of these Tavernes du Néant or de la Mort in Paris, founded on the cheap originality of playing with

lugubrious ideas, of "making the *Camarde* laugh," of serving bocks to visitors seated on coffins instead of benches, in mortuary chapels hung in black, but the baseness of their wit was sufficiently demonstrated by the very first line of their programmes, announcing the price of a glass of beer in the most execrable and disgusting of puns.

Other proprietors have had other and better inspirations. The Auberge du Clou, on the Avenue Trudaine near the Rue des Martyrs, is in imitation of the Breton cabarets,—the windows with small panes, curtained half-way up with white and red calico and protected by thick bars; a screech-owl with extended wings nailed up over the door, and the sign, an immense *nail* painted between

CHANTEUSE-AMBULANT. Drawn by M. Lourdey.

two square and ancient lanterns. In the rustic interior, all the woodwork, ceiling, stairway, counter, tables, and chairs, are in a light-yellow wood, varnished and very clean; in the great fireplace, whole logs are burned in the winter, the dishes are in

various-colored porcelains, and the wine, white or red, is served in earthenware. This rusticity, however, disappears in the basement, the four walls of which are painted with the wildest imaginings of three painters of talent, Willette, Rivière, and Somm; on the first floor are nine panels by Willette, somewhat saner, more charming, and which console the visitor for the indifferent fare which is set before him.

As for the innkeeper of romance, fat, bountiful, always smiling, he may be found, very nearly, at the Tartine Rochechouart, at the angle of that street and that of Dunkerque, but which is known to its patrons by the much more expressive phrase, *Au Bon Coin*,—the comfortable corner. These patrons are largely artists of all kinds, *filles*, and work-people, who fraternize easily over the bread and ham and "blue" wine which "Père Josnard" and his amiable helpmeet dispense at all hours of the day and night. For, though in accordance with police regulations door and windows are all closed at two o'clock in the morning, the late comers have only to cry outside once or twice: "Père Josnard," for the door to be set ajar wide enough for entrance. Much the same reprehensible evasion of the law takes place at the Gaulois, in the Faubourg Montmartre,—the *sergots* are able to see the closed blinds, but not to hear the noisy rumor which lasts behind them till morning. Here, the society is somewhat more mixed, the billiard-tables, those devoted to drinking, are surrounded all night by a motley crowd, journeymen printers from the neighboring publishing houses, street vendors, street bullies, and a miserable and unfortunate crowd of women. Adjoining the Théâtre Saint-Martin is the Manoir des Adrets, under the effigies of Robert Macaire and his friend Bertrand, in the building in which died Frédéric Lemaître. The actor Mousseau,

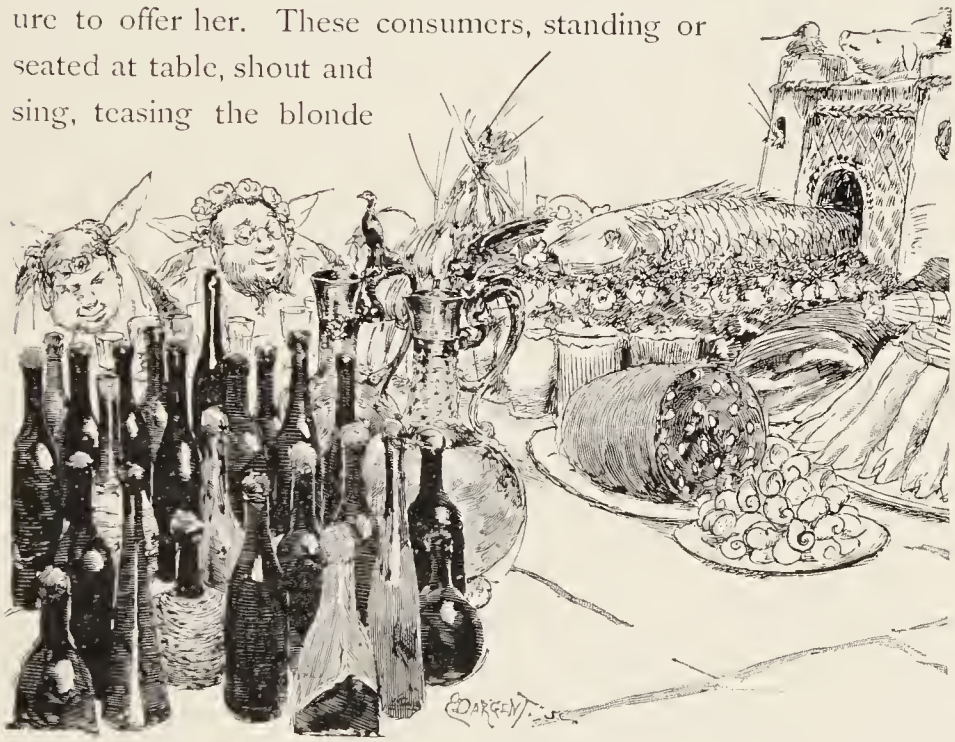
a cheerful liver, who created in *L'Assommoir* the rôle of Bibi-la-Grillade, founded the Auberge du Clou and, later, in May, 1884, the Manoir des Adrets, a Breton inn of the time of Louis XVI. This establishment, in several stories, is very large, with wide stairways and smoked rafters in the ceilings; all the furniture, all the utensils, are in the style of the period, as are also the costumes of the attendants. In the sombre and vaulted basement the visitor might almost think himself in the *salle basse* of an old château.

Along the boulevards, in the neighborhood of the Madeleine and the Opéra, the all-night restaurants are numerous, and, most of them, evil. They are haunted by the wandering crowd of women, and the prices are very high,—"everything is charged at a triple value," says one of their habitués, "and you are ruined if you have been ill-advised enough to eat lobsters and to drink champagne which sours your heart till the moment when the owl of morose drunkenness and suicides settles down on the empty glass."

Another of these nocturnal institutions is the all-night bakery, such as the Boulangerie Châteaudun, in the Rue Lafayette, in which fresh bread is sold without interruption from morning to night and from night to morning. "In the distance its front windows may be seen illuminating the sombre street; at three o'clock in the morning it is crowded. The night-wanderers, driven from all the cafés, from all the beer-shops, seek refuge here, to drink a last cup, to devour a last morsel, before deciding upon slumber. A pleasant odor of hot bread comes up the stairway which descends to the basement, and through the door, left ajar, may be seen the red light in which dances the illuminated flour-dust. The exclamations of the bakers ascend on these waves of heat; one of them shows himself occasionally, naked to the waist,

THE MOULIN ROUGE, FROM THE PLACE BLANCHE. After a water-color by Georges Redon.

and offers at arm's length little loaves, golden and burning hot. At her counter, the *patronne*, M'ame Riquier, always smiling, prepares little sandwiches, presents cakes to her customers, and accepts the money which it gives them pleasure to offer her. These consumers, standing or seated at table, shout and sing, teasing the blonde



SOUVENIR OF MARDI GRAS. After a drawing by G. Rochegrosse.

servant, *N'y-touche*, who never quarrels with any one. A ragged man presents himself timidly at the threshold. And he is given bread and sous. Here is the little Charlot, with his box, come to sell perfumes and soap. There passes a philosophical bow-wow, wagging his tail. Then enter *les filles;* and the tumult increases. There are scufflings around the tables, hands which go astray in open corsages from which issue the breasts, gross fruits of white flesh, presented on the edges of plates, and the laughter is mingled

with obscene words, with the kisses, like the billiard-balls sent backward and forward by the players."

On the Latin Quarter side of the river, all these varieties are repeated. M. Léo Claretie is unkind enough to say that among the students may be found all the opportunities and all the elements for success of the unworthy cabaretiers, who replace wit with coarseness and invention with cursing. "The greater number of the restaurants of the quartier," says Henri d'Alméras, "abuse the indestructible appetites of their customers by serving them, generally at high prices, mixtures which have no name in any language, cats' brains *en vinaigrette*, *salmis* of rabbits' tails," etc. Nevertheless, he cites a few of these establishments where one can feed "tolerably well," including the celebrated eating-house of Père Laveur, in which Gambetta used to loosen the floods of his eloquence and in which M. Maurice Barrès ate an omelette *aux confitures*. Le Boulant and Le Gandon or Foyot, Rue de Tournon, he says are reserved for students who can spend five or six francs a day on their meals, "a species sufficiently rare,"—but his figures are too low, unless he counts on giving his student not more than one meal a day. "The café plays a great part in the life of the quartier Latin; it corrects that which might be found to be too exclusive in the instruction of the Facultés. One goes there, above all, to talk or to play, and one stays there much later than in the establishments of the Centre, where the customers are occasionals. La Vachette is the café of the *gommeux* of the boulevard, the *terrassiers*. The *étudiant rasta*, the Roumanian, the Demi-negro, the Crocodile, are not uncommon here, and, as the mirror does the larks, so do they attract, with their watch-chains of brass and their Rhinestones disguised as diamonds, the most *huppées* of the women of the quartier." A *Rastaquouère*, in

the slang of the boulevards, used to be a species of adventurer, Spanish or Portuguese or from some Danubian or South American State generally, much given to swaggering at the cafés and to meretricious glitter. "Le Soufflet has a less bedazzling public,—very many students, the Saint-Cyriens, the Polytechniciens, a few professors.

"The café of the old students is the Source. There, they reign without partition. They come there as 'neighbors,' with their pipe and their young woman. Some of them pass their days there, from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight. The waiters are friendly and familiar, as in a café of the provinces. Bullier, women, the professors, the examinations for which they are preparing, the money for which they are waiting,—these are the invariable subjects of their conversation. Youths from the Midi are sufficiently numerous at the Source,—they gargle themselves with their vowels, and when they break out in laughter, the piles of saucers tremble on their base. . . . The company is more mixed at the Mahieu, at the Café des Écoles, at the Café des Thermes, at the Café des Escholiers, which, with its stalls and its tables of old oak, resembles a tavern of the fifteenth century."

"It is in the evening, especially, about nine o'clock, that the Boulevard [Saint-Michel] becomes animated and gay. Before the three traditional cafés—La Source, Vachette, and Soufflet—the tables occupy nearly the whole width of the sidewalk, and the students, looking at each other, pass backward and forward. The elders, returned from all their illusions, take their coffee tranquilly; the younger ones walk about and exhibit women whom they are in error as considering their property. Callow fledglings, but just escaped from the incubator, they believe themselves obliged to

lead, with much uproar, the life of the student, the life of Bohemia indeed,—which is rendered impossible nowadays by the degeneracy of digestions and the prejudices of proprietors. To wear soft hats, to sing in a cellar dirty things badly rhymed, to take Amanda for Musette, to occasionally bawl at a sergot who does not in the least understand it,—this is, perhaps, not to lead a Bohemian life. As soon as you begin to pay your restaurant,—then you are only a bourgeois.

"While the *Bahutiens*—as they are called—are thus displaying under the ironical glances of their elders a gaiety which is not always warranted to wash, the flower-girls are going about with their wares from table to table. These flowers are faded,—doubtless so as not to humiliate the women to whom they are offered.

"Women who have not appeared to me, generally, to be in their first youth, nor yet in their second, and whose throats are more dry than the deserts of Sahara,—which they are, moreover, quite worthy to traverse,—go from table to table and from bock to bock, at the chance of their friendships. A grotesque phenomenon, and one which recalls the cask of *Adélaïde*,—sponges consecrated to Amour, the more they drink, the more they are thirsty."

The Tartine of the Père Beauvy, at the corner of the Rue Racine and the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, is a representative resort of the *noctambules*, or night-walkers, of the quartier. By daylight, and up to two o'clock in the morning, it is a simple bakery, but at that moment, when the cafés and *brasseries* close, there arrives a grotesque and noisy crowd, which speedily makes so much disturbance that Père Beauvy issues from behind his counter to chastise. However, he changes his mind and retires, and the *brouhaha* continues. Students from the École des Beaux-Arts

or the Pharmacie, idlers, adventurers, and professionals, and yet, "gravely listened to by two or three young men all wearing monocles and with effeminate manners, a gentleman excessively well dressed, carefully shaved on the cheeks, his beard in a point,

DESIGN FOR MENU CARD BY H. GERBAULT.

perorates; he has unctuous gestures of the hand, wheedling inflections of the voice, and he is speaking 'of Catholicism, of those very gracious young persons who are the ——s of Monseigneur le Roy.' All his phrases are flowery with white lilies and ruddy with chrysoprases. This group of Messieurs so very *comme il faut* represents the new literature in the quartier Latin.—And, beside them, a drunkard hiccoughs: 'Oh! you make me spew!'"

It was the Café Procope which first imported among the

students of the left bank the mode Montmartroise. The origin of this establishment goes back to 1724, when it was founded by the Sicilian Procopio Cultelli in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain. Opposite was the Comedie-Française, which gave its name to the street called afterward Rue de la Comédie, and to-day Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie. This illustrious neighbor filled the Café Procope with authors, philosophers, Académiciens, gentilshommes, and gardes du roi; Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot sat at its tables, and its ceiling echoed with grave and lofty discussions. (At present, it echoes only to *L'Heure du Rendez-vous* or *Ling Long Loo.*) The fermiers-généraux, the protectors of the comédiennes, came here also in numbers. When the Comédie-Française departed to the right bank of the river, the café was not ruined financially, but its quality changed greatly, and the students took possession.

On this right bank, one of the modern establishments *psychologiques* is the Café or Villa des Assassins, behind the great church of the Sacré-Cœur, on the northern slope of the butte,—a little one-story building, painted in red, with a garden with trellised bowers and a swing for its patrons. These patrons are very varied, artisans, poets, chansonniers, *souteneurs*, and *gigolettes*, many of them coming from a public ball in the neighborhood. The history of the Cabaret du Lapin blanc has already been given, and that of the Ramponneau. At the junction of the streets de Châteaudun, de Maubeuge, and du Faubourg Montmartre appear the colored windows of the Taverne Montmartre, known to its patrons as the Brasserie Pousset, from the name of the proprietor, and also to the noctambules as Les Culs-de-Bouteilles, from its imitation ancient Flemish windows which appear to be formed from the bottoms of bottles. The interior also presents

a comfortable and Flemish aspect, the walls are covered with great tapestries, large panels of faïence, on one of which appears the bearded Gambrinus, and the furniture is all in carved walnut. A peculiar air of intimacy and comfort is claimed as being the distinguishing characteristic of this resort,—and these qualities certainly mark the similar establishment of the same name on the Avenue de l'Opéra, where the eye of the visitor is amused with a judicious combination of mediæval and very modern furnishing and decoration, his ears soothed by a not too demonstrative band of musicians in the depths of the great salle, and his palate pleased by a very superior art of the cook. As to the great Taverne Pousset on the Boulevard des Italiens, reopened, greatly enlarged, and newly decorated in October, 1898, it may be accepted as an excellent example of the modern Parisian luxury of the interior in which the accumulation of riches of all kinds is kept from being oppressive. The vast panels of the walls are covered with paintings by Clairin and Félix-Hippolyte Lucas, high, and yet soft, in tone, spacious and airy, in which the familiar themes of nude or slightly-draped figures in somewhat idealized summer landscapes are presented with great variety and ingenuity and with a very pleasant charm of color. Over the monumental chimney-piece, a delicate Hebe, by the sculptor Roger Bloche, is posed; the capitals of the pilasters and the great vases which partially serve to set the hemicycle off from the main salle glitter with the metallic reflections lent by the fire of the furnace, and in the painted glass of the ceiling an immense peacock displays all the splendors of his train.

For others of these luxurious establishments, *maisons sérieuses* and of the *premier ordre*,—Café de la Paix and Café Americain on the Boulevard des Capucines, Café Anglais, Maison Dorée, and

Café Riche, on the Boulevard des Italiens, Café de Paris on the Avenue de l'Opéra, Ledoyen on the Champs-Élysées, Lavenue opposite the Gare Mont parnasse on the other side of the river, etc.,—the visitor can consult his guide-books. The great number of restaurants *à prix fixe*, in which the entire cost of the meal is stipulated in advance, are a great comfort to modest purses, and the foreigner is generally surprised to find how much, and how good, he gets for his money. In fact, the restaurants of Paris, on the whole, and notwithstanding the considerable increase in their prices of late years, are among the attractions of the capital which *all* the foreigners leave with regret.

Of the lesser of these establishments, illustrated in these pages or worthy of mention, is the Café de la Banque de France, built by the architect Dusillion, on the Place des Victoires, at the corner of the Rue des Fossés Montmartre, now the Rue d'Aboukir. The Restaurant Champeaux, which was nearly destroyed by a disastrous explosion of illuminating gas in the basement, on the 20th of November, 1898, boasts of very nearly a century of existence, having been founded in 1800, and having been transferred, nine years later, to its present site, in the southern portion of the convent of the Filles de Saint Thomas-d'Aquin—converted into the Bourse and the tribunal de commerce by Napoleon. Its customers are largely drawn from the brokers and speculators, as is represented in *L'Argent* of Zola, where this restaurant is named; and a great number of dinners by various societies of arts and letters are periodically given within its walls. One of the very latest restaurants opened in the city is a strictly temperance one in the Rue Saint-Bernard, with the sign *Aux petits repas hygiéniques*, and in which, as the menus announce, "*les apéritifs, liqueurs*, and *eaux-de-vie*, with which such a great number of persons poison

A RESTAURANT IN THE BOIS. After a drawing by A. de Montzaigle.

themselves, are all excluded,"—April, 1899. This establishment is due to the efforts of the *Société contre l'usage des boissons spiritueuses*, which is only three years old, and has already four hundred branches throughout France. By the charitable aid of some of the bookstores and newspapers, the restaurant is already supplied with a fair library, to assist in keeping the workingman out of the street.

At the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Taitbou, the celebrated establishment of Tortoni has long maintained itself, preserving with jealous care its original character and still mindful of the prestige which it enjoyed in the first years of the century, in common with the Café de la Paix and Café de Foy. In 1798, the first maker of ices in Paris, the Neapolitan Velloni, came to the capital in sabots to seek his fortune, and established several cafés, which at first did not prosper. Among these was the present Tortoni, on its present site, in 1803 or 1806, for the historians differ. In 1810, according to one of them, Velloni, terrified at the competition threatened by the opening of the Café de Paris, sold this establishment to his friend, or to his head waiter, Tortoni. The latter prospered, his café—according to the legend—the daily resort of the generals and the marshals of the First Empire, who took their déjeuners at these little tables under the eyes of their admiring fellow-citizens while the post-chaises waited for them in the Rue Taitbou at the openings of the campaigns to carry them to victory, this café became, under the Second Empire, the rendezvous of *sport* and of the *turf*. Under the Republic, art and literature have had their turn, the various *Écoles* have successively here appeared; the daily chroniclers here meet for the *five o'clock*, and at the absinthe hour the same faces may be seen around the same table, day after day,—in that supreme self-satisfaction

with his own particular little routine which distinguishes the witty Parisian citizen.

From the earliest periods of the Middle Ages, the taverns and cabarets have swarmed in Paris. In the beginning of things, the sellers of wine were obliged to see that the liquor was not drunk upon their premises, and their shops were protected by a railing or iron netting through an opening in which the thirsty customer handed his pot or jug that it might be filled. These railings are perpetuated in the iron *grilles* which may still be seen in front of the wine-shops of some of the older quarters of Paris. In order to increase their commerce, these merchants were in the habit of sending their criers through the streets every afternoon, to bawl the superior quality and cheapness of the wine they had to sell. In their hands these criers carried a jug, and over their arm, a white cloth. When the habit was established of drinking in the taverns, it became so popular that various measures were taken to regulate it. In 1579, an ordinance forbade all married men, or those having a household, to eat or to drink in the taverns and cabarets; but as it was difficult to always distinguish the bachelors, the regulation was but very indifferently enforced. The official decrees against falsifying and adulterating the wine were innumerable, and from the earliest times. The example of frequenting these drinking-places was given by the upper classes,—at the period of the signing of the ordonnance de Blois, Henry III and his mignons might be seen making the rounds of the cabarets which surrounded the Pré-aux-Clercs, and Rabelais but seldom left that of the Pomme de Pin. This latter, a typical mediæval tavern, situated in a somewhat remote locality of the territory of the Abbey of Sainte-Geneviève, was kept by Maître Châtel-Vert, and was celebrated for the excellence of its wines and the beauty

and hardihood of the *caiges-verts*, as they were then called, who thronged it, to the undoing of the students. On the sign were painted two lines by François Villon, not adapted for ears polite; and amongst its habituées were many of the frail beauties immortalized in his verse,—"Blanche la Savetière," who had had—it

THE CAFÉ MASTURUS.

Engraved by J. Tinayre, after a drawing by L. Moulignié.

was said—a Pope for a lover, "la gente Saulcinière," beloved by Monsieur de Sully, Bishop of Paris, Guillemette "la Tapissière," Jehanneton "la Chaperonnière," Lucette "aux yeux purs," and many others. The Pomme de Pin was the scene of many of the oratorical tourneys of the students, which too frequently ended in open hostilities; and also of innumerable fights, of every degree

of fervor and duration, among these unregulated and unregenerate youth.

One of the very oldest of these places of entertainment left in Paris, the Auberge du Cheval Blanc, in the little Rue Mazet, on the left bank of the river, has but recently been demolished. Down to its end it served for a dépôt for country carriers, and in former times it was the point of departure for the diligences travelling to Orléans, Tours, Bordeaux, and Gascony. But what is thought to have done as much as anything to prolong its decrepit existence was the important fact that D'Artagnan himself stopped there while making history for the *Trois Mousquetaires*. During the Revolution, or at least in 1790, as we learn from a letter of a Fédéré of the provinces to his constituents, it was impossible "to obtain the favor of paying for our own déjeûner,—the Parisians have sworn to lodge and feed gratuitously their guests from the provinces. This café [on the Rue Saint-Honoré, at the corner of that of Rohan] was filled with citizens talking of the event of the day and discussing the political situation." Another letter of a provincial of the period, this time of the fairer sex, in depicting her delight at having finally found a lodging in the Palais-Royal, declares that "it swarms with cafés,—that of the Caveau, of the Grotte Flamande, of Foi, the Cafe Italien, the Café Polonois, of Beaujolais, and the Café mécanique, and nearly all these cafés are very nicely lit in the evenings by the lamps à la Quinquet, which give a very bright light, but which require a great deal of care on the part of the attendants. The greater number of the proprietors of these cafés are also restaurant-keepers who give meals at a sufficiently high price. There may be seen in them the provincials who have come to Paris to devour their property, gamblers, patriots, dunces, and *filles*."

In 1817, beneath that part of the gallery of the Palais-Royal "known by the expressive title 'The Camp of the Tartars,' are subterranean apartments, in one of which a motley assembly is dancing to the music of some wretched performer; in a second, an equally ill-assorted group are regaling themselves with their favorite liqueurs, from the vin de Bourgogne to simple small beer; in a third, a number of miserable objects are crowding around the hazard or the billiard table; and if you dare to venture into the fourth, you witness the most disgusting scenes of debauchery and vice. Ascending once more to the arcades, the stranger admires the cleanly and elegant appearance of the restaurants, or taverns. The English epicure can form no conception of the rich and almost innumerable dishes which there invite his taste. The coffee-houses are convenient and elegant and constantly filled."

With regard to the cafés and restaurants, the same authority informs us there were supposed to be nearly a thousand coffee-houses in Paris. "Many of them display a degree of splendor and elegance of which the stranger could previously form no conception; and even in the very meanest, vases, statues, and mirrors reaching to the ground, form a strange contrast with the filthiness of the walls and the meanness of the furniture. . . . In the more respectable cafés, the most perfect order and decorum prevail. The conversation is carried on in a low tone of voice; the waiters appear to divine the wants and to understand the motions of every guest; and, as the ladies form a part of the company, the Frenchman deems it as unpolite to sit with his hat on his head in the café as he would in the drawing-room. . . . The superior class of eating-houses in the English metropolis bear the nearest resemblance to the restaurants of Paris, yet convey an extremely

imperfect idea of their convenience, splendor, and luxury. In London, the stranger lives, or may live, entirely at his hotel. In Paris, he breakfasts at a café, dines at a restaurateur's, returns to the café for his liqueurs or his tea, again resorts to the restaurateur's for his supper, and adjourns to his hotel to sleep.

"The *traiteur* has likewise accommodations for those who dine at his house, but he is more employed in serving the neighboring hotels and private houses with dinners ready-dressed. The restaurants are even more numerous than the cafés. The French have little idea of domestic comfort. They appear to live everywhere rather than at home; and very many families who occupy respectable houses, and who have a retinue of servants, scarcely ever dine at their own habitation. Many of the restaurateurs vie with the cafés in profusion of ornament. The bill of fare (*la carte*), to the astonishment and frequent embarrassment of the visitor, consists of nearly two hundred and fifty articles." And he gives, *in extenso*, the carte at Véry's, in the Palais-Royal and Tuileries garden, and at Véfour's, in the Palais-Royal. The prices for the dishes represent, generally, a smaller sum in francs than they would to-day,—at the former, for example, none of the dishes, excepting two of the punches for dessert, exceed three francs, or three francs, ten sous. The wines, on the contrary, seem to have cost nearly as much as to-day.

Of the modern institutions, one generally favorably regarded by the stranger within the gates is that of the Bouillons, and especially the Bouillons Duval,—so named from their founder, which are a species of restaurants with fixed prices and a peculiar organization. The prices vary according to the locality, but are always reasonable, and though the portions are not very large, nor of the very best, they are always edible. The service is entirely by women,

WAITRESSES AT A "BOUILLON DUVAL." After a drawing by N. Gœneutte.

the *bonnes*, who wear a white cap and apron, and who may be seen in M. Gœneutte's picture, from the Salon de Champ-de-Mars, 1891, reproduced on page 185, reposing in a row after the stress and hurry of the déjeûner hour. On entering, the visitor must take from the guardian seated at a little desk near the door a yellow printed slip on which is set down, under two or three general headings, a sliding-scale of prices mounting by five centimes (one sou) at each step. This his particular bonne promptly secures as soon as he takes his seat at her table (and it is very seldom that he can get a table to himself during the usual meal hours), and she begins by making two strokes with her pencil on the first five-centime line,—one for bread and one for napkin. Every dish that he orders is thus checked off as soon as delivered, the wine on a little scale of its own. When he has finished, it is well for him to add up these several items and to leave on the table for his attendant at least as many sous as his bill marks francs. He then carries his account to the cashier, always a woman and not infrequently a youngish one, throned at a high desk, who receives payment, stamps a receipt on his yellow card, and returns it to him. This he must leave with the guardian at the door, or he will be pursued into the street for it by that faithful watchman.

In many of the cafés, those with billiard-tables and without, it is possible to get a very good light meal, with a not great choice of dishes. The coffee is generally good, but the *petit verre* of cognac always served with it, at prices ranging from two sous up, is to be regarded with suspicion. Much of it is said to be potato brandy. A *mazagran* is coffee served in a tall glass, with a long-handled spoon and two or three flat, rectangular pieces of the French beet sugar, which is not very sweet. A *gloria* is, or was, a combination of hot coffee, sugar, and eau-de-vie. These

beverages are taken, by preference, at little tables set out on the sidewalk in front of the establishment. The consumption of beer in Paris has increased enormously within the last twenty years, and the *cafés-brasseries* are rapidly crowding out the *cafés-glaciers*. There are two kinds of beer, the *blonde* and the *brune*, and it is served in glasses containing a quarter of a litre or a demi-litre. The bock of the cafés is only the sixth of a litre. The excellence of the French pastries has long been celebrated, and the most celebrated *pâtisseries* do a thriving trade, mostly with ladies and children in the afternoons, in their frail wares, which are either consumed on the spot or carried home. There may even be found at the present day one or two establishments, reading-rooms or the like, on the Rue Royale and Rue de Rivoli, in which tea may be taken, English fashion, in the late afternoons.

The Parisian *garçons* who serve in all these establishments have, very lately, set on foot two movements which may be described as no less than revolutionary, and to which they have been incited, apparently, by the near approach of the Exposition of 1900. They demand, not only that the system of *pourboires*, or tips, be abolished and that they be paid regular wages, but also that they be permitted to grow their hair long enough to admit of parting it, and their moustaches! Probably, if these innovations be tolerated, they will next assert their right to wear their beards, as do the Russian waiters.

That modern institution, the bicycle, is quite as much in favor in France as elsewhere. The need of a central organization, to regulate and unite the innumerable local societies, was early felt, and the U. V. F., the *Union Vélocipédique de France*, was created in 1881, after a number of attempts. From this, all the minor societies receive their regulations, and it serves as a bond of union.

Its administrative divisions correspond to the military divisions of the nation, and the *consul* elected to the head of each region keeps himself informed as to the peculiar needs of that region and receives information from the *vice-consuls* who have charge of the various subdivisions. The general executive committee has full powers with regard to all that concerns the general direction of the Union, as well in its interior government as in its relations with foreign societies. One-third of its members are renewed every year at the period of the annual congress. There is a *commission sportive* to watch over the interests of cycling as a sport. This general federation of the bicyclers of the nation is a sufficiently important body of voters to receive respectful consideration from the officials of the government of the Republic when it formulates its demands.

There are two other national societies, having particular aims, which function efficiently,—the T. C. F., the *Touring Club de France*, and the A. V. A., the *Association Vélocipédique d'Amateurs*. The first aims to develop the practice of touring in general, and of touring on bicycles in particular; and the latter strives to cultivate in France "the delicate plant of *amateurisme*." Like the U. V. F., these two associations extend their influence throughout the country, and even beyond the borders. In Paris, the number of *Sociétés Vélocipédiques* is, at present, thirty,—the *Association Vélocipédique d'Amateurs*, the ditto ditto *Internationale*, the ditto ditto *Parisienne*, the *Cercle des Sports de France*, the *Club des Cyclistes de Paris*, the *Joyeux Matcheurs Français*, the *Swift Club*, the *Tortue Cycliste*, the *Union Vélocipédique Parisienne*, etc. The avowed object of most of these clubs is simply the encouragement of excursions or touring; the *Éclaireurs Cyclistes* are interested in the instruction in military cycling; the *Union Médicale Vélocipédique*

de France, in medical observation of physical sports; the *Vélo-Excursionniste de Paris* is composed of photographing tourists on wheels, etc.

In addition to all these, there is the *Syndicat Français de l'Industrie Générale du Cycle*, established for the purpose of protecting the commercial interests of the members of the Syndicate and discussing all proposed regulations concerning the velocipede. Connected with this is the *Chambre Syndicale de l'Industrie vélocipédique et de la locomotion automobile.* The *Syndicat des Coureurs Vélocipédistes*, founded in 1848, defends the interests of the coureurs, or racers, in all their relations with the *vélodromes*, with the manufacturers, or with any other persons. To be admitted to this association, it is necessary to be presented by two members of the society and to produce the applicant's *casier judiciaire*, or legal papers. There are in Paris about three hundred and fifty shops for the sale of bicycles, of which some forty are manufacturers. The others draw their stock from various factories, English, French, and American. The number of smaller establishments in which the machines can be hired is about three hundred.

In all the principal cities in France may now be found the racing-tracks, or vélodromes,—great enclosures of turf surrounded by a circular or oval track in cement, wood, or cork, in the shape of a basin, the borders, or *virages*, rising so as to restrain the centrifugal force of the riders. The public take their places around the outside of the basin, from which they are separated by barriers. Generally, the grand-stand is opposite the winning-post. In addition to the judges, the jury, and the starters, there are the deputies of the racers, the *chronométreurs*, and the *commissaires aux virages.* The signal for departure is a pistol-shot, and the last turn of the

A DÉJEUNER AT "LA BELLE GABRIELLE," SURESNES. After a drawing by René Reinicke.

track is announced to the racers by a bell which incites them to the final *emballage*, or spurt, or hustle.

At the origin of this sport in France, the tracks were simply laid out around some open place, or a hillock, or a monument. The riders were separated from the spectators only by ropes stretched on posts. There was no fête, rural or municipal, that did not have its *course de vélos*, and the prizes were only such natural products as rabbits, chickens, or ducks. Then, with the progress of luxury and ostentation, they became medals, the value of which gradually rose until they were transformed into coin of the realm. At the present day, the professionals will disarrange themselves only for thousand-franc notes. At Paris, the number of vélodromes and *pistes* [tracks] is eight,—at Neuilly, at Levallois, at Auteuil, at Charenton, in the Bois de Vincennes, in the Bois de Boulogne, in the Rue Hermel, etc. The length of the track varies from two hundred mètres to five hundred; in two or three cases, three times around the course is equivalent to a thousand mètres, as in the Piste Libre in the Champ-de-Mars, which has no raised borders, in the Vélodrome de l'Est at Charenton, and in the Vélodrome Buffalo at Neuilly. The *manèges vélocipédiques* are shorter tracks, generally covered over, which permit the beginner to learn his art, and the expert to practise in winter. Of these, there is a very considerable number, scattered over the city.

There is even a weekly *marché de bicyclettes*, held on Sunday afternoons on the grounds of the horse-market on the Boulevard Saint-Marcel and Boulevard de l'Hôpital. The machines are entered through the gate on the latter street, ranged along in the stalls usually destined for the horses, and tried by the possible purchasers on the track where the horses are trotted. Each

machine pays an entrance fee of fifty centimes, the transactions are arranged exclusively between the individuals, and at the risk of each. The sellers are generally persons who have second-hand wheels to dispose of, or small manufacturers who bring five or six at a time. The prices for the former range from seventy to a hundred and fifty francs, and those of the makers from a hundred and eighty to two hundred and twenty-five. At the end of the season, those of the individuals are apt to fall still lower. The annual Salons du Cycle, to which that of the Automobiles was added, were held for three or four years in the Palais de l'Industrie, which ended by becoming too small for the combined expositions. Nevertheless, at the third of these Salons, opened December 12, 1896, by M. Boucher, Ministre du Commerce, it was already observed that, while the number of machines was greater than ever, there were practically no novelties at all. In default of more legitimate attractions, the manufacturers were obliged to resort to such expedients as an *America* machine which weighed four hundred and fifty-six pounds, eclipsed by a *Cleveland* weighing five hundred and ten. At this exhibition, also, the section of the Automobiles had become so large, varied, and interesting that the cycles suffered. The interdiction of the circulation of these horseless carriages having been but just repealed in England, the French were still able to claim that in this novelty they led the world.

The burning question of the "amateur" in this sport, as distinguished from the "professional," came up early in France, and was found difficult to settle. This distinction, like so many other things in "sport," was borrowed off-hand from England, without taking at all into consideration—as was claimed—the very varying conditions that obtained on the two sides of the Channel, and

which might make that which was admirable in the north absurd in the south. The Union Vélocipédique, however, it is now thought, while preserving the universal and international unity of the sport, has known how to disengage it skilfully from foreign complications and to give it that form which is most in harmony with the customs, the sentiments, and the intimate aspirations of the French people. The use of the wheel, moreover, spread with great rapidity through the country,—being aided, incidentally, by the admirable national roads; the rural postmen soon adopted it; the police agents followed, and we have already seen the development of the bicycle corps in the army. The number of journals especially devoted to this method of locomotion is much too long to quote here; and the volume of conversation among nearly all classes of the community for which it is responsible is much as in other lands.

A general knowledge of the various police regulations concerning the bicycle is very necessary for those addicted to its use. The principal articles of the latest decree of the Préfet de Police on this subject, dated June 17, 1896, are as follows: All velocipedes, bicycles, tricycles, and quadricycles, having one or more seats, must (1) be provided with a sound-producing instrument, to give warning of their approach, that can be heard at the distance of at least fifty mètres; (2) be furnished with a lantern which must be lighted at nightfall; (3) carry a plate giving the name and residence of the proprietor, and, in addition, if the proprietor is a hirer of bicycles, his official number. All riders are, moreover, required (1) to moderate their pace when traversing a locality that is crowded, or in which there are many obstacles, as well as when making turnings of corners, or crossing highways; (2) to avoid forming groups which may have a tendency to congest the circulation

in the streets; (3) to abstain from cutting across processions, funeral cortéges, and marching troops; (4) in case of a crowding of vehicles, to dismount and push their wheels by hand; (5) to keep to the right, like the carriages; (6) to stop always when a horse, on seeing them approach, manifests signs of fright. By the same decree, that equal rights may be preserved to all, all drivers of carriages and equestrians are required to keep to their right so as to leave to the cyclists a space of at least a mètre and a half in width. The latter are permitted to take their machines on the sidewalks, on condition that they walk and push them by hand, and that they do not interfere with the pedestrians. In all cases when the roadway is in a bad condition, being repaved, etc., the cyclists may be permitted, by a sort of tolerance, to drive their wheels on certain sidewalks or side-alleys of the main drive.

Every bicycle or similar vélocipède is liable to an annual tax of ten francs, plus certain small percentages, dating from the 1st of January of each year. Any one purchasing a wheel is required to pay this tax from the first of the month in which he makes such purchase, without regard to the taxes of the previous proprietor. All wheels must be declared by their owners at their respective mairies, and the tax is doubled for non-declaration. The dealers in machines, who keep them for sale only, are exempt from this obligation. When transporting bicycles by railway, it is necessary, in order to hold the railroad company responsible, without contestation, for any damages received, to pack the machine. For this purpose, wicker-work cases can be purchased, varying in price from fifteen francs to twenty-five. The prices for instruction vary; private lessons cost, generally, three francs apiece, while in the best establishments the beginner can make a contract to receive all the lessons that may be needed to instruct him in the art for

A "RENDEZVOUS" NEAR THE ÉCOLE MILITAIRE. After a drawing by Georges Scott.

twenty francs. On making his first trials in the street, he may secure the assistance of a professor for five francs for the first hour and three francs for each succeeding hour. Machines may be stored in various manèges for twelve francs a month, or thirty francs for three months, this price including storage, care, and cleaning. The all-important question of appropriate costume is solved much as in other countries, the use of flannel or woollen garments is advisable, to avoid sudden chills, the men sport little English caps or *chapeaux de fantaisie*, and the women replace their corsets by a girdle or band, and wear short skirts or very large breeches.

In time of war, all bicycles may be seized, or *réquisitionnée*, for the army. Fervent wheelmen, wishing to make their excursions from Paris entirely by means of their machines, can readily obtain plans which will indicate to them the streets best adapted for that purpose, but the method generally adopted is to take a railroad to a convenient point in the suburbs. Many circumstances combine to make bicycling in France peculiarly enjoyable,—the general familiarity with and recognition of the requirements of the sport, even in the remote rural provinces, the excellent route maps for each department prepared by the cycling organizations, the frequency of advisory or warning signs—such as *Pente rapide* or *virage dangereux* at the approach to a steep hill—supplementing the admirable system of guide-posts and boundary signs on all the national highways,—which latter are almost as well adapted for wheeling as asphalted streets. The climate of the country in summer is generally temperate as compared with the torrid American heats; the landscape is nearly always beautiful and but seldom precipitous; the frequency of good inns, repair-shops, etc., on the usual routes is satisfactory. The number of foreigners, mostly English and American, in the

northern provinces, who take advantage of these circumstances is so great that most of the high-roads are traversed all through the fine season by ceaseless detachments of pedalling men and women, enthusiastic and perspiratory.

All the usual inconveniences and perils attending the use of the bicycle in a crowded city may be found in Paris, as well as one or two others that seem peculiar to this capital. "In Paris, and even around it," says M. Jules Lemaître in the *Journal des Débats*, "the enemies of the bicyclist just swarm. To say nothing of the Bois de Boulogne, of which the greater number of the roads are inhumanly rough. But if it be a question only of getting to the Porte-Maillot, starting from Saint-Philippe-du-Roule,—the enemy of the bicyclist is everywhere. In the first place, there is the hateful hackney coachman who, if you wish to pass him, pretends not to hear your bell and refuses to go over to the right; who, if you wish to cross him to your right, makes it a point to pull to his left, and who, if you wish to enter an avenue from which he is issuing, leaves you in doubt up to the very last second as to which way he is going to turn. Then there is the '*coup*' of the fiacre standing by the curb, and which, just at the moment you are going to pass it, suddenly unmoors and turns out in the street so that you wreck your machine against the chest of the cadaverous steed. . . .

"Then there is the pedestrian, and all the varieties of the pedestrian,—those who will not take any trouble to get out of the way; those who, on seeing you, stop, oscillate, and cannot decide whether to turn to the right or the left; those who descend from the omnibus or the tramway and turn around in order to get their bearings; and those who 'make *queue*' with their members at the omnibus stations; and the children who are thinking of

other things or who are playing across the street, and the files of school-girls taking their promenade, and, sometimes, at the Porte-Maillot, the herds of cattle and sheep. (It is not too disagreeable, however, a fall into the midst of sheep, on the soft fleeces; one of my friends, at least, so assured me.)

THE INTERIOR OF THE LAPIN BLANC. After a drawing by Worms.

"Then the frightful rails, which have so taken possession of the roadway as to leave only a narrow path practicable; the rails toward which the continual crowding of the vehicles pushes you; the rails, eternal menace of shipwreck.

"Then the street-sprinkler, who takes a perverse pleasure in blockading almost completely the avenues [with his long lines of

hose, running on little wheels], so that the vehicles and the bicycles can get by only by mounting one upon another; the sprinkler, who remains for one hour on the same spot, and has no other ideas than to make the most mud possible; the sprinkler, who, seeing you coming, 'does not want to know anything about it,' hears neither your bell, nor your horn, nor your cries; who ends, however, by lowering his stream of water (so as not to make himself responsible), but who has the art of lowering it a quarter of a second later than he should have done so, after having kept you to the end in terror of receiving the whole discharge of his hose, and in such a manner that you are at least sprinkled with the last of the falling drops, not enough to complain of, but enough to be disagreeable. (This trick of the street-sprinkler is, doubtless, one of the sports of the corporation.)

"Then the dogs; either those who say nothing to you, but who are too stupid to get out of the way; or those who pursue you barking, and are obstinate about it, and do not leave you, and have designs on your calves, and who, while tempting you strongly to repulse them by kicks, inspire you with fear of being unhorsed by this defence. . . .

"Then the greasy pavement; the piles of rubbish or dirt with which you do not wish to be soiled, and which frequently prevent you from avoiding more serious dangers; and the pieces of glass, and the nails,—and the wind and the rain (I admit, however, that these last-mentioned enemies are not exclusively Parisian).

"Then the other bicyclists; for, verily, there are too many of them.

"Finally, the bicycle itself, a machine delicate, frail, and capricious, of which the slightest fall and the least injury disarranges the pedals and the forks, breaks the spokes, twists the

felloe into a figure 8, and which, often, even complains and creaks and gets itself out of order without knowing why. . . .

"And this brings me finally to the point which I wish to make. These perils, of which I have just drawn up the sinister list, remember that the bicyclist may encounter them all at the same moment, that he may, after having passed a heavy truck, suddenly find himself confronted by an unexpected fiacre, risk the treachery of the rail to avoid the fiacre, and, to escape the rail, take the chances of being upset by a pedestrian full of malevolence. Etc. In short, a precipitous succession of mortal shivers and of little chills at the roots of your hair. And it is because of this that I say that, at Paris, for a worthy man, already of a ripe age, a little heavy, whose physical education has been neglected and whose muscles obey him but imperfectly, the bicycle is an admirable provider of emotions, a constant educator of the will, a certain instructor in obscure heroism."

This moving portrayal, by a bicycle rider himself, is a fair specimen of the contribution of this instrument to the literature of the age. The quantity of matter published is enormous, but the quality, even in Paris, is not yet remarkable. M. J. H. Rosny, for example, making a serious effort to rise to epic, or at least to academic, heights, concerning *Le Cyclisme*, can do no better than this: "There has not been produced, in the course of hundreds of centuries, anything more important, perhaps, in the evolution of man than the use of the velocipede,—excepting that division of labor which, in taking our arms for the purpose of conquering the world, left us only two members for the course and definitely ranged us among the least active of the animals of our class. This sacrifice has been, however, so prodigiously rewarded that man has never had cause to repent of it. Nevertheless, at all

epochs—and each one has only to consult his personal recollections—there has remained with us a sensation of melancholy in contemplating the facility and the swiftness of motion of so many familiar animals. This melancholy might at first have been diminished by the use of the horse, and then by the invention of the vertiginous machines, the 'bombshells upon rails,' in which we have been traversing space within the last half-century. But, in reality, the melancholy always returns. It even becomes more intense, for, to be transported in the inert stage, in the state of a parasite or a larva, this leaves us only in a miserable condition, when this condition threatens to become the habit, even for short courses. And, on the other hand, to obstinately continue to walk, when everything around us takes on such a prodigious gait, this is a thing essentially vain, very dull, and morose. The rapid vehicle therefore created the 'discouraged walker.' Man lost his interest in this function so important, so proper to develop the exact *sense* of space, which consists in transporting yourself by yourself. And there could have been predicted the day on which he would refuse all personal locomotion, when the velocipede appeared." Etc.

M. Gaston Deschamps, in *Le Temps*, ventures a few observations concerning the disadvantages. "Let us admit that the immoderate use of the bicycle gives to actual humanity a grotesque appearance. We have the air of fleeing away from ourselves, all legs and pedals. This is the height of the 'divertissement,' in the sense in which Pascal understood this word. And then, this exercise, otherwise hygienic, brings with it preoccupations, cares, propositions, which do not necessarily appertain to the intellectual order. Man thinks no longer but of blowing up his 'pneu.' One run in the rain represents at least three good hours of cleaning

and polishing. We carry in our heads no longer anything but bearings, brakes, seats, and handle-bars. Fancy sitting down, in such a state of mind, to read the *Oraisons funèbres* of Bossuet. At table, the narrations of cyclism take the place of the old-fashioned hunting-stories. Nothing is spoken of but kilomètres and 'records.' There are discussions as to the relative value of makes. Passions are aroused over the quarrel between petticoats and pantaloons. If necessary, one brags of the number of 'headers' he has taken. This is not the moment in which to think of Lamartine or of Victor Hugo.

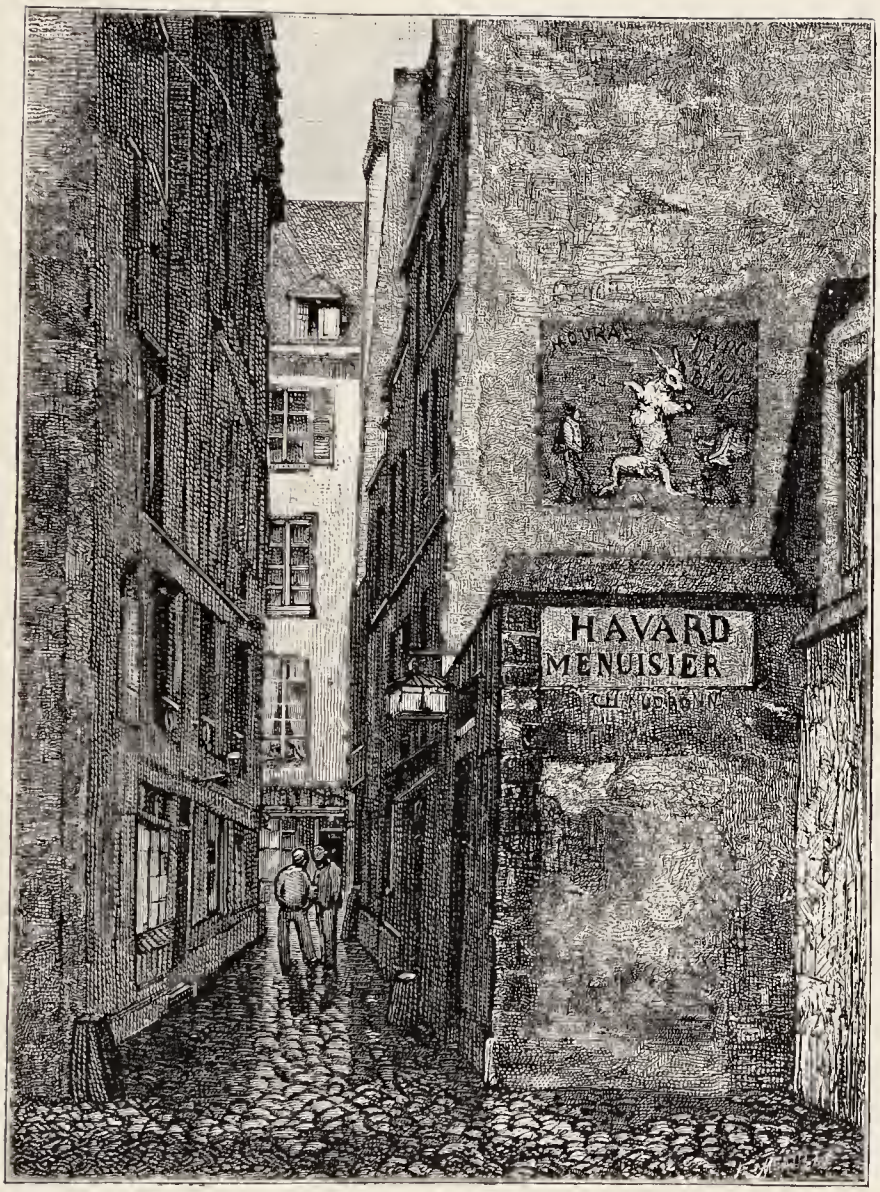
"France no longer reads. Whether this fault can be imputed to the bicycle, yes or no, it is a misfortune."

All this would seem to indicate that that "noble animal," the horse, was to disappear as superfluous. On the contrary, the Concours Hippique is the most distinguished and popular of annual events. Especially is it favored by the ladies. The Palais de l'Industrie, in which these fêtes were held, was always crowded, and at each reunion since the foundation of the society, in 1856, the success was more marked. It was *le meeting de l'élégance et du snobisme.* All classes of society were in the habit of assembling in this vast building; there was the rendezvous of *tout d'Hozier* of Paris, and even the stalls of what would have been known in the last century as the *Parc aux Cerfs* and which in the present inelegant age was called the *Butte aux Lapins.* Since the demolition of the Palais de l'Industrie, to make way for the buildings of the Exposition of 1900, this concours has been held in the Galerie des Machines, on the Champ-de-Mars. In 1898, it opened on the 26th of March and closed on the 17th of April. The list of prizes offered is long and comprehensive and includes those offered for running, leaping, training, style, and general

appearance, for stables, for coachmen, for four-in-hands, for young boys, for general smartness and correctness of appearance among the riders, etc. There are certain courses open to gentlemen wearing red coats, white breeches, boots, and a high hat or hunting-cap. Officers of the army were at one time forbidden by a Minister of War to take part in these exercises, but so much pressure was brought to bear on that functionary that the order was rescinded. Many of the courses and competitions are open to ladies, and their presence and encouragement add greatly to the brilliancy of the occasion.

The heats are generally run either by a single horseman, or by couples, or by fours. The obstacles are hedges, a double fixed barrier, a pasteboard wall, generally known as the *piano*, and a stream. A commissaire is posted at the side of each obstacle and notes carefully the manner in which it is cleared by each rider. The errors committed are divided into *fautes entières*, *demi-fautes*, and *quarts de fautes*. A complete fault consists in the refusal of the horse to take the obstacle, or in his knocking it over if it be of sufficient height as the barrière or the piano. A half-fault is committed when the horse touches the obstacle with either his fore or hind feet; and a quarter-fault when he merely grazes it, or when, in leaping the stream, his hind feet fall in the water. In the heats run two by two, or four by four, to all these requirements is added the difficult one of preserving the alignment. The public, in this as in some other things, deceived by superficial appearances, is frequently surprised at the decisions made by the judges.

La Société Hippique Française was founded in 1856 by a group of amateurs, "who were weary of being tributary for their fine horses *de luxe* or *de service* to the countries beyond the Channel or beyond the Rhine." Seven years afterward, the first



EXTERIOR OF THE CABARET DU LAPIN BLANC, IN THE OLD RUE AUX FÈVES.

Engraved by F. Méaulle.

concours was organized, and the secretary of the general committee declared that their work was that regeneration of the equine race in France which every government had undertaken ever since the recreation of the official studs by Colbert. In 1866, the society distributed in prizes and awards the sum of fifty-one thousand francs, and in 1895, three hundred and sixty. Among the great dates in the history of the Concours Hippique is that of 1887, when there was restored the famous carrousel offered by M. de la Guérinière to Louis XV in 1755. A hundred and fifty cavaliers, the finest in France, here appeared in the costume of the times and performed their evolutions in four quadrilles, the first of the king's household, the second of the house of Condé, the third of Conti, and the fourth of Montmorency. Another of the illustrious records is that of the Vendéen deputy, M. Baudry d'Asson, who made a bet that he would leap successively a hundred and fifty fixed barriers, mounted upon two Breton ponies, and won his bet. Some of the more fastidious spirits of this world of equine fashion grieve over the vanished days when the Société was more select and less of the general multitude, but their regrets are not generally shared.

There are other organizations interested in the *régénération de la production chevaline.* The *Société d'Encouragement pour l'amélioration des races de chevaux en France* was founded in 1883, and has its "social" headquarters in the Rue Scribe. In 1896, this society gave in prizes no less a sum than three millions of francs,—five hundred and sixteen thousand in departmental subventions. The grounds of the association include the Hippodrome de Longchamp, the main track of which is about two thousand seven hundred mètres in length; and on which the spring meetings are held during twelve days in April and May, the summer,

eight days in June (including the grand *Prix de Paris*, two hundred thousand francs, three thousand mètres, open to three-year-olds of all nations), and that of autumn, eight days in September and October. Also the Hippodrome de Chantilly, on which there are two réunions,—one of three days at the end of May, and one of five days at the end of October. The *Société d'Encouragement pour l'amélioration du cheval français de demi-sang* was founded at Caen in 1864, and has its headquarters in that city. At Paris, however, it holds its meetings upon the Hippodrome de Vincennes and upon that of Neuilly-Levallois. The *Société de Sport de France* was founded at Fontainebleau in 1880, for the development of the taste for equitation and sport among the *gentlemen riders* and officers for whom most of these courses are run. Many of the prizes offered are for *hacks* and *hunters* alone. This society controls the Hippodrome de Colombes. The *Société Sportive d'Encouragement*, founded in 1887, has for its object the improvement of the breed of horses by flat racing on the Hippodrome de Maisons-Lafitte and by racing over obstacles on the Hippodromes d'Enghien and de Saint-Ouen. And, finally, the *Société des Steeple-chases de France*, founded in 1863, and modified in 1873, holds its meetings on the Hippodrome d'Auteuil and the grounds at Saint-Germain-Achères.

That more democratic concours hippique, the circus, also flourishes. At the Cirque d'Été, in the Champs-Élysées, there are seats for thirty-five hundred persons; in the Cirque d'Hiver, in the Boulevard des Filles-du-Calvaire, for thirty-eight hundred. The Nouveau-Cirque, in the Rue Saint-Honoré, and the Cirque Fernando, Boulevard Rochechouart, are somewhat smaller. The former has a façade and a vestibule constructed by Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opéra, and a wonderful ring that is

capable of being converted into a lake of unknown depth. The Hippodrome at the Champ-de-Mars is in the opposite gallery from the Vélodrome d'Hiver. At all of these are presented all the familiar and never-quite-stale wonders of the arena, with all the modern and international contributions to the development of this art. The breaking of "records" proceeds here as elsewhere, but somewhat more conservatively. At the Cirque Olympique, in the Rue Saint-Honoré, under the direction of Franconi, in the early days of the Restoration, among the performers were two young stags,—but this was a somewhat unusual display of novelty on the part of the ancients. It is safe to say that they would never have conceived anything so unconventional as the latest piece at the Nouveau Cirque, the new-fashioned boar hunt, with real boars.

These have all the marks of being the genuine pigs, but they are not very old tuskers. They are chased around the circular passage-ways, outside the auditorium, by a full pack of hounds, huntsmen galloping in red coats, horns, etc. Finally, the way being barred, the quarry turns into one of the entrances to the pit and halts in dismay at the vast circular sheet of water that confronts it. The two piggies turn back into the passage-way, but are met by the whole yelping pack of hounds. So they take their courage in their hands, fling themselves into the pool, and swim gallantly across, scramble up the sloping incline on the other side, and disappear in the opposite passage. The dogs need no urging, and jump in vociferously; the horses of the hunters, on the contrary, do not like it at all, and refuse. They are reined back to the brink and spurred over the edge; on the second or third round of this *Wilde Jagd*, the leap is led up to by raising the taking-off place, so that the water is at least ten feet below.

Down this height fall man and horse, and disappear completely under the surface,—great is the splash, and dire the appearance of danger! It is to be noticed that the riders, as they go under, duck their heads, as if to hasten their watery grave; and also that, with a due regard for economy, they leave off their saddles and ride to this desperate venture bareback. As the water cannot be heated, and as the weather outside is very frequently of the rawest and bleakest, the inconveniences of this method of amusing the public must be considerable.

It seems, however, to be more legitimate than the brutal combats of animals which were still given in Paris for some time after the fall of Napoleon. Near the Barrière Saint-Martin was an enclosure surrounded by a gallery under which were cages containing various wild animals. There was also a kennel containing forty or fifty fighting dogs of every description. Any visitor who wished to match his own brute against any one of these could do so by payment of a small sum. "But on Sunday, and every festival," says our 1817 guide-book, "public exhibition takes place, too much crowded by gentlemen of a certain description, and by those whose education and rank in society should have taught them better feelings. The entertainments commence by various dog-fights. To these succeed bull-baiting, bear-baiting, wolf-baiting, and jack-ass-baiting. The humanity of the spectators, or the avarice of the proprietors, usually interferes to preserve the lives of the various animals, but they are often sadly worried and mutilated. The amusement usually concludes, on grand festivities, with a ludicrous but cruel scene. A bear is compelled to climb a pole. He is then surrounded with fire-works, which not only terrify him by their explosions, but evidently torture him by their flames. He is afraid to escape by one bold leap, and he is equally

afraid to slide down through the fires which are blazing underneath him. The clumsy and grotesque attitudes by which he expresses his terror and his pain excite shouts of pleasure from the greater brutes with which the galleries are thronged." This Englishman's choice of phrases is frequently very just.

At the present day, such an exhibition would promptly be closed by the *Société protectrice des animaux*, which has recently bestirred itself to suppress an attempt to revive cock-fighting in Paris. As we have already seen, this "sport" has never been in favor in the capital,—its introduction, in 1772, at the Colisée de Paris, being marked by only two matches, and another attempt, under the Restoration, in the Bois de Boulogne, meeting with no greater success. In the spring of 1899, the director of the *Journal des Sports*, M. de Lucenski, not content with the few private exhibitions that had been held, in the rooms of sporting clubs,

GARÇON IN CONVICT DRESS, IN THE CAFÉ-EXCENTRIQUE "LE BAGNE."

undertook to give a public one, but the Société appealed to the Préfet de Police, whose circular, recalling the fact that these contests came under the interdiction of the law Grammont, made it necessary to exclude the general public. The match, arranged before a few invited guests, and on a red carpet that the feelings of the ladies might not be shocked at the sight of the spilled blood, was spirited only in two of the three international contests, and in both of which the French bird was routed by his antagonist,—in one case English and in the other American.

There is also, at present, believed to be a growing interest in foot-ball,—likewise an imported luxury,—and no less than ten clubs for the encouragement of this game are in existence in the city. Matches are sometimes arranged between visiting foot-ball clubs, as the London Scottish, and a representative team made up from the best Paris clubs.

The native methods of diversion flourish much better than these exotics. That peculiarly Latin festivity of the Mi-Carême was revived in 1891 by an agreement between the corporation of the directors of the *lavoirs* or wash-houses and the blanchisseuses; and in 1893 the students took up the matter and re-established the Carnaval. We may readily imagine the reasons given for this outbreak. "It would have been thought, a few years ago," said M. Louis Morin, "that *la Fantaisie* had definitely gone down forever, amidst the triumphs of the comfortable. Not at all,—the reaction has come from the excess of the evil, and men, tired of going along commodiously, of being provided with incomes more or less solid, and clothed at reasonable outlay, have begun to reflect that they have been deprived of a number of excellent things, among which should be counted the joy of the eyes.

"Twenty-five years of restraint, that was all that the French

CABARET DES ASSASSINS, ON THE HEIGHTS OF MONTMARTRE. After a drawing by W. Mattin.

genius could endure. During the period when pleasure and joy were viewed askance, during the days after the war, Naturalism and Psychology had a fine chance to occupy the public attention; a melancholy pornography and the conscientious study of the tedious and ugly things of life endured as long as they could, and, when they were dead, really dead, as die all fashions, literary and other, snobisme endeavored to impose upon us, in their place, the fogs of the North, the misty art of the Swedes, of the Norwegians, of the Belgians, the Swiss, and the Germans. This was too much! The country of Rabelais, of Callot, of Molière, of La Fontaine, of Watteau, of Fragonard, and of Gautier, has not been so completely vanquished by Germany that she has lost her peculiar essence, and that she no longer cares for gaiety, for grace, for color, for light, for wit, for good sense, and also for that pinch of folly necessary in all reasonable beings. There are those to whom the continual sight of the black coat and the blouse, in the things of art, has long been an aggravation. . . ." Among these were the artists Willette and Chéret, and others of the Chat Noir;—"gaiety," says another chronicler, "like charm and grace, is an inherent *virtue* of the national temperament, and it is important to assure its survivance; on the other hand, every public manifestation of rejoicing should demand, should exact, the prestige of an ennobling adornment." These artists, therefore, when they resolved to restore the Carnaval, "the highest expression of the public joy," determined to rescue it from the commonplace and vulgar manifestations of Montmartrois fête-making, and called in their friends to aid in constructing this "poetry in action." The processions were to be much more than an assembly of curious costumes, they should be a presentation of symbolical groups and personages; and a start was made by the inauguration of the balls

of the Courrier Français, under the supervision of the director, Jules Roques.

These proved to be a success, the public was favorable, all the ateliers of painters, good and bad, joined in the movement. "From the federation of the hundred little, individual, balls, which the young artists offered to their models, was born purified, even to the order of perfection, the finest fête of modern times, a fête which leaves far below it the bourgeois orgie, so much vaunted, of the Bal de l'Opéra." This was the Bal des Quat-z-arts.

The revival in 1891 began by an effort to bring together in procession the chariots of the wash-houses and of the queen of the blanchisseuses, instead of allowing them to scatter themselves through the city at will, and to stimulate the zeal of the organizers by a number of prizes offered. After the parade, there was a banquet, with numerous toasts drunk in honor of the king and queen of the occasion; after the banquet, a ball; after the ball, oysters and onion soup, to repair the waste of tissues. And twenty-four hours of sleep before taking up again the workaday world. The Reine of this happy year had for name, Louison,—"Louison, the washer; a sprightly wench, who will twist out a wet sheet for you in a twinkling, and who fears no rival when it is a question of exchanging a quick word, or even a heavy thump. Yes, it is Louison, and it is not Louison. Louison in furbelows! To pass from the under-petticoat trussed up on the hips, an apron in packing-cloth and sabots, to a Marie Stuart in satin covered with pearls, in embroideries, and with a diadem in the hair instead of a comb broken in the course of a row! And yet it is done. And the queen is a good girl, all the same! Little by little, the cortége is completed, the chariot is at the door, all set off with flags and greenery, the horses paw the ground; there is a movement

A COACHMEN'S EATING-HOUSE. After the painting by Victor Marec.

in the crowd,—it is the wash-house filling the vehicles. As they pass, the queen, vexed that so many people are staring at her under her nose, allows to fall from her sovereign mouth a: 'Heap of stupids! you might think they had never seen anything before!' that is very withering."

In 1894, in the reign of Carnaval II, the *reine des reines* was Mlle. Marie Bonhomme, Marie I, and very pretty she was, with a touch of pathos and much refinement in her face. In her gilded car she sat, surrounded by her ladies of honor, under a graceful bower the light ribs of which curved to meet in the centre overhead, like the branches of a crown. The monumental chariot of S. A. Carnaval II, Prince des Escholiers, Roy du Quartier Latin, was no less than eight mètres long by four wide, and was drawn by six oxen. On its summit reposed indolently this *roi fainéant*, or sluggard king; at the sides of his throne were stationed his grand cupbearer, Mardi-Gras, and his grand mufti, Carême. A little lower down were his grand vizier and all his ministers, and, still lower, his odalisques, houris all of them. From time to time, one of these rose and sketched the steps of a dance, languorously and swooningly, to the great delight of the spectators. The characteristic feature of this procession, however, was the *omnibus trans-saharien*, Paris-Abomey-Lac-Tchad line, its roof or imperial crowded with a medley of costumes, Arab, Dahomean, Siamese, Tonquinois, and Tahitien, and the windows below all filled with gigantic circular grinning faces, red, white, and black. This, it is scarcely necessary to say, was the contribution of the students of the École-Coloniale.

In 1896, the queen of the carnival was Mlle. Henriette Defoulloy, eighteen years old, petite and dark, and living at Belleville in the house of her father, a layer of floors. Her election was

attended with so much heartburning that her principal rival refused to become her demoiselle d'honneur, and withdrew to her tent to sulk, like Achilles. This little queen was also pretty, but her cheek-bones were a trifle too high. The festivities, this year, were much interfered with by the rain, which saw fit to interpose when the procession was at its best. This best, however, was not considered to be very fine, the captious critics began to weary of "the commonplace character of a spectacle which returns every year with the same tricks, the same personages dressed out in the same tinsel, legendary or historic," of "the procession, traditional as well as stupid, of the washwomen and the students." Luckily, the day was saved by the graceful cortége of the *Vache Enragée*, organized by a group of artists and poets of Montmartre, under the direction and inspiration of the artist-poet, Adolphe Willette.

He probably drew his personification of this symbolical, mammiferous female from a popular saying: *manger de la vache enragée* [to eat of the mad cow, literally], which means to suffer greatly, to endure great hardships. "The times are past of *Gaudeamus igitur*," says one commentator; "our age is melancholy, melancholy even in its youth and in its festivals,—to the joyous *Bœuf Gras* of former times it opposes, as a matter of contrast (and perhaps of claim or demand), the *Vache Enragée*." "La Vache Enragée," says another, "is the antithesis of the Bœuf Gras; the symbol of the miserable existence of those who struggle at once for Life and for Glory, and who, very often, alas! succumb of inanition at the feet of the impassible goddess, the dispenser of the green laurel. The Parisian Parnassus, on which struggle, suffer, triumph, or perish the fervent aspirants for the Ideal, is Montmartre, the mount of the Martyrs, the summit of which is crowned by the Moulin de la Galette, difficult of access to Pegasus."

"It is of little consequence who first conceived the idea of the Vache Enragée, it is an excellent one," says M. Louis Morin (for it is well, in these recondite matters, to have the judgment of the native, of the initiated); "the Vache Enragée is a popular myth, since, although unreal and chimerical, she represents something perfectly well defined and which does not need to be explained to any one. It is the same with all the long list of imaginary figures with which our infancy was amused or terrified,—*Le Père fouettard*, *le Marchand de Sable*, *le Petit Noël*, etc., and with those which have been created for our riper age,—the Red Spectre, the Black Spectre, the Hydra of Anarchy, etc. These figurines lend themselves admirably to artistic developments, and, among them all, that of the Vache Enragée is peculiarly adapted to a group of imaginative artists, to whom Fortune has not always been prodigal of her favors.

"A symbol will be always well received by the people provided that it is clear and says plainly what it wishes to say. The Italians had, in their age of glory and of intelligence, the most marvellous museum of types that ever existed,—every vice, every manner of being, was personified in some particular impersonality, and with an outline so well defined that several have survived to our day,—Harlequin, the supple and clever rascality; Punchinello, rage and lewdness; Scapin, the domestic cheat; Cassandra, stupid and dotard avarice, etc. These symbols sufficed for several centuries, then the Revolution came, and used other arms than mockery in order to convince its adversaries. In the nineteenth century, a new type has been created, *Monsieur Prudhomme*, whom Monnier constructed all in one piece. Monsieur Prudhomme was none other than the imbecile enriched by the troubled waters of the Revolution, and the *Robert-Macaire* of Daumier

sought still for some means of making his fortune, the poor Macaire who came before his time, before the Panamas and the gold mines,—here they are, both of them, revived in the person of their sons, the *Satisfaits*, these bourgeois financiers whom Forain brands on the foreheads for the vengeance of the socialists, but to whom there is lacking, in order that they may become popular,—or, rather, unpopular,—the condensation into a personification more exact, under a precise name and with a definite aspect.

"Numerous other types have been essayed, which have not lived,—the Thomas Vireloque of Gavarni, among others, who concealed under his rags something quite different from the popular mind, and the Gavroche of Hugo, inadequately represented by the designer who undertook to give his plastic image.

"This series is to be continued, therefore, to work, Messieurs the Intellectuals! disengage the types or the conditions of mind that are modern, the Vache Enragée gives you an example, the wretched animal that personifies poverty,—but that poverty which laughs at itself, that it may not weep. This fine humor is truly French, and gaiety that seasons a dinner of bread and water is a very superior fashion of virtue."

The first cortége of the Vache, in this year 1896, was composed by Rœdel; the march was opened by four mounted trumpeters, draped in white antique robes and wearing the ox-horn helmets of the Gaulish warriors. After them came "Glory" (in the person of Mlle. Suzanne Robert), with long white robes and wings of gold, riding a white horse which was led by two Virgilian poets, crowned with laurel. Glory had nothing whatever to say during this fête, nor of the fête, but this was an oversight. Then came the "Vache," a terrible creature with bloody hoofs, securely

INTERIOR OF THE CIRQUE D'HIVER. After the painting by François Flameng.

muzzled and guarded on her "float" by two charming Montmartroise ladies. This car was garlanded with green laurels on a white background, in the midst of which, repeated at equal distances, was a tear of blood. Rœdel furnished also a presentation of the "Place Pigalle,"—on a car appeared, in the centre, the fountain, surrounded by the representative habitués of the quarter, models, omnibus drivers, a modern representative of Gargantua's Abbess of Thélème, and, rising high over all, the portal of a Greek Temple, the "Temple of Art," the entrance to which was defended by a seraphim with golden wings. This was supposed to indicate that, at Paris as well as at Athens, the artists surrounded their Pallas Athéné with a proud and jealous worship.

Willette furnished the device for the car of "Poetry," of which Apollo himself drove the horses and of which the rounded front was decorated with the rising sun. At the two extremities of the car, raised on high, appeared a lyre of gold and the silver crescent of the moon. In the first was seated the graceful figure of a young maid, and in the other reposed a Florentine singer, tuning his lute. In the "sacred wood" below were the poets, clothed in gray Polish costumes—for an unknown reason—and furnishing a background for the softer figures of the Muses, all draped in long robes of pale "Liberty" silks. The car of the "Moulin de la Galette," also designed by Willette, had its mill-wheels connected by long scores of music notes in gold, but these unfortunately caught in the branches of one of the first trees of the exterior boulevards. In an arbor at the foot of the mill were gathered types of ancient gallantries, the absurd old beau who kneels to offer a bird's nest to the shepherdess of the court, Harlequin and Pierrot who watch them with scorn. The *Char de la Belle Étoile* was the work of Rœdel and the painter Jean Rictus, but

the result was scarcely equal to the conception,—under the broken arch of a ruined bridge reposed a despairing poet, but as his haggard eyes turned heavenward, they encountered the soft lustre of a beautiful star that beamed above him,—in the head of a pretty maid leaning over him. "The Work of M. Pelez," was represented by a heart-breaking group of the "disinherited," little beggars and street children, ragged and rickety, and that of M. Willette by a beautiful little troupe of Pierrots and Columbines, spotlessly white, carrying lilies, and conducted by the artist himself as Pierrot in black. When the poor little brats broke ranks and threw themselves eagerly in the mud for the sous that the good-natured crowd pitched to them, the lily-bearers walked seraphically over the coin, their chins in the air.

Very much of this symbolizing and imagery was lost on the general public that watched the procession. There was a *numéro-programme*, *La Vache Enragée*, sold all along the route for the benefit of the Caisse of needy artists, but though this was copiously illustrated, there were but few explanatory notes, or none. The audience, for example, did not understand that the file of little drummers who followed the row of restaurant waiters (*valets de chambre* of the artists, at two sous apiece) represented the "Youth," who make so much more noise than any one else when they arrive! Over the religious presentation there were many and conflicting emotions excited,—on the car of the Sacré-Cœur, by M. Abel Truchet, "appeared cherubim and seraphim, thrones and dominations," saintly virgins, Saint Peter with his key, all in white robes, and with a cloud of white wings, opened, closed, and half displayed, that gave the impression of a great white flock but newly alighted, and ready to rise again into the blue. (It was under these white wings that the poor angels tried to shelter

themselves when the rain fell on them.) It was related at the time that the sisters of a convent on the Boulevard de Clichy, when they saw from their windows this saintly procession pass, joined their simple hands in thanksgiving. On the other hand, there were many of the devout that looked upon this masquerading as impious.

On the whole, and notwithstanding its many successes, it was considered by some of the critical that this cortége had failed,—as fail so many of the fine projects of the artists, and largely through untoward circumstances, the rain, the unsatisfactory policing of the streets, and the want of comprehension on the part of the crowd. But, in fact, a Vache Enragée that succeeded would be in perfect contradiction to her own character. In the following year, the aims of the artists that organized her procession were even somewhat higher, somewhat more poetic, and the misapprehensions were even more numerous. The pretty conception of Rœdel, of a gracious "Sainte Geneviève" seated as in a fauteuil on the mediæval walls of a miniature Paris, was generally taken by the populace to be a sort of the Spirit of the Bastille; and an eye-witness relates that he overheard some worthy women on the Boulevard de Clichy declare that the *Patrie Libre*, the belle France, seated on her throne, with a casque and a cuirass of gold, was doubtless *une belle marquise*.

This cavalcade was conducted by M. Lépine; immediately after him came the "Barricades" of Willette, walking along cheerfully, apparently by means of the human legs that might be perceived below them. The chariot of "Liberty" bore aloft as a labarum the displayed hide of the animal in whose name all these mummeries appeared, and Liberty was supported by the "gamin of Paris," and her car surrounded by the *Lutteurs de la Pensée*.

These lutteurs wore the pink tights, the bracelets of brass and fur, and the imitation leopard-skin breechings of their namesakes, the street acrobats, but carried gigantic crayons and pens,—"weapons more mighty than," etc. In the "Imagination," by M. Grün, might be seen the conventional painter in his garret, in rags and hunger, the fire extinguished in his wretched stove, but consoled by this very tangible beautiful figure that appeared beside him. In the car of the *Vache condamnée*, that poor beast appeared, finally fallen into the hands of the Inquisition and on her way to execution, the little red cart drawn by an old horse and conducted by one of the executioners of the September massacres; seated by her side was a gloomy black monk, his hood drawn over his head, and carrying in his hand one of the enormous wax-tapers of the *auto-da-fés*. The Vache herself was covered with a vast shawl, and wore a great white, flaring peasant woman's bonnet. The artist's allegory, however, failed him when he had gotten so far, and all the rest of the company was composed of the most bewitching and exterminating of Señoritas in vails and mantillas and high combs and very tight and graceful bull-fighters' costumes.

Then there was the *Vie de Bohème* of Mürger (of course), and the car of "Alimentation," a series of caricatures of the apotheoses of eatables that always appear in the cortéges of the Bœuf Gras (including a *Boucherie Hippophagique*), and, for more artistic things, a Jeanne d'Arc, by Rœdel, her surcoat of blue velvet slashed, cut away, set with little studs, and revealing at every opening the dull metal of her armor, much more harmonious than the polished steel of the theatricals. The chef-d'œuvre of the procession was, however, considered to be the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, haggard, pale, long-haired, their

THE CIRQUE D'HIVER, ON THE BOULEVARD DES FILLES-DU-CALVAIRE. After a water-color by A. Warisse.

picturesque Revolutionary uniforms torn, soiled, and disappearing in the most effective manner, the starving boyish drummer, with his blonde, girlish hair blowing about his face, scarcely able to keep his great drum on his back in the wind that swept down the boulevards, and the ragged and riddled flag, surmounted by the Phrygian bonnet in red, stamped also in red with bloody hand-prints and horse hoofs! Finally came the great "Golden Calf,"—which, by some not very clear genealogical deduction, was declared to be the legitimate offspring of the Vache and the Bœuf Gras,—mounted on high, as on the pediment of an Egyptian temple, with the Egyptian disk between his budding horns, and with the base of his pediment, or altar, spaced at regular intervals with nearly naked, kneeling worshippers, their mouths in the dust and their posteriors in the air, with priests, and attendants, and Women, and Luxury, and Youth, and Dishonor, and all the familiar allegories and personifications presented with all the originality and audacity of the best art Montmartrois and zutiste. All this *Vachalcade* was an outgrowth of the historical procession of the Bœuf Gras; but the adherents of the former are accustomed to speak with disrespect of the latter. Their reasons are, that the ancient, popular

A DÉBUT.

fête never concerned itself for a moment with the search for new ideas, for artistic inspirations, but has been quite content to trail along, year after year, on the same old principles,—that, to please the populace, there must be either something comic, or something splendid, or women. Hence, clowneries, pasteboard giants, savages carrying clubs, and badly dressed women in flowers blowing kisses. And the tourlourous and the badauds on the sidewalks are petrified with joy! The reasons given for these artistic shortcomings are (as in most other things in France that go wrong) the withering touch of officialism, and also the lack of individual initiative and that personal emulation that have produced so many surprises for the Quat-z-arts and the Vache Enragée.

Mardi Gras was only one of the too many public holidays that tended to keep the Parisian workman in the Middle Ages in his poverty. The fat ox that was the hero of the procession was called the *bœuf vielle*, because he was accompanied on his march by the sound of *vielles*, or hurdy-gurdys, and viols. At different periods, his festival fell upon Jeudi Gras, Shrove Thursday, instead of Shrove Tuesday, the last day of the carnaval. Not only did he lend himself as a spectacle for the populace in the streets, but he was in the habit of paying official visits to the chiefs of the city or the State, like a personage of quality, or a candidate for the honors of the Académie. He would appear in great pomp, covered with housings or tapestries and garlands, at the palace of the king or the residences of the first magistrates of the Parlement; and to-day he formally leaves his card with the President of the Republic, with princes and ministers and ambassadors. Very frequently he carried on his broad back a child seated astride, naked or lightly draped, or with a blue ribbon for a scarf, holding sometimes a sceptre in one hand and a sword in the other,

and representing the "king of the butchers." In the eighteenth century, this child signified L'Amour, and wore the costume of a little marquis,—possibly to indicate that this cortége, with the attendants as Roman warriors, was *not* a portion of the procession of the Passion gone astray. In the sixteenth century, the animal marched surrounded by reitres and lansquenets, and was evidently the symbol of the fête of a corporation of the guild of the butchers.

A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

In a window of the sixteenth century, in the church of Bar-sur-Seine, in the department of Aube, the Bœuf Gras (marvellously badly drawn) appears led by scarfs by the butchers' apprentices, in slashed doublets and hose, and accompanied by drums and fifes. In a Flemish engraving of the following century, he is also cheered by these musical instruments, he is covered with garlands and wreaths, a man by his side carries a glass of wine, in allusion to the drinking the health of the Roi du Carnaval, and behind him follows his *père nourricier*, the peasant who had reared him. In addition to the Roman warriors and the classical attendants, he was formerly accompanied always by the "Turks" who were the inevitable features of every masquerade. It is related that, in the year 1739, the premier président of the Parlement

having neglected to wait in his hôtel for the official visit of the Bœuf Viellé, the cortége followed him into the grand salle of the Palais by the stairways of the Sainte-Chapelle, and appeared in the midst of the sitting, but the animal, frightened by his red robe, took to leaping and gambolling, and effectually arrested the course of Justice.

This triumphal promenade, a symbol of the last flesh to be eaten before Lent, was suppressed in 1790, and re-established by an Imperial decree, February 23, 1805, which set forth, in administrative detail, the constituents of the cortége,—six Mamelukes, six savages, six Romans, four Greeks in cuirasses, six French cavaliers, four Poles, four Spaniards, eight Turks, and a certain number of drummers costumed as gladiators (!), fifers as Chinese, and other musicians in costumes "*de caractère.*" Even the weight of the animal was officially fixed in advance. The butchers were permitted to promenade their ox through the streets for three days, but the little Roi des bouchers on his back became L'Amour. In 1821, the master-butchers, who had been in the habit of furnishing the ox to their apprentices, took themselves the direction of the fête, and the choice of the animal was made the subject of a concours and was determined by a jury. There was talk of improvement of the bovine race, as, later, there was of the equine. The ox was selected at the annual fair at Poissy, and this elective royalty of a day was eagerly disputed. An *Ordre de la marche du bœuf gras*, of 1844, illustrated with rude wood-cuts, hawked through the streets on the day of the procession, gives in detail all the marvels of this procession:

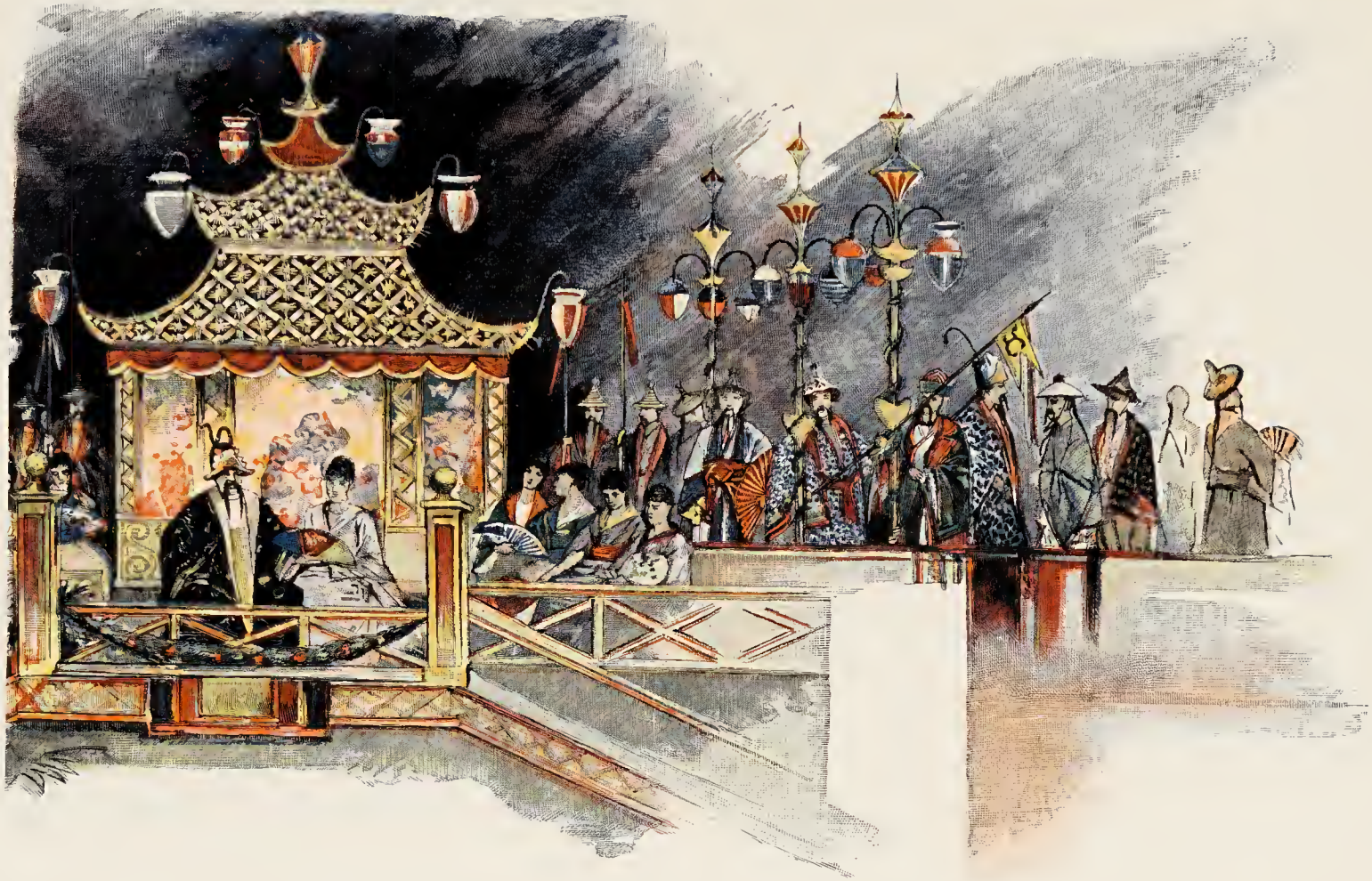
"A platoon of the Garde Municipale, two runners in costume Louis XIV, a drum-major with drums and musicians, a master of ceremonies in the costume of a chevalier of the Order of Jerusalem,

two heralds-at-arms wearing chapeaux à la Henri IV, then, in two files, numerous cavaliers in the costumes of Charles VI, Charles VII, François I, Henri III, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV." This was only the prelude to the Carnaval procession, the Druids, the mistletoe, the high-priest or sacrificer, wearing a wreath and a long white robe, and followed—for some reason—by the "père nourricier" of the Bœuf Gras; then the Olympian divinities on a car drawn by four horses, one of them bestridden by Mercury, and all of them driven with long reins by Father Time (not quite sure of his appropriateness). Hercules, Mars, the City of Paris, wearing her mural crown, Abundance, Minerva, Apollo, Folly, Venus, and other Greeks. Under the dais of this car was also the little Amour, who had abandoned his throne on the back of the ox in 1822, in consequence of several damaging falls from that lofty but somewhat perilous position. From 1822 on, also, the car was always the grand affair covered with crimson velvet fringed with gold, on which, according to M. Victor Fournel, "there might be seen displayed all the divinities of Olympus with red noses, with lips blue with the cold, selected from among the *figurants* and the *figurantes* of the theatres of the last category."

In 1848, the festival was suspended, and definitely suppressed in the following year by ministerial decree. It reappeared in 1851, the Préfet having authorized M. Arnault, the director of the Hippodrome, to celebrate the fête of Agriculture, and the latter announcing that the doors of his establishment would be thrown open, so that all the world could come and admire, "at their ease, the toilette of the bœuf gras and his brilliant cortége." It was also stated that the breeder and proprietor of the animals designated at Poissy as the bœufs gras intended to dispose of their flesh afterward at public auction, "so that the poor, as well

as the rich, might have, this time, an opportunity to eat *fat meat.*" In fact, from this date, there appeared three, and sometimes four, of these prize oxen, which, on the first two days, traversed the streets of the capital separately, and on the third day the Mardi Gras, all together, and riding on chariots. This latter innovation was introduced in 1846,—the poor beast, relieved from the fatigue of marching through the muddy streets, henceforth rode triumphantly on a car drawn by six white horses. After 1851, the administration of the municipal police assumed the initiative in this annual function, and made a yearly donation to the butchers of two thousand francs.

The official programme of 1852 introduces more novelties. In addition to the numerous cars of the oxen, there was the symbolic chariot of Industry, conducted by France having at her side Science and the Arts, the banners and the standards of the Exposition at London; an allegorical car representing the fête of Agriculture in the time of the Gauls, from a painting by M. Debon at the Exposition of 1851,—a car drawn by three oxen with gilded horns directed by the Archdeaconess Velléda, and on which, behind the high-priest in his sacerdotal robes, appeared the mythical virgins of the island of the Sein, off the coast of Finistèrre. Also, "a vast basket, ten mètres in circumference, will contain the rarest productions of horticulture,—this elegant *parterre*, moved by a new system of locomotion, will follow of itself, and without any apparent aid, the cortége, of which it will be the most splendid accessory." In 1855, the display was remarkable,—two *coureurs* or runners, a herald-at-arms, twenty drummers in armorial tabards, forty mounted musicians, eleven heralds wearing on their tunics the arms of the principal cities of France, platoons of the musketeers of the queen, lansquenets, squadrons of light-horse,



SPECTACLE-CHINOIS AT THE CIRQUE D'HIVER. After a water-color by A. Ackermark.

grotesques copied from the illustrations of Grandville. In 1865, there were no less than eight allegorical cars and three hundred and fifty persons in the procession, and the fête was considered to have attained its culmination. The following year, a Rabelaisian touch was added,—an enormous giant, a Gargantua, thirty feet in height, appeared, opening at every station a mouth like a porte-cochère in which disappeared patés, geese, shoulders of mutton, sucking-pigs, casks of wine, all to reappear and be swallowed again, to the immense delight of the not-too-critical public. "The eyes which this monster rolled, and the tongue with which he licked his chops," says M. Victor Fournel, "excited more admiration than all the wonders of modern mechanics."

On this occasion, there appeared the great car of the ship of the City of Paris, frigate-rigged, with gilded shrouds in which fluttered the flags of all nations, and with Amours suspended in the rigging and from the mast-heads, with a crew composed of sailors and savages, while the musicians were concealed between decks. In 1867, there was an outbreak of artificial giants,—as a Louise XV marquise, as a Normandy peasant woman, as a baby, as a Turk, as a Chinese, as a conscript, as a magician; and a vast car, sumptuously decorated, symbolizing the Genius of France calling all the nations to the Exposition of that year. Three years later, the Bœuf Gras disappeared, in company with some other institutions, and only came to life again in our own day.

Mr. John Grand-Carteret gives a long but only partial list of the names with which these symbolic oxen have been baptized since 1845,—names borrowed from the events of the day, or from prominent characters, or dramas, or books. In 1845, it began with the *Père Goriot*, fathered by Balzac, and this year the beast was so enormous that when he arrived at the dépot of the Chemin de

Fer de l'Ouest he had to be lifted from the car by means of a travelling crane. In 1846, *Dagobert*, from Eugène Sue's *Le Juif Errant;* in 1847, *Monte-Cristo*,—this was under Louis-Philippe and in an age of literature. In 1852, *Marius*, again from Eugène Sue; in 1854, the four heroes of the *Trois Mousquetaires;* in 1856, literature was abandoned and the three animals were named, respectively, *Sébastopol*, *Malakoff*, and *Bomarsund;* in 1858, the *Léviathan*, the monster steamship which was the wonder of the day. So the list continues, a curious record of the fleeting popularity or fame of men and things—in 1869, *Le Lutteur masqué*, *Mignon*, *Paul Forestier*, *M. Lecocq*, *Théodoros*, *Chilpéric*, *Tulipatan*, and *Vélocipède*—already (!); in 1870, *Port Saïd*, *Le Tremblay* (this name had already been given, in 1866), and *Le Beau Normand*. "A day will come," says M. Grand-Carteret, "when, in order to lay claim to being really famous, it will be necessary to have been bœuf gras, at least once in your life! Who knows! will not this be, perhaps, for the future, the most serious of all titles to distinction?"

Needless to say, this sacred animal has had also his special literature and his special art,—neither of them, it is true, of a necessarily high order. The programmes of his triumphal march, which have been preserved, betray a certain want of variety, their introductory wood-cuts representing the cheaper popular form of that art at the various epochs, and their prose and verse being much the same,—so that but little of this record *romsteckière* has interest for other than the antiquarian. All these programmes and orders of march reappeared with the revival of the fête, but with certain indications of improvement,—those in color, published by *Figaro* and *Le Rire*, the two cartoons of *Le Carnaval*, by Forain and Caran d'Ache, in 1896, having a real artistic merit. The

variety of devices that present themselves in these grotesque and ingenious processions is very great, and to many of the promenaders and figurants the long route must be terribly wearisome. The giants in pasteboard do not have much cause for fatigue, though occasionally they make the march on foot,—like the towering bonne who followed, in 1897, the "car of the artists'

SKETCHES AT THE CIRQUE MOLIER.

palette," each color on this gigantic palette being a seated young woman, arranged in order, and the brushes that protruded through the thumb-hole being like the masts of sloops. Generally, however, these colossi ride,—as did the *patronne*, twenty feet in height, who sat enthroned on the "car of pancakes," in the same procession, while her diminutive, white-clad assistants prepared below

her the succulent flapjacks. In the previous year, "M. et Mme. Croquant" rode each in a cart, which they filled completely; the horses being dwarfed to the size of dogs; and there is no necessary occupation of the occasion which they do not assume, from boiling animated and protesting vegetables as they go along to driving flocks of immense barn-yard fowl with inappropriate human-like feet underneath them. M. Morin, who considers these particular mummeries as quite unworthy and inartistic, is yet unwilling to have these chickens, ducks, and vegetables abolished, because they make all the children laugh from Montmarte to Belleville. The car of the *Fleurs Animées*, which was considered the "great success" of the procession of 1896, and which excited his scorn, was composed of a bouquet of Brobdingnagian posies, from the heart of each of which appeared a young girl's head, and was voted "praiseworthy, graceful, and suggesting reflections" by other commentators.

Very frequently these giants, instead of presenting the normal human proportions and garments, somewhat increased in scale, assume the disproportionate bulk of head, so dear to the caricaturists, and taper down to absurdly inadequate and commonplace pedal extremities. There are any number of strange animals and animal-headed figures, zoölogical and mythological, pigs as cooks in white caps and aprons, pigs in bath-tubs, rabbits in their own stew-pans, biped stags, hairy, goat-footed satyrs, various large quadrupeds of which the fore and hind legs are strongly suspected to be unhappy concealed bipeds, and, in revenge, prancing hobby-horses that go along gaily on two un-equine legs while the rider's apparent legs flop uselessly on the saddle. One of the most amusing of these tricks is a perambulating presentation of a worthy bourgeois couple in bed, bedstead, counterpanes, pillows,

night-caps, and robes all complete, and propelled by two unaccountable pair of human legs below. Then there are the gigantic wine-bottles, pumpkins, etc., that go along in the same strange manner, and also—a favorite device this—immense versions of those pathetic, cadaverous, waxy-white calves' heads, so familiar a sight in the front of the butchers' shops in Paris, graceful in outline and uncomfortable to look at, their eyes carefully closed and their pretty muzzles pale in death.

Concerning the distant origin of this curious custom, there are various opinions. That generally accepted is, that it was Roman and pagan. "This ox, walking in pompous procession, surrounded by his sacrificers, decorated with girdles and ornamented with roses, is easily recognized,—it is the same which passes slowly, accompanied by white-robed priests, in the great expiatory ceremonies of the pious Æneas or in the sacrifices described by Titus Livy; it is the bull of the ancient hecatomb:

"'. . . *præstiterit septem mactare juvencos.*'

It is he who passes, all beribboned, in the procession so skilfully restored in the arena of the Rue Monge, at the Théâtre des Variétés; it is the heifer of the antique victimarius,—she who saved Iphigenia, and whose entrails foretell the future. Nothing, then, is new under the sun, and we may say that, every time that the Greeks and the Romans offered a sacrifice to the gods and walked in procession the garlanded victim, they knew all the joys and the delirium of our cortége of the Bœuf Gras. This should be a consolation to him, to learn that he has such ancient quarterings of nobility,—though he would doubtless prefer to not have to pass by the abattoir and to be able to preserve intact all his own quarters of sirloin.

"The fate of the unfortunate one was the same in antiquity as in our days,—he was eaten. Only, we put in the matter somewhat less of hypocrisy than did our ancestors. *They* made two parts of their ox,—the guts and the fillet. They offered gener-

CIRQUE MOLIER. Drawn by A. F. Gorguet.

ously to Jupiter the former, and ate in his honor the good meat. They were the real utilitarians; they employed the waste for the service of religion. How is it with us? At present, the fine Bœuf Gras has been cut up, distributed to the butchers; every

butcher has bragged on his placards of having acquired a portion of him, so that, if all these false quarters were brought together, it would not be an ox, but a drove, that would be found;—it is as if there had been collected all the specimens of the nail on which Napoleon hung his hat at Waterloo, and which are sold to the tourists in such numbers. . . ."

But the real success of the new movement in art, the real quickening of the new breath that shall restore the culture and refine the manners, was considered to be the artists' balls on the heights of Montmartre. "And they need to be modified, the manners, Oh! Lord! yes!" says M. Morin. "Those in which we wrap ourselves up are no longer consistent with our times; they were formed by a political system, a religious spirit perverted from its true meaning, and by influences to which we are no longer subjected,—foreign and Protestant, principally. Every one knows that this has not prevented the necessary transformation, but appearances have remained the same,—we are smothering in our tight black costume of conventionalities and prejudices, and behold! it is cracking in every seam. . . . Of our pleasures (which no one neglects, you may readily believe it, and it is quite natural), we have even arrived at the point of making, through pure poltroonery, hidden pleasures. It is against this that the artists have rebelled, and it is stupid to accuse them of pornography when they ask only less hypocrisy." The opening balls of the Courrier Français date as far back as 1887; it was in that year that M. Roques invited his friends to a *fête foraine*, rendered memorable by the crowning of a *rosière*, a young girl of the Élysée-Montmartre thus distinguished for her exemplary virtue. The verses which were addressed to her on this occasion were considered remarkable; the ceremony was preceded by

rustic sports, wrestling, sack-races for the men, rabbit chases and *mât de cocagne*, or greased pole, for the ladies.

It was on the general plan of this ball that the succeeding ones were organized,—a certain theme, or subject, being given, to which each guest was to bring his individual variation or conception. Thus, for this fête foraine there were assembled a cheerful and bewildering multitude of gardes champêtres, wrestlers,—male and female, savages, travelling clowns, waffle-sellers, feminine sellers of other things, etc.,—each with the individual note of the wearer, and none with the conventional stamp of the hired costume, or the Opéra ball. All the decorations, shops, etc., for these assemblages were furnished by the brushes of the most skilful painters of the Butte,—which was another advantage. In the following year, there were two fêtes, a *bal incohèrent*, that of the *Grands bébés*, and two "joyous" comedies, *Le Coucher d'un ménage mondain*, and *La Tentation d'Alphonse*, somewhat too much of the répertoire of the Théâtre Libre. The ball of the babies was very amusing, each guest being requested to present only whatever of the infantile was left in him, as well as an infantile costume,—the little boys with beards rolled hoops, and the little girls with babies at home jumped the skipping-rope. In 1889, there was a *Fête de Nu; Inauguration des Concours de Plastique*,—which, like the succeeding festivals, was justified,—when it was thought necessary to justify them at all,—as a confutation of the theory of those pessimists who assert that the nude was no longer possible because the human race had become too ugly. The falseness of this doctrine is known to some favored observers, the artists in their studios, the frequenters of Turkish baths (men's department), and occasionally at seaside resorts or aquatic sports where the swaddling-bands of conventional costume

mostly disappear. The pity of it, that one of the most beautiful things in the world should be almost absolutely unknown,—this at last found organized protest. At the ball of 1889, there was a concours of beautiful legs, with prizes for the most beautiful; on a canvas stretched across in front of the audience was painted a row of graceful heads and bodies, and through two holes at the

IN THE HIPPODROME. Drawn by Jules Garnier.

bottom of each torse each of the fifteen competitors placed behind the screen passed her own, living legs to complete the figure. This festivity was terminated by wrestling matches between women in complete tights, their heads concealed in mantillas.

In 1890, there was a *Concours de Seins*, and in 1892, a *Concours de Nuques*, a very liberal interpretation being given to the "nape of the neck" in the latter competition. This was a *Bal des Femmes*, every guest coming in feminine attire; and in the

following year the Quat-z-arts gave their first, and famous, ball at the Moulin Rouge, their previous locality having become too restricted. All the ateliers of Paris contributed to this fête, from which the profane were rigorously excluded; the artists selected their most impeccable models, their finest costumes, their choicest imaginings, and the disorder was carefully kept within bounds. On this occasion, the general theme for the whole assembly was no longer given, each atelier chose its own, the one most in accord with the traditions or the style of its master. That of Cormon produced a prehistoric and Gaulish cortége; that of Merson, a ship of the Crusaders and a restoration of the mediæval Notre-Dame; that of Gérôme, the *Bellona*, the statue, of that master; the atelier Pascal dragged after them a living mummy in an Egyptian sarcophagus, carefully reconstructed. There were formidable Gauls, naked to the waist, their bodies tattooed in complicated designs that disappeared under barbaric and primitive collars, and who had manufactured their own swords, bucklers, lances, and javelins themselves, like their ancestors. They had hammered out the iron and the copper, carved the wooden handles with their knives, cut and stamped and welded the bones, the horn, the shells, the lead, the tin, fashioned the rude chains link by link, wrought out the helmets, the barbed heads of the lances, the poniards with Roman handles, the metal heads of the banner-staves. There were costumes made of the simplest materials, a piece of curtain, a table-cover, supplemented by a knowledge of the original,—a Saracen's casque formed by a piece of cloth rolled round the head, the nasal piece being furnished by little enamelled spoons; a Roman toga with the red border painted in water-colors, and a five-sou wreath of roses making him a Roman of the decadence, etc. All the Cour des Miracles hobbled and

clumped and limped and strutted by, — the culs-de-jatte, the sabouleux, the malingreux, the capons, the franc-mitous, the cagous, the narquois, and the rifodés. Quasimodo and his bell were carried past, followed by Esmeralda and her goat, and Fleur-de-Lys and her ladies, there was Bonaparte in Egypt, and Venetians of the eighteenth century, and the winged bulls of Khorsabad. And not only did the youngsters throng to this excellent medley, but the masters, the Académiciens, and the members of the Institut dignified it by their presence.

Unfortunately, these innovators were in advance of their age, and so many scandalous stories were set afloat concerning the display of the nude at this ball, that the authorities felt called upon to take action in the matter. Some of the organizers and invited guests were arrested and subjected to small fines; prominent among their accusers was the senator, M. Bérenger, and on the afternoon of Saturday, the 1st of July following, some hundreds of students and pupils of the École des Beaux-Arts organized a sort of *monôme* or demonstration which crossed the Seine and proceeded to the residence of the senator to signify their displeasure at his conduct. Both on the march and on the return there were various skirmishes with the police; in the evening, the demonstrators having scattered themselves among the cafés on the Boulevard Saint-Michel, there were further disturbances, and in front of the Café d'Harcourt, at the corner of the Rue de la Sorbonne, a veritable fight. If we may believe the reports of eye-witnesses, the air at one moment was filled with tables, chairs, glasses, match-boxes, and other articles, and a heavy match-box, vigorously thrown, struck in the back of the head a tall young man named Antoine Nuger, who was sitting at a table with a friend, his back turned toward the street, and so seriously injured

him that he died that night. So far from putting an end to the disturbance, this tragedy only led to worse; the students determined to accompany from the hospital, de la Charité, to the railway dépot the body of this victim of the police—as they asserted. For this purpose, they set a guard around the hospital that the coffin might not be removed without their knowledge, and on the 4th and 5th of July the disturbance amounted to a regular riot. To the original malcontents were added a number of those chronic enemies of society that always come to the surface on such occasions; on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, in the vicinity of the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, the benches on the sidewalks were torn up, the omnibuses were stopped and overturned in the street, the pavement was torn up, a barricade was formed, and carried by the police after a smart resistance, and on both sides there were a number of wounded. Such are the unfortunate results of disturbing ancient prejudices.

"In this ball of the Quat-z-arts," says M. Morin, its defender, "in which defile past the marvellous processions—the very best of the imagination of our admirable painter-students—the nude of woman,

"'. . . Clay ideal. Oh, marvel!'

has resumed the superior position to which it is entitled. It reigns, under the fire of the electric light, through the miracle of its form and its color; the respect of the guests and the pomp of its environment even seem to give it something of sacred, as in the great ancient pagan festivals. . . . There was not, in the private ball of the Quat-z-arts, either scandal or constraint for any one; there were present only artists, who are accustomed, from their very first life-class study, to see in their models only models, and

OPERA-HOUSE: THE ACADÉMIE NATIONALE DE MUSIQUE.

nothing more. If it were otherwise, the police would be obliged to close the life-classes every week, and we do not think *that there have ever been any disgraceful affairs connected with the artists' ateliers.* This dignified conduct, which is the tradition of the ateliers, has become, quite naturally, that of the artists' balls. The spies and informers of the Ligue have admitted that they had no knowledge of these facts but by hearsay. It is to be regretted that they had not taken the trouble to see for themselves,—two nights spent, one at the Quat-z-arts and the other at the Bal de l'Opéra, would have sufficed to enlighten their beliefs, and we are convinced that their thunders would have fallen rather upon the blackguardisms of the corridors of the Opéra."

Careful measures were taken to prevent the intrusion of the uninvited and the undesirable,—any such, presenting themselves at the entrance, were politely received by the guardian there appointed to sift out the guests,—"Give Monsieur a seat in the parterre," he would call to his assistants behind him; Monsieur, overjoyed, was shown through a passage-way and another door, and found himself in the street again.

In 1894, the annual ball became a *Fête Païenne*,—the set scene represented an Egyptian temple, and the guests, as they appeared, seemed to issue from the temple and descend great flights of steps. Willette, as a Greek warrior, surrounded by graceful sphinxes, touched with his lance, as with a magic wand, the portal of the temple, and all the antique world seemed to revive for one night,—Pharaohs and Egyptians, Cleopatra, Isis and Ammon, the evil race of Cush, the Assyrians, the Hebrews, the Asiatics in Phrygian caps,—even Asiatics of doubtful authenticity, such as the Amazons, Romans, Greeks, Etruscans, and Gauls, Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free,—down to a Louis XV antique,

according to the fashion of the stage of that reign. In the two following years, there was a Virginal ball, all in white, and a ball of Statues, both of them full of surprises, and so the series continues, though of late years with somewhat less *éclat*,—"while, all around, Paris slumbers in its ugliness and its boredom." The Institut of the Quat-z-arts has not yet given laws to French art,—that of the Salons, which these bold innovators seriously talked of regenerating, becomes duller year by year, and the brilliant festivities of the heights of Montmartre are generally known abroad only as scandalous naked orgies of French students, those children-of-the-devil.

It is to these youthful reprobates that, as we have seen, the success of the revived Carnaval is considered to be due,—the crude art of the wash-house being supplemented by their greater knowledge. Nevertheless, it has been found that even the students have more spirit than taste, and that, especially in the matter of color, there are but few indications that the Minister of Public Instruction is at the same time Minister of the Fine Arts. Another debatable matter is that of the *confetti*, presumably confectionary but largely plaster, which is so freely showered on any and all during the festival-making in the streets. Certain unwritten regulations prevent this form of diversion from becoming too offensive,—every one is expected to observe a certain moderation in both his attack and defence, and to employ only fresh ammunition, any attempt to gather up that which has fallen on the benches or sidewalks being promptly resented by the crowd. One effect of this general bombardment has been to largely suppress the masks which were so freely worn in the streets, and which lend so grotesque an appearance to the pedestrians, adults and children. The former now generally content themselves with

a false nose,—and the gaiety of nations is supposed to suffer. It is also said (familiarly) that the concierges are given much unnecessary labor by the custom adopted by the returned revellers of disrobing on the stairs and landings, so as not to carry into their own apartments the confetti accumulated in their garments. As if all this fooling were not enough, the mediæval *Fête des Fous* was formally revived by the students of the Latin Quarter, on the 29th and 30th of May, 1898, after much discussion and preparation. It is related that this grotesque festival, derived from the Roman Saturnalia, had the honor of being reproved by Saint Augustin, who considered it impious, and its followers worthy of the severest chastisement.

In 633, the Council of Toledo also denounced these extravagances. "But, as among the Latins the slave enjoyed for one day complete liberty, in memory of the reign of Saturn, the Church wished in the same manner to consecrate the ephemeral triumph of those who, during the whole course of the year, prostrated themselves humbly at the foot of her altars. Thus, in the Fête des Fous, the service was celebrated by the lower clergy, who intoned the special chorus for the day: *Deposuit potentes de sede.* . . . Neither the complaints of the Bishop Eudes, of the twelfth century, nor the protestations of Gerson, nor the pontifical bulls of Innocent III, succeeded in suppressing these pagan traditions, which were all the more tenacious in proportion as they were persecuted. They persisted, nevertheless, down to the middle of the seventeenth century, celebrated with more or less brilliancy according to varying localities." At Sens, the ceremony was presented with the most sumptuousness, but in other cities it was invested with various original customs; at Beauvais, for example, "the ass carried on his back, to the door of the church, a young

and pretty girl, who represented the Virgin Mary, holding the little Jesus in her arms. The modest animal was covered with a fine cope, all the way from the cathedral church to Saint-Étienne. The young girl was conducted into the sanctuary, and she was placed, with her ass, on the Gospel side of the altar; the solemn mass was then commenced, and after that the epistle; there was intoned the celebrated hymn which has been published so many times, and always with variations, because it is sung differently in the different churches of France."

AMAZON.
Drawn by R. Knötel.

At Autun, *Maître Aliboron*, the ass, was caparisoned in a cloth woven with gold, the four corners of which were held by the principal canons, the rest of the chapter coming after in great pomp. At Besançon, the procession of the Fête des Fous was followed by several cavalcades, which amused themselves by exchanging numerous and variegated insults and offensive phrases, and sometimes, carried away by their enthusiasm, blows with fists and clubs. At Amiens, this festival was celebrated after Christmas, four dances being held in the body of the church, the first by the deacons, the second by

the priests, the third by the choir-boys, and the fourth by the under-deacons. After these exercises came the real saturnalia, which gave to this fête the name of that of the *saouls-diacres* or *diacres saouls*,—"drunken deacons." In connection with the Fête des Innocents, much resembling it, this festival constituted the *Carnival religieux*, which, according to the *Fêtes populaires de l'Ancienne France*, was celebrated at Sens in 1648 for the last time, owing to the following circumstances: In the course of the procession, the young girl representing the Virgin was suddenly seized with a violent desire for solitude; the Apostles concealed her temporarily behind a well while they screened her gallantly from the irreverent crowd. She was afterward persuaded by Peter and Paul to resume her seat upon the ass, and the ceremonies proceeded; but in the evening she presented herself, all in tears, before the authorities, declaring that Saint Joseph, having drunken too freely, had beaten her when he returned home, and that she wished to know whether this was an indispensable portion of the mystery. The Sénonais found these incidents provocative of such abundant mirth that the celebration was never able to organize itself again.

A more modern chronicler, M. Frédéric Loliée, thus explains, with more or less exactness, the important part always assumed in these mockeries by the ass. The crowd has invaded Notre-Dame, the ceremonies are in full pomp of activity; "the mass has commenced, it is celebrated according to the forms consecrated by the Missal of Sens. Two chanters have already intoned the hymn of joy, announcing that the day will be entirely dedicated to pleasure: *Lux hodie, lux lætitiæ . . . Læta volunt quicumque colent asinaria festa.* Then the entire service unrolls itself majestically, chanted as in the service of the church, but *in falso*, as is expressly

directed. Oh! what admirable rubbish! The most lamentable notes alternate with the most rejoicing ones. It seems as if all that the parish possessed in the way of sharp and discordant voices had here appointed a rendezvous. An indescribable cacophony bursts out on every side, accompanied by sounds which have in them nothing human, mewings, barkings, whistlings, whilst all the time the church-bells, ringing at their utmost, augment the general uproar. And, in the higher portions of the edifice, above the vaultings, the mad clercs are playing at skittles, and bowling, imitating the rolling of thunder;—your ears are split in this infernal tempest! But there is lacking for this solemnity a distinguished personage; every one assumes a respectful air; he approaches; a thousand joyous cries salute him. He is surrounded; he is attended; there are no demonstrations humble enough to honor him. Who is it, then, who is welcomed and venerated in such a manner? It is Maître Aliboron himself. His dull eye contemplates the ceremonious genuflections of the clergy, and would prefer to this spectacle that of a field of thistles; his nostrils inspire without pleasure the incense of a strange odor which is made to rise before him; he opens the largest ears to the concert of the *hi han* which resounds around him, and is surprised that among so many brothers and sisters he does not recognize any of his own. Whence come these unusual manifestations of esteem? Through what singular turning backward does the most disinherited of animals find himself at present the focus of all regards and the object of all attentions? Can it be that, generously, it is desired that, once a year, reparation shall be done him for all the injustice and all the evil treatment which is heaped upon him with usury from day to day? Or is there here nothing but derision, a vain mockery of the sorrowful servant,

who lends himself so readily to laughter, with the dryness of the color of his hide, the plenitude of his voice, the immeasurable shadow of his ears, the ardor of his instincts, and the grotesque presentation of his unyielding obstinacy? Both the one and the other, perhaps, but something more. It is because the ass also holds an honorable place in the liturgy and in the Christian symbolism, so abounding in contrasts. He was the mount of the prophet Balaam; that of the Virgin Mary at the time of the flight into Egypt, and he carried the Saviour of the world when the Christ made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem over the trophies of flowers and palms. He is in all the Biblical pictures, in all the Nativities, in all the Adorations of the Shepherds. He was, among the primitive Christians, alternately, the symbol of wisdom, of patience, of the living body of Christ or of agricultural labor, when he did not represent for others the symbol of indolence, of the carnal life, and of bestiality! Is this not more than is necessary to explain this crowd leaping around him, imitating his harmonious organ, exalting his graces and his merits? . . . At this very moment, they are chanting his glory. The *Prose de l'Ane* shakes the vaults of the edifice:

> "*Orientis partibus*
> *Adventavit Asinus,*
> *Pulcher et fortissimus,*
> *Sarcinis aptissimus,*
> . . . . .
> *Hé! sire asne, hé!*"

The revived Fête des Fous of May, 1898, was not conducted on such broad and liberal lines, but it was sufficiently amusing. On the first day, there was a cortége, which rendezvoused at the

Bullier a little before noon, the Virgin on her ass, the *Papesse*, or female Pope, archers in coats of mail, trumpeters, truands, bazochiens, *escholiers* (*écoliers*, students), ribauds, bohémiens, and bohémiennes. At noon, the procession started, divided into four great sections, and preceded by a detachment of police who were not in the least mediæval: (1) *La Prévôte;* trumpeters, the Prévôt, his officers and archers; (2) *Les Fous;* the deacons, the fools (or madman, or lunatics), the Pope of the Fools, his almoner, the theologians, "the woman on the ass," the prophets, Virgil and the Sibyl; (3) *L'Université; massiers*, rectors, procureurs, chancellors, basochiens, the poet Gringoire, the escholiers, the apothecaries; (4) *Les Truands;* the Cour des Miracles; ménestrels, truands, the Roi d'Argot, the Duc d'Egypte, the Empereur de Galilée, the Roi des ribauds, ribauds and ribaudes, Esmeralda, and bohémiens male and female. This parade, after traversing victoriously many of the streets and boulevards of the Latin Quarter, made a triumphant entry into the *Kermesse*, which was held on a portion of the Place du Panthéon, between the end of the Rue Cufas and the Rue Valette on the north,—a space which the civic authorities, without considering the general public, had kindly fenced in for the purpose. Here, within the enclosure, were arranged several stages, on which were presented, two representations each, *La Farce de la Tarte et du Pasté*, and *La Farce de Maistre Mimin.* A *concert artistique* was given at three o'clock by the chansonniers of the Cabaret des Noctambules; and there was "a theatre of black magic," a *traiteau de Tabarin*, shooting at a mark with cross-bows, charlatans, puppet-dancers, etc. At the same hour, on the Place de la Sorbonne, there was a representation of the *Mystère d'Adam*, followed by *La Farce du Cuvier*,—both of them with the assistance of some professional actors and singers. At

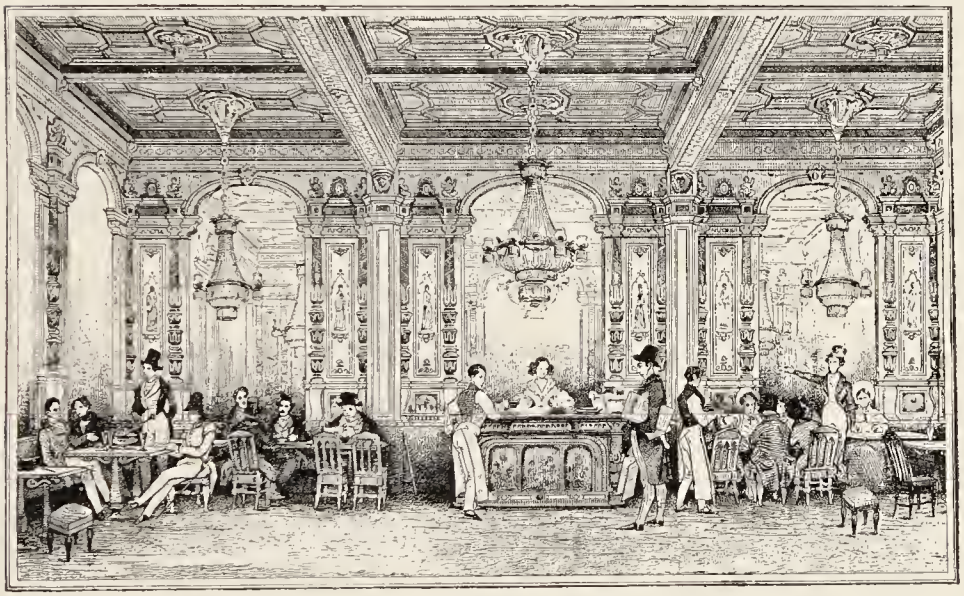
half-past nine in the evening, a ball "with a grand orchestra," in the Rue Soufflot. On the second day, it was intended to repeat all these performances, with the exception of the procession, but the enthusiasm had diminished, and some of the theatricals also disappeared.

All this absurd business slipped in, most easily and naturally, among the daily commercial, commonplace life of the streets. A curious restraint and moderation marked the populace which witnessed it,—they were interested and amused, and then went away peaceably. There were no shouting crowd of hoodlums to pursue the mummers, no running comment of abuse and misinterpretation from the sidewalks. The foreigner who looked on was once more impressed with the adaptability for masquerades which this people present. On the second day, the weather was most unpropitious, it had been raining freely all the forenoon, and ceased only just before the opening of the Kermesse, which was announced for two o'clock in the afternoon. It was fully half-past the hour when the not very impatient public were admitted through the entrance facing the west, adorned with a high painted screen in the centre of which appeared the distorted face of Quasimodo, leering through his Gothic circular window. The sun began to make various attempts to show himself, but met with but indifferent success; the spirits of the thin audience, wandering about on the damp pavement of the street, were not very high. The students themselves, male and female, were but few in number, and their presumably mediæval costumes, sufficiently high in color, testified much more strongly to the ingenuity of the ateliers than to their wealth of material or exactness of historical research. There were a few booths scattered about, the largest of which was devoted to *Magie Noir*, by *Caroly*, and the second in importance

contained the *Sibyle*, personated, or controlled, by a mysterious *Panzog*. A very much uninterested donkey, possibly that which had the day before borne the Virgin in the procession, and which was adorned with tufts of red ribbon and gilded hoofs, was tethered to the Pantheon railings. A few guardians of the peace wandered about, or peered through the railings of the great church at the show; and the trousers of a solitary little infantry soldier lent a bit of color to the sombre-hued spectators.

The performances, carried on at the various booths and stagings, were much of the kind usual at the popular fairs, and were accompanied by the usual request for sous or centimes on each occasion. The skill of the various performers was in nowise remarkable, excepting only in the volubility with which they commended themselves or their wares. There was one young gentleman in a suit of black knickerbockers, supplemented by a black mask, whose flow of eloquence was truly surprising in its ingenuity and copiousness. The fluter of the company, who tootled away on a little wooden pipe for every overture, danced some puppets very amusingly to the refrain of a bilious little chanson which suggested that on every occasion when the hollowness of worldly things was brought home to us—deceitfulness of fortune, of our mistresses, of our ambitions—the only wise course was to dance, dance like his marionnettes. Etc. As a "Kermesse," it could not be considered a great success; the atmosphere, meteorological, mental, and pecuniary, was unpropitious; but the audience was tolerant and good-natured, the youthful performers in their absurd costumes went about without any concern at all because they were absurd,—and a state of things that would have been idiotic and impossible in an American city street became easy and natural and amusing in a Parisian one.

All this Carnaval spirit, however, it is declared, must be spontaneous and original, and is not to be bought. For this reason, it is not to be found in the various, paying masked balls of the city,—not even in the great Bals de l'Opéra. They are "not of the slightest importance from the point of view *carnavalesque;*" they represent the "carnaval commercial, and nothing more." This is because of



CAFÉ DE LA BANQUE DE FRANCE. After a contemporary engraving.

their habitual violation of the elementary principles of a masked ball,—that the greater number of the guests shall be youthful, and that *every one* shall be costumed. On the contrary, the great majority of the men, especially at the Opéra balls, appear in evening costume and silk hats, and the men outnumber the women in the proportion of something like a hundred to one. The hired maskers are not sufficient, there is an evident want of cohesion

and mutual adaptability among those present—of which the greater number merely come to see how the others amuse themselves, and the confetti is practically the only source of a common and festive impulse. The costumes suffer from the general falling off in enthusiasm, there is a plentiful lack of novelty and originality in their selection, and even the few new disguises—such as that of "an automatic letter-box," or "a judicial error"—are not very clever. Every one sighs for the balls of his youth, for those of the Rue Le Peletier or those which furnished Daumier with so many jests for his lithograph.

It is doubtful if these were really much better. M. Louis Morin "recalls a sorrowful prank of his twentieth year;" his first entry into a masked ball, that of Valentino in the Rue Saint-Honoré, date not given. "A poster had attracted me into this den, a poster by Chéret, one of the first I had seen; I remember very clearly the intense impression of joy which it conveyed, and, upon the promise of the great artist, I entered to admire the marvellous masks which, deceitful tooter at the door, you had led me to hope for. Ah! my friend, how you deceived me that day! There was no joy excepting upon your poster;—in the interior, some sad gentlemen, the greater number in overcoats and high hats, as in the streets, followed each other round and round the hall with a slow and uninterrupted motion, like animals in a cage, and were meanwhile a prey to the mediocre provocations of a battalion of female guards, young and old, in usual street costume; in the midst of this stupidity, some half-dozen of masks frisked about, under the constraint of the reprimands of a Father Pudicity in a black coat and a white cravat. 'See here, L'Anguille, you have danced only six times this evening; you will not forget that I insist upon your doing so ten times in order to be entitled to

your three francs! Come now! whoop it up and make things gay!'

"And L'Anguille,—Folly on the programme,—catching hold of the arm of a rustic, proceeded to furnish to the administration the exact amount of gaiety and animation necessary to secure the full payment of her salary."

Much of the diversion of the Opéra balls is furnished by the same professional merry-makers. Like society itself, these balls are divided into three classes,—the loges represent the aristocracy, in them the *grandes cocottes*, the ladies of the world with or without their husbands, but always with masculine body-guards to protect them against too brutal familiarities, receive their friends behind closed doors and survey the scene below. Here, the salle and the *foyer de la danse* are given over to the people, the dancers of quadrilles, the professional waltzers, Grille-d'Egout and Valentin le Désossé; the corridors and the foyer are for the bourgeoisie, or, rather, constitute a species of neutral ground in which any one may seek adventures and in the vast spaces of which amorous couples in various costumes exchange kisses and more or less mercenary vows. "At one o'clock precisely commences the grand battle. Flowers rain from the loges, and are sent back by skilful hands. Every one bombards, calls to, fraternizes with his neighbor. All distinctions are abolished. It is the carnaval of Nice in miniature. "I know perfectly worthy women," says M. Adolphe Brisson, "irreproachable wives and mothers, who do not disdain, every year, to take part in this tourney. They find in it a pleasure very lively, and—taken altogether—quite innocent. . . . Do you see them? . . . Their eyes shine, their hands—quick to return—disburse the confetti. And they are in full activity, and they are amusing themselves! and we can readily believe them happy!

There is particularly, in that corner, to the left, a devil of a little yellow hood which does not engender melancholy, and, farther on, another *capuchon*, this one ample, from which escape the robust explosions of a most jovial gaiety.

"There are shrill cries arising from the parterre. The crowd gathers around a spectacle heroi-comical. An unhappy Pierrette, in a rumpled dress, uplifted by vigorous arms, has just been ascended into a proscenium box, where four gentlemen, excessively *select*, receive her with transports of joy. The victim disappears, followed by a prolonged clamor, then the door opens, she escapes somewhat dishevelled, fleeing toward the foyer. . . . And the chase begins, ferocious, implacable. . . . Every one endeavors to pinch the fugitive, who, moreover, lends herself with a good grace to this persecution, and who ends, after a thousand turnings, rolling from arm to arm, by finding again her lord and master." M. Morin finds these chases less amusing. "In the corridors, any one who comes along may, a whole night long, take part in the hunt of the woman and participate in those disgusting bringings-down of the game which take place in the corners when the quarry is exhausted, breathless, at the end of her defence and her tears;—wedding festivities of croquemorts, these festivities, funereal and cruel, of All-Paris in black coats, and it is upon these that we would launch our thunders, usually so mild. For, this assembly of the people the most brilliant in the world is also the most stupid and the most filthy that it is possible to imagine; and even this is not enough to say, for the vice which is here supreme is the *luxury sordid and nameless*. Because a dirty little bourgeois has paid ten francs for his entrance and five sous for his pasteboard nose, because he has put on the suit of clothes that serves him alike for the weddings and the funerals of his acquaintances, he

DESIGN BY LOUIS MORIN.

"TABLEAUX VIVANTS" BEHIND THE SCENES. After a water color by A. Marcus.

thinks that there are awarded him all the *droits du seigneur* that it is possible to exercise in public, at the expense of all the unfortunate women who pass within reach of his hands or his lips. Once his false nose is upon his face, all personality and all responsibility disappeared, behold our satyr mingled with the troop of the other satyrs, and immediately seized, like all the others, by the Sadic craze for pinching, scratching, and tearing off,—since he cannot do any more."

The women thus maltreated are those who come unattended; the *femmes du monde*, provided they are on the arm of a masculine acquaintance, can promenade without danger of anything more serious than a furtive pinch or caress in the crowd. From the same authority we learn that the costumes that appear, generally from the stock of a second-hand costumer, are nearly always one of these well-worn types: *Le Seigneur François I*, plumed toque or hat with a battlemented border, tights—which frequently reveal the most extraordinary legs; *Le Seigneur Louis XIII* or *Mousquetaire*, very well known; the "Country Lout;" the "Clown,"—to be hired cheaply; the "Pierrot," in white cotton, with a pointed hat; the "Country Fireman," or pompier; the "Grenadier of the Second Empire;" *Le Chicard*, a souvenir of 1830, which is gradually disappearing; the "Spaniard;" the "Harlequin;" the "Turk," of pure fantasy; *L'Incroyable;* the "Chinaman of the Fire-screen;" the "Postilion;" *Le Garde-Française;* the "Savage;" "Mephistopheles;" the "Astrologer;" the "Englishman," etc.

For the female costumes, or the burlesques; the "Norman Nurse," a very frequent burlesque; "Folly," the *Alsacienne*, who is disappearing; the "Student;" the "Turkish Woman;" the *Danseuse;* the *Bohémienne;* the "Louis XV Shepherdess;"

"Little Red-Riding Hood;" *La Pipelette*, or sick-nurse, with a great cap and spectacles,—another burlesque; the "Conscript of the Empire," etc. All these costumes may be hired for the evening for from two to ten francs. The François I, the Louis XIII, L'Arlequin, Le Turc, L'Espagnol, L'Incroyable, Le Chinois, Le Postillon, Le Garde-Française, the Mephisto, and L'Astrologue all come from the discarded theatre wardrobes; L'Anglais and the Countryman, from the café-concert; the Clown, from the circus

LA FÊTE PAÏENNE: STUDENTS' BALL, 1894.

of the forains; the Sauvage, from the fairs, where he has ceased to please; the Grenadier Second Empire and the Pompier de Campagne, from some sale of second-hand clothing and equipments; "as for the Turc, he is made of any striped stuff whatsoever, and it is not of the slightest importance that his waistcoat may be that of a Spaniard and his boots those of a Russian; as for the Pierrot and the Arlequin, theirs are the only costumes

which are made expressly for the usage to which they are put,—as was formerly the Chicard, whose casque and great-coat, made for the purpose, are accompanied by the boots and breeches of the Gardes de Paris, refurbished for the occasion. It is the same with the feminine garments, the economical origin of which is very evident."

Nevertheless, however familiar may be these travestyings, however cheap in taste and crude in color, when seen altogether on the floor of the Opera-house, under the electric light, agitated, gathering, and dispersing, the general effect is very curious and amusing, and may afford the artist suggestions in color and design which he might not find elsewhere. The odd and picturesque features of almost any masquerading, however impromptu, are well known; and it does not require a very lively imagination to gather from this motley crowd a suggestion of what the ancient or mediæval festivals might have been in those happier ages when color formed an essential feature in the garments of men and women alike.

As the night wears on, the excitement and the intoxication increase, the folly becomes more furious, the dancers, drunken with noise and movement and their own excesses, are more and more objectionable. The heat and the dust and the odors become insupportable; the very light of the chandeliers seems to grow dim, and the wearied reveller or spectator hastens to seek the fresher outer air,—as in M. Lunel's design, reproduced in the large engraving. Down the grand stairway comes the curious medley of conventional and unconventional costumes,—and a probably even greater variety of fatigues and disillusions.

The poor devils of hired masqueraders are in the habit of presenting themselves at the doors of the Opera-house some

little time before they are opened, and are consequently frequently compelled to wait shivering in the raw or stormy Paris evening air, in many combinations of outer wraps and inner festive garments. Once inside, however, the *calorifières* of M. Charles Garnier's handsome edifice, and their own gambols, will soon warm their chilled blood and relieve their drooping spirits.

"When the last rays of the setting sun disappear slowly, as if regretfully, behind the high houses," says Rodolphe Darzens,

"GAUDEAMUS IGITUR
DUM JUVENES SUMUS, . . ."

"it might be said that the city was transformed as in a dissolving view. Even the topographic aspect seems to be modified. Henceforth, certain deserted streets no longer exist, and entire quarters disappear, enveloped in forgetfulness and slumber. There is created, as it were, a new life, and one which will have need

of new localities in which to develop itself. There are centres of noise and of light which spring into existence, bringing into communication a complete network of highways, of streets and boulevards, in which comes and goes, swarms and multiplies, the multitude of that special race, the noctambules. Another Paris surges up in the midst of Paris sleeping, and the space which it occupies appears to include a wide zone which runs from the quartier Latin, enclosing the Halles, an end of the interior boulevards from the Porte Saint-Denis to the Opéra, thence to extend in a straight line as far as the summit of the Butte Montmartre. It is a sort of Milky Way which stripes the capital; here and there, only, like detached nebulæ in the sky, certain rare corners radiate in the midst of the silence and the night which surround them.

But, in order to traverse this nocturnal city, even more familiarity of habit is required than to travel through Paris swarming in full daylight. For, the population which lives in the night is still more diverse, composed of more multitudinous elements than that whose existence and whose labor have need of the sun. As soon as darkness falls, the nocturnal crowd awakens, and it includes types as varied as curious. Each of them has his particular occupation, his function; he has also his special locality, which he rarely quits and with which he is contented. Even among the *viveurs*, who are more nomadic in their habits, there are classes differing one from the other which frequent each a special quarter, and which, very evidently, are distinguished from each other by their mere exterior, and by indications which are scarcely to be mistaken;—there is the *viveur de race*, noble or not, who expends his fortune between midnight and six in the morning, correctly, *en dilettante;* there is the little young man

who is amusing himself and giving fine parties and eating up the money of Papa and Mamma; there is, again, the gross man of business concluding a profitable transaction, watering it with champagne and seasoning it with filles; the married man, father of a family, concluding a debauch with his comrades; the rasta-quouère and the handsome fellow loved by these ladies; the haunters of green-rooms, the bank-clerks, or the bettors whom chance has favored; the journalists who, on the corner of a table, are correcting an article at the moment of sending it to press; the Bohemian philosopher, friend of the wandering dogs, like them

DANCERS AT THE BALL OF THE QUAT-Z-ARTS.
From drawings by Louis Morin.

homeless, stoical and impassive as they; artists who are idling; shop-clerks in luck; a hundred and one different types, easily recognizable by the trained eye of the noctambule by preference,

who knows all the world and whom all the world knows. He, indeed, young or old, is more easily recognizable even than the others; he has the peculiarly wan complexion of those who live only under the light of the gas; and it may be seen that he is more at his ease than any one else whatever, everywhere and

always at home, respiring without difficulty the atmosphere of tobacco-smoke of the crowded and popular haunts where there is not even space enough in which to gesticulate.

"And, finally, the nocturnal workers; first, the ambulant musician, famished and meagre, wandering from the café to the brasserie and from the brasserie to the low eating-house; then the journeymen printers, the vendors of newspapers, the milkmen, an

infinity of varied types, even to the eternal rag-picker, armed with his inexorable hook and his lantern, his basket upon his back, rummaging in the garbage-boxes in which end, nowadays, royalties, riches, and love!"

One of the most recent of the daylight festivities has been that of the "Fêtes de Paris," from the 12th to the 19th of June, 1899, organized by a committee of artists inspired with civic pride and of commercial men who wish to maintain as long as possible in the capital that animation in pleasure and business which usually ends so abruptly with the Grand Prix. Unfortunately, their efforts were not crowned with that pecuniary success which is so important a feature even in divertissements. The journals discussed the project at the period of its first inception, but scarcely mentioned it as the date of the overture drew near; the most efficient advertisement was thought to have been the white poster of the Préfet de Police forbidding the use of "serpents," flying fire-works, in consideration of the trees. But it was found to be difficult to divert modern Paris, for the space of a whole week, from its ordinary occupations for the sake of amusing itself,—even as a *réclame*. So that there were many of the passers-by who were sincerely surprised to see, on the 18th, the historical cortége of the corporations of the city, Étienne Marcel and the échevins in their costumes, defile along the boulevards, or to behold in the Tuileries garden the grotesque spectacle of the six balloons all gradually inflating at once, and dwarfing men, buildings, and trees with their monstrous mushroom growth. These six were launched in the air at once, in an aërial competition, and the prize was awarded to the *Centaure*, which finally descended in La Vendée. There was also in the Tuileries garden a concours of automobiles, decorated with flowers, which attracted

a fair share of the popular appreciation,—that share which represented the portion not already expended upon the political and other excitements of the year.

For an example of the popular fête in the streets, of which each quarter of the city is supposed to have one in the course of the year, that of Montrouge, on the Place Denfert-Rochereau, in the latter part of September, may be taken as an excellent example. These festivals may last three weeks at a time, the longest period during which the forains or itinerant showmen of all kinds

MI-CARÊME. After a drawing by Louis Morin.

are allowed to camp in one place. At the end of this time, they must move on to another fair. These shows are of surprising size and importance, and a very large portion of the city streets or boulevards will be taken up with them. The most numerous and noisy and aggressive are the merry-go-rounds, or wooden horses, the *chevaux de bois*. These are extremely large and splendid, the more modern ones, glittering in painting and gilding, sometimes

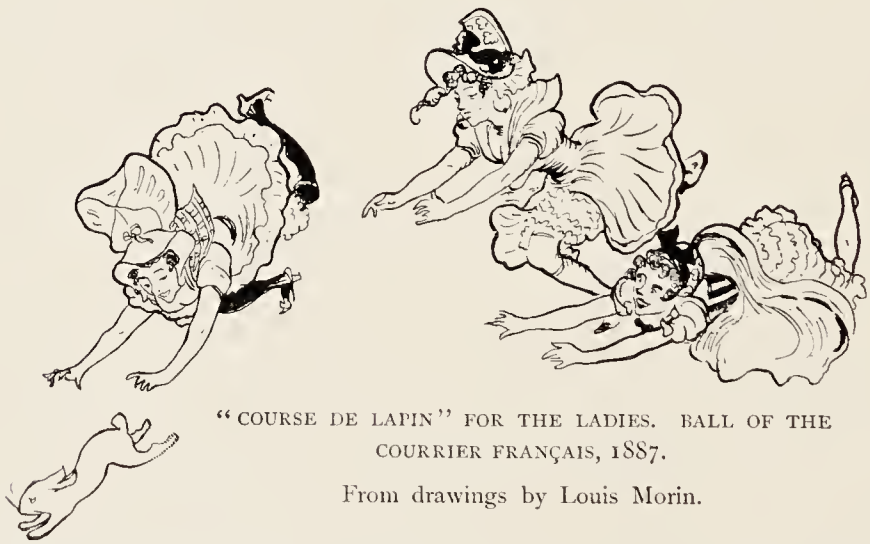
with imposing equestrian statues (of which the more volatile portions, swords, spurs, plumes, etc., are taken off during the night) mounting guard at the grand portal. Both machinery and music are run by portable steam-engines, and when the fair is in full activity the noise is deafening. They are dazzling with electric lights, and thronged with patrons; in the most modern ones, the horses are replaced by pigs, which seem to be the favorite mount of the younger female riders, and there is also a great variety of other animals and chariots. In the very latest, the riders get astride of imitation bicycles, all around the periphery of the great machine, and as the wheels revolve, their legs follow the up and down motion of the pedals. Many of the animals and chariots rise and fall with a rhythmic motion as they go round, in a mechanical imitation of a gallop, and in the more ambitious establishments the whole machine pitches diagonally as it revolves, with a dreadfully sea-sicky but very popular motion.

But these are only a part of the general rejoicing, and the variety of other diversions offered is very great. There are enormous *Montaignes Russes*, in which the intrepid travellers ascend and descend by the power of gravity a gradually decreasing series of hills, seated in cars running smoothly on rails. There are open stalls with a great display of vacant-faced puppets, at which to throw sticks or shoot with breech-loading air-guns, or cross-bows, and in which the little piou-pious show their skill before their young lady friends. There is at least one very big booth, filled with a great stock of cheap crockery, lamps, linen, etc., brilliant with electric lights and provided with seats in front for the patrons, who buy tickets for the lottery run by means of the three nickel wheels in the centre of the display. When enough tickets have been sold, the wheels are set revolving, and the three numbers

which appear at top when they stop are the number of the winning card,—the holder of No. 462, for example, receiving a pair of china vases. One showman is bellowing in front of his baraque with an impassive white ass standing under his elbow; another has a half-grown bear on his shoulders; there are many cheap photographic shops, many itinerant vendors selling sausages, canes, etc., a little girl pulling yellow candy with very dirty hands, and a bewildering variety of instructive and seducing signs,—*Salle de la Métempsycose; Palais de Fantoche; Magie Russe; Musée scientifique Edison*, with Edison's kinetoscopes; *C'est ici que l'on admire Madame Maryanoff-Vanda; Arretez-vous ici! la vraie Corysandre est ici dans ses nouvelles attractions*, with photographs of Corysandre in her tights, rather mature and very plump; *Animaux les plus étranges et les plus carnifères; La Femme Pettomaine; La Femme des Trois Jambes, vivante; La Femme Barbue; Le jeune Marseille; Le Tir Infernal.* There are many little theatres, menageries, etc.; a Gallery of Sculpture; more than one acrobat in his worn tights, with three or four shabby musicians to attract the crowd and a depressing air of melancholy over them all; and outside many of the booths the wax manikins have an alert and intelligent air. In the evenings, the crowd around all these attractions is so dense that there is a special detail of police to keep the populace off the tramway tracks; the entire Place is filled with light and noise and animation, and over all, unheeded, the great bronze figure of the Lion of Belfort rises big and impassive and lead-colored,—the hated German foe being for once forgotten.

The curious, nomadic existence of these travelling showmen offers many points of interest. In the painting by M. F. Blayn, from the Salon of 1892, reproduced in the large engraving, we are

permitted to be present at the toilette of some of the younger performers before the entertainment. "It is the great day of the *Fête patronale*, the Sunday," says an appreciative critic; "the weather is superb; in an hour the crowd will be massing itself before the *Grand Théâtre Moderne*, in which are presented, in such bedazzling costumes, such palpitating féeries alternating with dramas of the deepest blackness. And, while upon the iron stove, at the back of the caravan, which is the hearthstone of the ladies of the troupe, the water is boiling, the big sister, before washing the dishes, puts the finishing touch to the toilet of the minor actors. Already these little demoiselles have assumed the flesh-colored tights, imprisoned their meagre busts in narrow corsages, and hooked around their waists the stiff little petticoat of pink



"COURSE DE LAPIN" FOR THE LADIES. BALL OF THE COURRIER FRANÇAIS, 1887.

From drawings by Louis Morin.

muslin in many folds. Seated upon the much-encumbered platform at the entrance of their rolling household, the younger of the two artistes, Nini, is crossing upon the ankle of her right leg the long ribbons of her dancing slipper, whilst Totote, the elder,

standing stiffly upon her slender limbs, permits her coiffure to be arranged with a patient resignation. Such is the scene which M. Blayn has depicted from life. He has made of it a picture delicately painted and composed with an artistic sense, and one which has attracted much attention at the Salon this year."

Within the last few years the education of these youthful servants of the public has been provided for, in a measure, by an

itinerant educational institution, the *École des Forains*, which, about 1891, was founded by some charitably disposed persons and aided by a few well-to-do forains who had retired from active business. As this school has to follow, at stated periods defined by the almanac, the peregrinations of the troupe in its eternal zigzags around and through the capital, it is compelled to reduce itself to the simplest elements, and the usual poverty of its patrons does not permit of any luxury in its organization. The floor is formed of temporary planking, laid on the earth; and the walls, of a green

canvas supported upon a light timber frame-work. Upon this flooring are set up two long tables, with holes for the inkstands, and, surrounding them, benches of rough wood consisting of planks laid upon trestles. The furniture is completed by a sort of kitchen dresser, in which are placed, when the classes are closed, the books and the copy-books, and by a great tablet, hung up at the back of the class-room, on which the capital letters appear in white on a black ground. There are no windows or doors, naturally,—the light which sifts through the green canvas dispenses with the former, and to enter, one merely lifts a corner of the awning. The hours of study are usually four a day, from eight to ten in the morning and from two to four in the afternoon; during this period, the future acrobats, the small merchants of macaroons and the infant dancers of tight-ropes, spell in chorus "B, A, Ba!" and write out the same painfully on the rough tables. Their instructor is usually a forain himself, whose educational acquirements are not much in excess of their own. Before the establishment of these schools, these tender performers gathered their instruction, when they gathered any, from the cursory ministration of their parents. But, if it were only occasionally, and by chance, that they learned to read and write, it must be said that they contemplated their deprivation with equanimity.

In this wandering world of showmen of all kinds, the great name is that of the wrestler Marseille, now, alas! only a memory, or perpetuated, as we have seen, on the sign of some younger aspirant. This *lutteur* was honored with an obituary in grave records of contemporary events. "Marseille! What a superb name! There is in it fanfare and fanfaronnade, and we can fancy we see the sun of the Midi dart its rays of dazzling brass upon the great tawny muscles of his biceps. Some twenty years ago,

Marseille had his day of fame. It was fine to see him upon the trestles of his baraque, in the very heart of the ginger-bread fair, his enormous chest imprisoned in his pink tights, breechings of tiger-skin upon his flanks, his high buskins laced up upon his thick calves, his bull-neck supporting his great cropped head with its black moustache, whilst upon his sternum clinked the numerous medals which his valor had acquired.

"'Who will take up the glove?'

"With his thumping voice, through the bronze speaking-trumpet, he launched his defiance at the assembled crowd, and the amateurs hesitated to confront the terrible champion of the wrestling match, certain beforehand that they would be made to touch the ground with their two shoulders. Obese but agile, he was indeed redoubtable. One day, a rival accepted his defiance. In the interval between the challenge and the combat, Marseille sprained his wrist. He was not willing to postpone the assault, measured himself with his adversary all the same, his arm bandaged, and carried off the victory.

"How the times have changed! Formerly, Marseille would have been a demigod of the pagan mythology. His breeches of imitation tiger-skin would have been the hide of the Nemean lion, and the people would have related with admiration his exploits and his labors. In our days, he was a mountebank attracting the crowd with drum and trumpet, and retaining them by his coarse jests. He performed in a canvas booth, powdered with saw-dust, garnished with vulgar pine benches, pestiferous with the odor of the human sweat of the wrestlers, who no longer anoint their bodies, as formerly, with odoriferous oils.

"What a fall, oh! Emperor! Hercules has become '*un hercule!*'"

Another of these great names, scintillating in starry splendor on laurel-crowned heights to urge on the daring soul, is that of the pantomimist Séverin, also from the Midi, who occupies in Paris the very first rank among mimes and Pierrots. "A pupil of Rouff," he came from Marseille two or three years ago, and in November, 1898, revived in the capital the Théâtre des Funambules, of which he became not only the director but also the most brilliant actor. In such works as the celebrated pantomime of M. Catulle Mendès, *'Chand d'habits*, the saynètes of MM. Tristan Bernard and Pierre Veber, *Visite de Nuit* and *Paroles en l'air*, he shines "with a *véritable supériorité*."

From the long list of minor Parisian amusements should not be omitted the innumerable toys, scientific and otherwise, which appear annually about New-Year's-day along the boulevards, and offered for sale by the street vendors, the *camelots*, who, like all other things Parisian, are considered to be so peculiarly Parisian. Indeed, these itinerant merchants are voted to be more ingenious than even their wares; when the imagination of the manufacturer fails him, that of the seller comes to the rescue. One of them is selling incombustible cigarette paper: "My secret, ladies and gentlemen, is the amianthus . . . (lifting his voice) the amianthus obturator of cannon. The Government itself recognizes its value!" From the 15th of December to the 15th of January, these hawkers line the grand boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Place de la République, and offer their wares to the passers-by with an inexhaustible eloquence. Many of them set up a little portable, three-legged table; others use only the flagstones of the pavement, and these latter, it is asserted, are usually the best dressed. Derby hat, chestnut color, and short overcoat, usually buff,—the costume and the style of the frequenters of the

race-courses. These walk along in the evening, carefully observant, a small case under their arm. When they reach a locality that promises well, the box is set on the sidewalk, opened, a large handkerchief or piece of cloth spread on the stones, a candle lighted. With a movement of his arm the camelot describes a circle around him, the crowd collects, increases in number, and "those nearest resist the pressure from behind, respecting this imaginary enclosure.

"The enticing commences. Is it worth while to take it down? Like all the discourses of great orators, it would lose too much by being printed and read in cold blood. The man, crouching down, is selling a sort of great winged insect in tin, with long claws, something between a fly and a spider. At the end of a string, the claws are all in movement, and the insect, in the hand of a skilful camelot, fine speaker, is grotesquely alive. Stooping with one knee on the ground, the man sees of those for whom he is perorating only the feet,—bourgeois feet, laborers' feet, shop-clerks' feet, boulevardiers', children's. The light of his candle picks out brilliant little points on the blacking or the varnish of the shoes. These feet are his auditors. He addresses himself to them. He comprehends their thoughts from behind their heels. He perceives the imperceptible movement of progression of the interested feet, the impatience of those which seek to disengage themselves and get away. . . . Ah! how well the badauderie and the ingenuity Parisian are symbolized, both of them, by this group,—around a winged spider suspended by a

L'AMOUR.
STUDENTS' BALL.

thread, grave feet, comfortable feet, distinguished feet, immobile on the cold pavement, retained by the eloquence of a camelot!"

It is well that this eloquence is obtainable, for many of these ambulant playthings are not very amusing. In the little stalls, *baraques Collet*, ranged along the curb of the boulevards are displayed "jewelry calculated to terrify, confections to horrify," and the *joujou idéal* of each year, the object-type of the day, is only somewhat more soulful. In 1895, the adventures of Max Lebaudy were symbolized by a Bull pursuing a Toreador, in vague allusion to a certain *corrida* or bull-fight at Maisons-Laffite; in 1896, the struggles of the government with General Boulanger were presented in a more amusing puppet. M. Floquet, Ministre de l'Intérieur and President du Conseil, represented as a gendarme with an enormous head and darkly frowning, had before him a huge silk hat, marked *Révision*, on the brim of which appeared a miniature figure of the "*brav' Général*," folding his arms and looking up at the Minister with an impudent and cocky air, despite the uplifted mace of the latter which threatened to exterminate him. When the surreptitious string behind the gendarme which maintained this arm in the air was released, arm and mace fell together, but the little general promptly disappeared within the hat. The string was pulled, the arm rose, the general reappeared, as cocky as ever. This plaything was immediately seized by the government. Another, which met with no success, was a little reproduction of the Mannikin-Piss.

In 1897, there were several of these inventions. The Salon du Cycle reappeared in miniature in all the baraques Collet, and there were very little bicycles and tricycles and even a child's automobile which imitated in a very small way the objectionable noise of these vehicles. The *Billard Nicolas* was a social game,

a species of pneumatic billiards; each of the four players was provided with a compressible rubber "blower" with which he endeavored to blow his own cork ball into the pocket in the table defended by another player, while keeping all balls out of his own particular hole. The *Nouvelle Photographie avec rayons X* was said to have come from America; it was simply a lantern in tin at the back of which appeared a picture of any kind; on lifting a slide in the lantern, held in place by a rubber spring, a skeleton appeared in place of the picture. There was also an ingenious *Boîte magique à musique*, and, for lighter amusements, *Deux Boxeurs* who, between them, kept in motion a little inflated sack, and the *Prédictions de l'Ange Gabriel*, the title of a box of combinations, etc.

So wide and varied is this field of popular amusements that the chronicler is embarrassed by his wealth of material. Midway between the Guignol, the Punch-and-Judy show of the children, and the classic Comédie Française appears "Le Petit Théâtre" of M. Henri Signoret, founded about 1888, and crowned with unexpected success. His assistants in this enterprise were Maurice Bouchor, Jean Richepin, and Raoul Ponchon; their original aim was to give, for the pleasure of a restricted circle of their scholarly friends and acquaintances, certain neglected or unfamiliar masterpieces of the drama, national and foreign. But the difficulties that presented themselves were many,—the contemporary comédiens render with excellent trained judgment the works of the contemporary drama with which they are familiar; how to secure a troupe trained to interpret the productions of genius foreign both to their epoch and their race? And M. Signoret, as we have seen one or two of his earlier predecessors do, decided to have actors of wood. Had not English puppets played the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* before Queen Elizabeth? did not Haydn compose symphonies for

a stage of dolls? had not Goethe conceived the idea of his masterpiece, the work of his life, by seeing a company of marionnettes perform "the prodigious and lamentable history of Doctor Faust"? But the marionnettes of the Petit Théâtre were by no means to be the *pupazzi* of the Guignol, appearing only to the waist and moved by the performer's fingers, nor the *pantins* acting through the medium of the strings by which they are suspended. It was necessary to have little figures that should make their gestures easily and naturally, and be moved by invisible, interior cords. To their perfectionment were contributed the intelligent labors of a number of the director's friends, eminent not only in letters but in the arts and sciences.

An entirely new anatomy was invented for these actors. On a cubic open frame-work, about eighteen inches high and something less in width and depth, was mounted the wooden embryo of the future performer, supported by an iron rod and having fitted to it legs and arms, also in wood, which were moved by cords which descended into the hollow pedestal and were controlled there by long levers. Each lever gave rise to a certain movement, bowing the head, flexion of the arms and the elbows, to the right or the left, action of the legs for walking, bending of the knees for sitting. For this

DESIGN BY LOUIS MORIN.

skeleton it was necessary to have a body. In a plaster mould were compressed many sheets of paper, glued to each other, which gave the anterior portion of the body in a sort of papier-maché; this process was repeated for the posterior portion, and the two halves then placed together and carefully joined at the sides. To this body was added a head, skilfully modelled in plaster stiffened with tow, and painted by an artist, a friend of the household, hands of wood and feet of plaster; and the whole was then richly and appropriately costumed. These very superior marionnettes were about a mètre in height, and much more responsive to the indications of the stage director than those in flesh and blood.

The first performance was given in June, 1888,—the *Birds* of Aristophanes. The success was immediate and decided. The critical and select audience, invited to be present at this opening, declared that the Petit Théâtre had taken its place among the most artistic enterprises of the epoch. Its repertoire grew to be one of the most illustrious of any, including the immortal productions of Cervantes, of Molière, of Shakespeare, of Hroswitka—a Saxon nun of the tenth century, whose works were produced in the cathedral of Gandersheim, the *Tobie* of Maurice Bouchor, which secured for the poet the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, etc.

Nothing of all this was acquired easily and without outlay. The preliminary creation of the actors was confided only to artists of repute, their heads were modelled by two winners of the Prix de Rome; the scenery was painted by Rochegrosse, Félix Bouchor, and others. The machinists, whose task was of the most delicate, were selected with the greatest care; the readers were, when possible, the authors themselves, as in the case of the poet Bouchor, and they brought so much spirit to their work that, though they were concealed from the audience behind the scenes,

or even descended into the sunken recess where the machinists plied their levers, they could not refrain from gesticulating, from acting their rôles as though on the stage themselves. The orchestra, also invisible, was discreetly modulated so that the celestial music of the mysteries, or the under refrain of the dramas, might not unduly reach the ears of the audience; and M. Signoret himself struck the three blows that are the signal for the curtain to rise. As may be supposed, numerous and very long rehearsals were required to bring all these accessories into smooth working order, and there were sometimes encountered material difficulties that rendered necessary an appeal to the consideration of the audience. Thus, in the first representation of the *Tempest*, it was decided that Ferdinand and Miranda, after their first love-scene, should sit down, and for this purpose a species of theatrical bench was provided. But the machinists, finding this difficult of management, suppressed it, and the lovers accordingly sat down easily on the empty air! As by their peculiar structure they were enabled to do this, the action was repeated at each subsequent peformance,—and the intelligent audience readily accepted the innovation.

The Palais de Glace, inaugurated in the spring of 1894 in the Champs-Élysées, afforded the Parisians new and vastly-increased opportunities for indulging in a pastime that had long been growing in favor among them. The winters in the basin of the Seine, while sufficiently raw and cold for most practicable purposes, are not of the quality that makes good ice, nor that preserves it when once formed. So frequent, and so very inapposite, are the thaws, that it was proposed to formally petition the "*select*" club of the Bois de Boulogne never to announce any *fête de nuit*,—as a melting spell invariably followed. But the artificial ice of the Palace

de Glace permits the skaters of the capital to bid defiance to the elements and to practise their art at will and in comfort,—the temperature being sufficiently elevated to allow even of evening dress,

DECORATIVE PANEL IN THE CAFÉ RICHE. By J.-L. Forain.

the walls disappearing under enormous mirrors in which the shining floor and the picturesque and confused multitude are indefinitely repeated, and the commodious galleries affording ample

space for those fair and admiring spectators before whom no expert is unwilling to appear. The exploits of these experts are, indeed, praiseworthy,—one of their devices is to kick—on skates—the customary hat held out at the level of the head; and another is to skate on one foot and hold the toe of the other in the hand, the leg being extended horizontally. This is accomplished by launching one's self at full speed and profiting by the equilibrium given by the velocity to assume this crouching attitude. But these two *tours* are considered by the purists to pertain to the tricks of acrobats rather than to *sport;* and the more legitimate feats are sufficiently difficult. One of these is to cut "the Maltese Cross," a figure formed of four curved "cross-cuts" and bearing a general resemblance to this variety of the cross; the graceful *dehors à trois* is performed by three good skaters, the two men clasping hands behind the lady's back and grasping with their other hands each one of hers. The *rockington* is a species of grand dehors forward, changing direction on the same foot behind. In this, there is an exceedingly nice problem of equilibrium, and the amateurs are not advised to essay it. The legendary exploit of the Chevalier de Saint-Georges, writing his name with his skates under the eyes of the queen, is declared by the Parisian authorities to be now impossible. By the exercise of some imagination on their part, the spectators may now perceive certain letters and figures, the round ones particularly, described on the ice by the very skilful,—B, P, O, and S, and the figures 0, 3, 6, 8, and 9. But to write a whole name is not for this degenerate age.

Some of these agile ones amuse themselves and their audience by skating with their heads between their legs, and others by doing so with their legs widely extended. Then there are waltzers, both male and female, who glide through the mazes of the

dance as smoothly as though on a ball-room floor, and the races, of course, are numerous. To make the most speed on this oblong course, the racer is obliged to confine his long strides to right and left to the long sides of the enclosed space,—when he reaches the shorter ends, he brings his feet together, crouches, with his body much in advance, and makes the turn by means of the velocity acquired. In the *cours à l'orange*, the fruit is thrown on the ice and must be picked up by hand and when at full speed. In the *cours au lapin*, the unhappy rabbit is held by the ears by one skater who is pursued by all the others. The rabbit knows of other things which it prefers, and its twistings and turnings are not calculated to aid its ravisher in his flight. Proficiency in all these sports on the ice is attained and preserved only by constant practice,—unlike many other exercises, fencing, riding, bicycling, the difficult question of equilibrium on the thin steel blade is solved only by the most faithful application.

To compensate in some manner for the uncertainty of its fêtes de nuit, the Skating Club of Paris, the Cercle des Patineurs, maintains also, by the side of its handsome pond in the Bois de Boulogne, grounds for the less innocent sport of pigeon-shooting. An attempt to extend its enclosure, not long ago, was almost the means of precipitating a municipal and prefectorial crisis,—M. le Prince de Sagan, that scion of the ancient nobility so recently removed to another sphere, in displacing the iron railing that defended this enclosure, cut down some of the trees that stood in his way, and thereby brought down upon himself the displeasure of M. Paschal Grousset, vigilant defender of the municipal forests. In skating weather, the lakes of the Bois are thronged by those who do not enjoy the privileges of the exclusive Cercle des Patineurs. There are also provided for the commoners bowling-alleys

in the Bois and at Neuilly, half concealed in the thickets, and thronged on Sundays by an appreciative multitude,—much as in M. Victor Marec's painting in the Salon of 1892.

The noble game of billiards is duly appreciated in Paris; the number of tables, which was only five hundred and fifty in 1812, had risen to seven thousand eight hundred in 1897, and still increases at the rate of four or five hundred a year. In the poorest quarters, and on the cheapest cafés, the sign *Billards* may be constantly seen, and the green table frequently appears in the centre of the dingy salle surrounded on two or three sides by the little tables of the eaters and drinkers. Every such establishment, public or private, must be declared at the Mairie between the 1st of October and the 31st of January; by the law of the 16th of September, 1871, they are subject to a tax varied according to the population of the commune. In Paris, it is sixty francs a table. A good table, with American cushions, is worth from eight hundred to fifteen hundred francs; the cues, from eighteen to thirty francs the dozen, and the balls, in ivory, from sixty to a hundred and twenty-five francs a set. The *billards de style*, or made to order, are much more valuable; it is recorded that, in 1897, a Parisian manufacturer furnished a table at a cost of ten thousand francs.

In the smaller establishments and in the wine-shops, the price of using the table varies from twenty-five to fifty centimes the hour; in some of them it is gratuitous. Cuts in the cloth are assessed at from ten to twenty francs for the first offence, and from five to ten for the second. In the grand cafés, the players are charged from fifty centimes to one franc, twenty, the hour; and for damage to the tables, fifty francs the first time and thirty the second. There are also Académies de Billard, the rendezvous

of expert players, directed by some well-known professor with professionals for his assistants. In these, there are daily *tournois* or *matches de Billard;* any one can be a spectator by taking a *consommation*, ordering something to eat or drink. By the hour, the playing costs from a franc and a half to two francs. The grand matches are played upon tables called *de match*, the size of which is officially fixed: external dimensions, three mètres, ten centimètres by one mètre, sixty-eight; size between the cushions, two mètres, eighty-five by one mètre, forty-two and a half. These cushions are nearly always the American ones known as *Monarch.* Betting is forbidden in these matches, but for the competitors there is frequently a stake, put up by amateurs. Lessons in this game may be procured at the rate of five to ten francs the hour; and there is a special, monthly, gratuitous journal, the *Revue du billard.* There are several extensive manufactories of billiard tables in Paris; in the quartier Saint-Antoine, the Marais, and the quartier du Temple there are special manufactories of balls, cues, and all other accessories.

Side by side with these modern pastimes flourishes a remnant of the Middle Ages, an archery society, the *Chevaliers de l'Arc*, whose regulations, three or four centuries old, still preserve a certain mediæval flavor. This confrérie is divided into five *royautés*, whose dominions are about equally apportioned on the two banks of the Seine and which include, each, about a hundred subjects. These practise with the long bow, either in little gardens hired for that purpose, or in galleries similar to those used for pistol-shooting. The winners at the annual competitions are proclaimed *rois.* The laws and regulations have preserved a semi-religious tone,—if the annual mass be not always celebrated with the same regularity as formerly, the confrérie still maintains for its patron Saint Sebastian.

A fine of ten centimes is inflicted upon any bowman who permits himself to utter an oath, and this article is strictly observed.

DECORATIVE PANEL IN THE CAFÉ RICHE. By J.-L. Forain.

Another inflicts a fine also upon any one who starts a religious or political discussion of any kind,—a rule of conduct that has been

found to be of the greatest value in these modern times of disturbance.

This latter, very restrictive clause is in operation in most of the swell clubs of Paris, those *cercles* the conception and general organization of which have been borrowed from across the Channel,—but with some modifications. It was only during the last century that this institution was transplanted, and it is not yet certain that it has taken root. A paternal and much centralized government—even that of a République—exercises a kindly care over all the details and proceedings of these social manifestations. A ministerial circular of 1886 defined the general conditions to be observed in the establishment of any Parisian club. Having no *personnalité civile*, an authorization from the government is absolutely necessary. The Préfet of Police, to whom the request for this authorization must be addressed, sets on foot a preliminary investigation as to the moral and social standing of the founders and administrators, and communicates the papers containing the results of his inquiries, the *Dossier*, to the Minister of the Interior, and is empowered to impose the statutory conditions. Any club opened without this official permit may be dissolved (according to Article 291 of the Code Pénal), and its members are liable to imprisonment for terms ranging from two months to one year. In any cercle, it is required that notification shall be given of the admission of any new member, after being presented by two indorsers, or a proposer and a seconder. An annual assessment or tax must be paid by the institution, varying according to the amount of the club dues and the importance of the locality,—from five to twenty per cent. The cercle is the indivisible property of the members, who are themselves divided into two classes, permanent and temporary members. New members are elected

sometimes by a special committee, and sometimes by all the members together.

The general government of each cercle is confided to a committee elected by the members, renewed annually, and charged with the administration and the interior regulations. There is usually a Secrétaire, who is the household steward, a Secrétaire-Gérant, and several Caissiers, Maîtres-d'Hôtels, Valets de chambre, and Valets de pied. There are also special employés for the library, the dining-room, etc. There is always a library, frequently a good one; the cuisine is always excellent,—the meals being abundant and served at reasonable prices, and a special service of carriages for the members of the cercle is provided. The income of the association is derived from the members' dues, entrance-fees, and the product of the *Cagnotte*, a percentage of their gains set aside by the players when they win certain sums. Gambling is forbidden, theoretically, but the club authorities permit baccarat, écarté, poker, bridge, whist, and bezique. Roulette is forbidden. Money is not used for the stakes, but counters, of the values of two and a half, five, twenty, a hundred, five hundred, and a thousand francs each. These counters have a species of forced

GALLERY OF THE OPÉRA DURING MI-CARÊME.
Drawn by Fernand Fau.

circulation in the cercle, which is expected to cash them whenever required. In the Jockey-Club, where, as in many others, games of chance are forbidden and only those called "*de commerce*" permitted, all members are required to pay their "debts of honor" within twenty-four hours after the following noon, a delay of four days will lead to the "posting" of the offender, and one of eight days may cause him to be expelled. Bets on the racing course made between members are subject to the same laws. In the Cercle Agricole and the Cercle de la Rue Royale, these debts must be liquidated within seventy-two hours, under penalty, in the latter, of being posted or expelled within twenty-four hours thereafter.

It is doubtless necessary to provide some form of mutual entertainment in a social organization the members of which are forbidden to exchange views on the most important questions of the day. In these gatherings, then, they come together, they talk—on certain inoffensive subjects, they read, they breakfast, they dine, and they play. A very considerable variety of objects and interests, however, are represented by these institutions. In the list of forty-eight in the capital appear such irregular or minor associations as the Young Men's Christian (Union Chrétienne des Jeunes Gens), Ladies' Club, and Club Américain de Demoiselles in the Rue de Chevreuse. There is also a Club Anglais in the Chaussée d'Antin and a British Club on the Boulevard des Capucines. The aristocratic Automobile-Club de France, some of whose members were so unfortunately prominent in the recent attacks upon President Loubet, is located in the Place de la Concorde; and there is a Rallye-Vélo and an Artistic Cycle-Club at Neuilly. Arts and letters are represented by the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, the Cercle de l'Union Artistique (formerly known as the

Mirlition, now known as the Épatant), the Cercle Central des Lettres et des Arts, the Cercle de la Librairie, and, perhaps, by the Cercle de l'Escrime et des Arts. For the students, there are the Association Générale des Étudiants de Paris, the Cercle des Étudiants Protestants, and the Cercle Catholique des Étudiants de Paris,—the latter one of two Catholic clubs. There is an athletic club in the Ile de Puteaux; an agricultural club, an aëronaut's club, a Sporting-Club, one for photographers, two for those interested in horse-racing, and at least two that are strictly commercial. The stage is represented by the Cercle Molière; the army and navy, by the Cercle National des Armées de Terre et de Mer, on the Avenue de l'Opéra; and nautical sports by the Cercle Nautique de France, the Union des Yachts Français and the Yacht-Club de France. Others of the more important are the Cercle des Capucines, the Cercle de Neuilly, the Cercle de la Rue Royale, the Cercle de l'Union, the Grand Cercle, the Omnium, and, finally, the Club Alpin Français.

The Jockey-Club, at the head of the Rue Scribe, was founded in 1834, and is the social club of the *Société d'Encouragement pour l'Amélioration de la race chevaline en France.* Its handsome house is open from ten o'clock in the morning to one o'clock the next morning. The directing body, the Comité du Cercle, is elected at the assemblée générale in March of each year, but the members composing it are indefinitely eligible for re-election; they consist of a president, three or four vice-presidents, and twenty-five members. The president (in 1898) is M. le Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville. To be admitted, it is necessary to be presented by two permanent members who sign their names with the applicant on the register provided for this purpose. Candidates for permanent membership must be posted in the rooms of the club for at least

five days before the balloting, and those for temporary membership, three days. The balloting takes place every Saturday between the 1st of January and the 30th of June; at least a hundred votes must be cast, and one negative vote in six is sufficient to prevent the election of the candidate. The entrance-fee for permanent members is a thousand and fifty francs, and they pay an annual assessment of four hundred francs for the cercle and one hundred for the society, in addition to the State tax of twenty per cent. on the dues. The temporary members, admitted for four months, pay two hundred francs for the cercle, a hundred for the society, and the State tax; the honorary members are obliged to disburse only the hundred francs for the society, with a maximum of five hundred francs for an absence from the country of more than five years, plus the regular dues for the year of their return. Should any new member neglect to pay his admission-fee, his *parrains*, or sponsors, are liable to that amount, and any member can be expelled from both the cercle and the society for non-payment of the regular dues, after due warning. All political meetings and discussions are strictly forbidden.

Any *membre permanent* may become a *membre honoraire* on written application based upon his absence of one year or more. Strangers sojourning in Paris may be elected *membres temporaires;* and this honor may be renewed every four months for members of the diplomatic corps during their mission in France. At each renewal, however, they are required to pay the sum of two hundred francs, and they must be balloted for, as for entirely new members. The same formality is observed in the case of any temporary member who wishes to become a permanent one. The members of the English Jockey Club may be admitted to the privileges of the cercle on the initiative of the president, for the space of one

month. The general good financing of this club of *high life* may be judged from the budget of 1895,—receipts, four hundred and twelve thousand five hundred francs; expenditures, four hundred and twelve thousand four hundred francs.

The Cercle de la Rue Royale, No. 4, Place de la Concorde, open from eleven in the morning until two the next morning, was founded in 1884, and is composed of five hundred and ninety permanent members and sixty-one on leave. Strangers in the city may be admitted as temporary members for the space of three months, with the privilege of renewal. At the end of this period, they may apply for election as permanent members, and it is desirable that one of their two *parrains* should be a compatriot, if this be possible. Strangers may also be invited to the club for the space of fifteen days, not renewable for a year, at the request, and on the responsibility, of two members, one of whom must be a member of the directing committee. Permanent members leaving France for the space of one or more years may be put *en congé* by the committee on their written request, and have their privilege renewed on the 1st of every January on application. On their return, they pay the regular dues for that year. These are four hundred and eighty francs a year,—State tax not included; the entrance-fee is the same, and each member pays also a hundred francs for a card of admission to the reserved tribune of the Société des Steeple-Chases de France. The temporary members pay dues of sixty francs a month, plus twelve francs for tax and fifty francs for their admission-card to the races. Army and navy officers in active service in the departments of the Seine, Seine-et-Oise, Oise, and Seine-et-Marne may frequent the club-house whenever they come to the city on leave, provided that this leave do not exceed three months; they pay an annual sum of two

LA FOLIE. From a drawing by W. Sichelkow.

hundred francs, tax included, and a hundred francs for their card of admission to the races, if they wish one. Members of the French diplomatic corps residing outside of Paris or filling a post abroad, may be admitted to the same privileges when visiting the capital, on the same conditions. The governing *comité* is composed of the president, two vice-presidents, and thirty-eight members, who may be re-elected; and the conditions of admission for new members and the general internal regulations of the club are similar to those of the Jockey-Club.

There are at least two more of these aristocratic clubs to the privileges of which strangers, army and navy officers, diplomats, and public functionaries may be admitted for limited periods under certain conditions. These are the Cercle de l'Union, on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and the Cercle de l'Union Artistique in the Rue Boissy-d'Anglas. To the first, strangers are admitted as temporary members for the space of six months, and this privilege may be renewed by a new election; to the second, for the space of one month at least and not to exceed three, renewable for another three months. The number of permanent members of the Cercle de l'Union is fixed at seven hundred; these pay an entrance-fee of five hundred francs and annual dues of four hundred, while the temporary members are liable only for the sum of two hundred francs for six months. For the Cercle de l'Union Artistique, there is no limit set to the number of members; in 1898, there were nineteen hundred and sixty-three permanent members and seven temporary. For the former, the price of admission is fixed at two hundred francs, plus forty francs for the State tax, and they pay three hundred francs a year, plus sixty francs tax; for the temporary members, the dues are forty francs a month, plus eight francs tax. In all these clubs, the regulations regarding these

payments, as well as those incurred at play or on the race-tracks, are very strict, and a very brief delay may lead to the expulsion of the delinquent member.

In this latter club, the governing *comité du cercle* appoints each year three commissions of twenty members each, who may be reappointed, one-third of whom at the most must be members of the committee and the others chosen from among the permanent members. The first of these, the Commission de Littérature, has for its object the arranging for lectures and theatrical representations, and the reading of unpublished manuscripts; the second, the Commission de Peinture, Architecture, etc., concerns itself with the annual exhibitions of works of art in the galleries of the club, to which the public are admitted on certain days and under certain conditions, and also with the organization of the annual lotteries the proceeds of which are applied to the purchase of the works exhibited. The third of these bodies, the Commission de Musique, organizes the weekly concerts by the musicians, instrumentalists, and vocalists of the club; provides for

A SELLER OF RACE PROGRAMMES.

hearings for musical celebrities or of new compositions, and also for the purchase and the care of musical instruments. Each of these commissions draws up an annual programme for itself, which it first submits to the comité du cercle for approval. On the advice of the commissions, the comité submits to the annual assemblée générale held in March a proposition to set aside certain sums, taken from the available funds of the cercle, for the purchase or the reproduction by the club of works of art and the publication of unedited literary or musical compositions. The directing comité, elected annually and eligible for re-election, is composed of the president, six vice-presidents, and fifty-four members; the president is the Marquis de Vogué, formerly attaché at the French embassy in Russia and ambassador to Constantinople.

The Cercle de la Librairie, which occupies a handsome building on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, the older portion of which was constructed by the architect Charles Garnier, and the modern part by Cassien Bernard, is the seat of the Syndicat of all the liberal professions interested in the publication or production of works of literature, science, and the arts. Among these Syndicats, Sociétés, and Associations, twenty-one in number, are the following: Syndicat du Cercle de la Librairie et de l'Imprimerie, de la Musique, des Estampes, etc.; Société civile des Propriétaires de l'hôtel du Cercle de la Librairie; Chambre syndicale des Imprimeurs typographes, and that of the Imprimeurs lithographes; Syndicat professionnel de l'Union des Fabricants de papier de France; Syndicat des Sociétés littéraires et artistiques pour la protection de la propriété intellectuelle; Syndicat de la Presse périodique; Syndicat des Editeurs; Syndicat de la Photogravure, that of the manufacturers of photographic apparatus and dealers in the same, and the Musée des Photographies documentaires;

Chambre syndicale des Editeurs d'Images religieuses and Fabricants d'objets de piété; Société des Amis des Monuments parisiens; Société amicale des Professeurs de dessin de la Ville de Paris et du département de la Seine; Société des Artistes français, Graveurs au burin; and two or three others, of printers, library employés, and wholesale manufacturers of paper. As will be seen, this association covers a very wide field in literature, art, and manufactures, and its scientific and artistic exhibitions, given in galleries or buildings loaned for that purpose by the conseil d'administration of the cercle, are among the most interesting in Paris.

The members of the cercle, which was founded in 1847, are divided into four classes,—the titular members engaged, or who have been engaged, in some avocation having to do with the publication of books, of music, or of engravings; the associate members, writers, savants, professors, etc.; corresponding members and honorary ones. Applicants for membership must submit their request, endorsed by two titulars, to the conseil d'administration, which decides in secret session, two black balls being sufficient to defeat. The admission-fee, of sixty francs, is exacted only of the titular members, and the annual dues, paid by both titulars and associates, are a hundred and twenty francs, of which twenty francs are for the subscription to the *Journal de la Librairie*. The corresponding members pay thirty francs annually, and are also entitled to receive this publication. The finances of the cercle are regulated by a commission des comptes, and the assemblée générale is held in February of each year.

On the Boulevard Saint-Germain may be found also the Cercle Agricole,—founded in 1835 and therefore one of the oldest clubs in Paris,—which has for its object the development of the breed of horses in France, the perfection of agriculture, and the

introduction of new and improved agricultural methods. There is also a Société des Agriculteurs de France, in the Rue d'Athènes, founded in 1867, and the Société Nationale d'Agriculture de France, in the Rue de Bellechasse, which was originally established by a decree of the Conseil d'État du Roi, on the first of March, 1761, under the title of the Société Royale d'Agriculture de la généralité de Paris. Modified at different periods, it was reorganized by the decrees of 1878, 1879, and 1880. This national society is now organized in the same manner as the Académies; the Minister of Agriculture is honorary president, and there are fifty-two titular members, fifteen foreign members, forty national associates, and three hundred corresponding members, half of them French and colonial and half foreign. The association is expected to reply to all demands of the government respecting the progress and the development of the agricultural industry, to study all questions relating to the legislation and rural economy, and the various processes of the different branches of agriculture. There are annual and special prizes, a monthly bulletin, and an annual volume of Mémoires, and the titular members receive for each sitting an honorarium of ten francs. The Agricole, which is a social club, has six hundred and eighteen permanent members and two hundred and twenty *en congé*,—the latter being those absent from France for at least a year; all ambassadors and ministers to the French government are admitted on their request, without balloting, and strangers sojourning in Paris may be admitted as temporary members for a period of three months, which is renewable. The *droit d'admission* for permanent members is five hundred francs, and they pay three hundred francs yearly, plus sixty more for the State tax of twenty per cent.; the temporary members pay sixty francs a month, plus twelve for the tax.

The Marquis de Vogué, president of the Union Artistique, is also president of the Société des Agriculteurs de France, which counts no less than thirteen thousand members, divided into twelve sections, and representing the greater number of the agricultural sociétés, comices, and syndicats of the country. A bimonthly bulletin is published, a chemical laboratory is maintained where there may be analyzed gratuitously specimens of soils, fertilizers, wines, sugar, etc., and the encouragement of agriculture is further aided by a system of subventions, competitions, and medals. The annual dues are only twenty francs for each member.

Not only may the stranger within the Parisian gates thus find hospitable clubs open to him if he come sufficiently well recommended, but also his own particular native cuisine for his delectation if he take the trouble to search out the right restaurant "*exotique*." Several of these are provided for each of the important nationalities, and, notwithstanding the universally recognized general superiority of the French science of the table, none of them is without its indigenous patronage, so curious and investigating is the native mind in these important matters. For the English, and largely for the American cousins also, there are the Taverne Anglaise in the Rue Royale, and another in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, the English Tavern in the Rue d'Amsterdam, and probably one or two others, in which may be found, in addition to the traditional roast beef, beefsteak and *mutton-shops*, Irish stews, and other humble and domestic dishes. For the Austrians and the Hungarians, there is the Restaurant Viennois, in the Rue Hauteville, and the Restaurant Tchèque in the Rue du Port-Mahon, where are served *Backhuhn*, which is fried chicken *à la viennoise*, *Wienerschnitzel*, scallops *à la viennoise*, *Geflügel-Risotto*, chicken risotto, *Gulyas*, beef seasoned with paprika *à la magyare*, and the

A CABARET AT THE POINT-DU-JOUR. After a water-color by M. Juillerat.

highly recommended *Mehlspeisen*, Viennese pastry, together with Pilsner beer and Austrian and Hungarian wines, all at reasonable prices. The Russians pay more dearly in the sumptuous restaurant established by M. Cabat, formerly chef in the service of the Czar Alexander, in the former Hôtel de Madame de Païva in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. Here, in addition to an admirable French cuisine, may be found the necessary Caviar and a great variety of little Russian cakes and pastry, and also *Borchtch*, which is a soup composed of beets and other vegetables, *Razsolnik*, another potage-ragoût in which are chicken and salted cucumbers, *Potrokha*, potage-ragoût of giblets, *Botvinia*, fish soup with spinach, oseille, and cucumbers, and served very cold, and, for more solid meats, *Koulébiaka*, a very good fish-pie, and *Pojàrskiia Kotlety*, the white meat of chickens served with cream.

Both French and Italian gourmets appreciate the Restaurant Italien in the Galerie Montmartre in the Passage des Panoramas, already celebrated in the time of Rossini, who was one of its constant patrons. The cuisine is peculiarly Milanaise, and the Chianti wine is of superior quality. Among the favorite dishes is a rich rice soup, filled with all sorts of vegetables, the *Minestrone;* stewed beef, *Stufato;* lazagnes *au jus*, *Lasagne pasticciate; Risotto*, polenta, *Morue* [cod-fish] *à la venitienne*, and *Zabaglione*, which is a very good punch, made with marsala and the yolks of eggs beaten up. For the Spaniards, Don José Robles Ruiz, in the Rue du Helder, furnishes *Guisillo Madrileno*, a ragoût *à la madrilène; Cocido à la Espanola*, an excellent pot-au-feu; a dish of rice, *Arroz à la Valenciana*, and one of cod-fish prepared in the Basque manner, *Bacalas à la Vizcaina.* The Orientals, Greeks, Wallachians, etc., go to the Restaurant Oriental in the Rue des Écoles to eat *Pilaf*, a species of risotto; *Agème Pilaf*, risotto of mutton;

Soutzoukakia, meat chopped up with tomatoes; *Youvarelakia*, meat-balls of mutton; Keftedès, another variety of force-meat balls, and roast lamb *à la palikare*, scented with thyme and rosemary. These they wash down with the wines of Marathon, Samos, and Santorin. The Turks find their peculiar restaurant in the Rue Cadet, where they can eat *Pilaf*, *Couscouss*, *Chich-Kiebab*, and other dishes suggestive of the Arabian Nights, finishing with confections and confitures and the excellent Turkish coffee. The most important of the Swiss eating-houses is in the Rue Notre-Dame de

STAGE OF THE OPÉRA DURING A BAL-MASQUÉ.
Drawn by Fernand Fau.

Bonne-Nouvelle, and there are a number of Israelite restaurants where the viands are prepared only in the orthodox "Kocher" manner.

It is estimated that there are about thirty thousand cooks in Paris, and they have their Syndicat Ouvrier, situated in the Rue

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, which is not organized in the manner of the usual corporations. They are divided into various very distinct sections,—*cuisiniers de Maison Bourgeoise, de Restaurant, d'Hôtels, Pâtissiers-Cuisiniers, cuisiniers de Conserves*, etc. There are no formal rules for regulating the system of apprenticeship, each chef selects his own *élèves*, whose pride in their master is not to be excelled in any other profession. The salaries paid necessarily vary greatly,—in the more important restaurants the Chef de Cuisine receives from three to five hundred francs a month and upward; in the lesser ones, from two to three hundred, with a hundred or a hundred and fifty for the assistants, food and washing included. In the royal and princely houses throughout the world, where these distinguished representatives of the national art are to be found, their incomes range from twenty to twenty-five thousand francs. Many of the bourgeois households and the clubs make an arrangement with the chef, *à forfait*, paying him according to the number of covers laid, for masters and servants, from three francs to twenty francs a day. For receptions and festivals, special conditions are made. There are at least three Sociétés Culinaires in the city: L'Art Culinaire, in the Rue de l'Abbaye, artistic and scientific, and the Cuisiniers de Paris, Rue Turbigo, and La Persévérance, Rue de la Boëtie, both of them mutual aid societies. For those who may find themselves unable to secure permanently the aid of any of these artists, or to frequent the resorts where their productions may be discussed, there are provided a multitude of canned and conserved delicacies which enable even the moderate purse to provide itself with excellent repasts, already prepared. Within the last few years great improvements have been made in these methods of preservation by the processes invented by Affert, and duly perfected since. A

large number of establishments in the city occupy themselves with these *préparations culinaires*, so appreciated by gourmets, but the older and more famous ones, the foies gras, many of the pâtés, timbales and terrines, still retain their proud preëminence.

This preëminence in the art, and in everything that pertains to it, is a source of constant gratification to your true Parisian. One of them, M. Léo Claretie, comparing the excellence and brilliancy and abundance of the cafés on the boulevards with the gloom of London, "in which you can wander for two hours without finding a comfortable and attractive place in which to rest yourself," quotes the eulogium of a Russian traveller, Karamzine, of the first days of this century, who has left, in his native tongue, a record of his visit to France. "What could there be more happy than this invention? You are passing along a street, you are fatigued, you wish to repose, there is opened to you the door of an apartment commodiously furnished, in which, for a few kopecks, you may refresh yourself with a lemonade or an ice, you read the gazettes, you listen to relations, to discussions, you talk yourself; much more, you may cry out, if that pleases you, without any fear of disturbing the master of the household. Those who are not rich, in autumn, in winter, here find an agreeable refuge from the cold, a fireplace, a fire that burns, before which you can seat yourself as in your own house, without paying anything, and, moreover, enjoying the pleasures of society. Vive Pascal! Vive Procope! Vive Soliman Aga!

"To-day, there exist more than six hundred cafés in Paris. Each has its corypheus, its fine wit, its eloquent speaker. But there are only ten of the most celebrated which are usually spoken of, and five or six of them are in the Palais-Royal,—the Café de Foix, du Caveau, de Valois, de Chartres. The first is

BOWLING-ALLEY AT NEUILLY. From a painting by Victor Marec, Salon of 1892.

furnished with an elegance truly remarkable. But the second is decorated with the marble busts of the musical composers who, with their operas, charm the ears of the public of our day,—Gluck, Sacchini, Piccini, Grétry, Philidor. There may here be seen also a marble table on which is inscribed in golden letters: 'On this table were opened two subscriptions, the first, to repeat the experiments of Annonay; the second, on the 29th of August, 1783, to render homage by a medal to the discovery of MM. de Montgolfier.' On the wall is fixed a medallion which represents the two brothers Montgolfier. One café, that of the Régence, was rendered celebrated by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, because he came there every day to play chess. So many spectators were attracted there by their curiosity to see the great author that the chief of police was obliged to post a sentinel at the doors. And, to the present day still, the admirers of Jean-Jacques here assemble to drink coffee in honor of Rousseau. The chair upon which he sat is preserved as a relic."

Another traveller, an Englishman, Mr. Egmont Hake, some twenty-five years ago, thus records his appreciation of the eating-houses at the other extremity of the social scale, in the Rue Mouffetard,—"that Judengasse of *chiffoneurs* and *ramoneurs* [rag-pickers and chimney-sweepers]. Upon the windows of some of the cabarets were placards announcing *déjeuners* and dinners at incredibly low prices. The chiffonier seldom spends more than six sous upon his dinner, and half that sum upon his déjeuner. There used to be a *caboulot* in this very neighborhood called *Au Hasard de la Fourchette*, a favorite resort of chiffoniers, where dinner was advertised over the door at one sou. The system upon which the restaurateur of this eating-house worked was this: its frequenters, upon paying their sou in advance, took their

places at a huge cauldron with a goodly fork chained to its side; each, in turn, taking the fork in hand, was free to plant its prongs in the seething mass, fishing out what chance might bring him in the way of a savory morsel of meat or a disappointing bone. This restaurant for a long time had a considerable *clientèle*, but I missed it, and on inquiry found that it had been, like many another curious haunt, swept away by the inexorable Haussmann."

The same explorer visited the Montparnasse quarter, where he found some picturesque characteristics that have since disappeared. "From the preëminently plebeian character of the quarter, it might be imagined that its places of entertainment and good cheer present an aspect of meanness and squalor. This is by no means the case. The inhabitants of Montrouge belong, it is true, to the lower stratum of society,—they are the pariahs of Paris,—but they are, to take a word from their own vocabulary, *petits crevés* to the backbone. The appearance of things is to them as all-important as to their more pecunious brother Parisians. So these pleasure-haunts make a very fair show, many of them are even large, and all are radiant with Venetian glasses. Thus the unshorn *ouvrier*, with a pipe and *champoreau*, may survey himself through as good an avenue of mirrors as any *péquin chic*, with scented cigarette and champagne *frappé*, of the Chaussée d'Antin.

"As a gathering of the lower types, the most interesting of all these places is the dancing-hall at the corner, called the Bal Constant. Here, among the company, there is none of that backing hesitation, none of that smiling apology and supercilious condescension noticeable in all other circles. The freemasonry of vice carries with it a graceful ease, and, the music once set in motion, the dancers give themselves up to reckless expression,

extemporizing antics, giddy as they are grotesque." It may not be generally known that the drunkards have their patron saint, like most other guilds and confraternities, Saint Martin,—though the reasons are not known. An old French distich declares that:

> "*Saint Martin boit le bon vin*
> *Et laisse l'eau courre au moulin;*"

("Saint Martin drinks the good wine, and leaves the water to run the mill").

Cooking, fencing, and dancing may be considered to be among the arts in which the French excel, though the Germans would probably claim that the preëminence in the waltz was justly theirs. Indeed, this dance and *le Boston* are admitted by the Parisian professors of the art to be among the most difficult to learn. In twenty lessons the average pupil is expected to master the waltz, the polka, the *pas de quatre*, the *quadrille américain*, the quadrille, *l'américain*, and the lancers. For all of these the young girls betray an aptitude twice as great as that of the boys and youths. Among the latter, the best dancers are generally those who are of medium height and slender of figure, they have always delicate articulations, and it is, above all, important that they should "have an ear." The "record" of the waltz, one hour, long held by an Englishman, was broken in 1895 by four dancers of the Athenée Saint-Michel, who maintained their giddy revolutions uninterruptedly for the space of an hour and twenty minutes.

For the last twenty-five years, the study of the *danse de ville*, it is considered, has been greatly neglected in Paris, but at the present day the revival of many of the stately dances of the last century has greatly increased the importance of the Académies

and Cours de danse, of which there are now in the city some twenty-five, employing one or more professors each. The number of private teachers who give lessons only in the pupils' houses is estimated at fifty. Nearly all of these professors are ex-dancers of the Opéra. The dancing academies have each several salons, in which are given private lessons and those in classes. They are open from October to June, and two or three times each month

LE BAL MYSTIQUE. From a drawing by Louis Morin.

are given *soirées de gala*, to which are invited all the pupils of the year. The pupils pay from ten to twenty-five francs a month, one lesson a week, for the course, and for private lessons, of three-quarters of an hour or an hour each, from five to fifteen francs. The most favorable age in which to acquire the dance of society is considered to be between ten and twelve; the *maîtres de danse* instruct their young pupils also in *leçons de maintien*, salutations,

bows, courtesies, and various exercises with the legs. In the theatres, and especially at the Opéra, as may be supposed, these courses are infinitely longer and more complicated. At the latter, the beginners, the *petites*, who are still members of the *quadrilles*, are obliged to present themselves at half-past eight in the morning. As the performance of the evening before had probably not terminated much before midnight, and as these future *étoiles* are generally obliged to live in the distant quarters of Montmartre or La Villette, the period for necessary sleep is much curtailed. The lessons begin at nine o'clock promptly, under the cupola on the ninth floor of the building, and the dancers are in costume,—corsage of white nainsook, three petticoats of white tarlatan, girdle of satin, blue, pink, or mauve, according to the taste of the wearer, breechings of muslin, maintained above the garters to show the knees, stockings and shoes in pink. At the same hour, the coryphées are being rehearsed in the foyer de la danse under another instructor; and a third, a man, at half-past ten, takes charge of those who have passed these preliminary stages, the *petits sujets*, *sujets*, and *premières danseuses*. The costume for these is practically the same, with certain additions of lace, ribbons, and somewhat more taste; the handkerchief stuck in the girdle, which no dancer forgets, for it serves as a sponge for her heated face, is embroidered instead of being plain.

The exercises are sufficiently complicated,—the performers are obliged to *tourner* and to *casser*, to turn the toes out to such an extent that the feet, heels together, form one straight line, this position is called *en première*, then to place the foot on a horizontal bar which is held at the same time by both hands, this is called *tourner en seconde*. Then must be executed the *pliés*, the *ronds de jambe*—on the floor and in the air, the little and the great

battements, and, finally, the *brisés de Télémaque*, all of them without ceasing to smile. After this, there are a few moments of repose, in which the perspiring brows are wiped, the floor sprinkled, the necessary gossip and chatter exchanged. "*Suivons, Mesdemoiselles*," cries the instructor, and then commences the *adage*, which is composed of the *battements en croix*, the *pliés*, the *petits*, and *grands ballonnés*, *attitudes*, and *ports de bras*. After this, the *temps sautés*,—the *changements de pied coupés fouettés*, the *pirouettes*, the *temps de pointe*, the *gargouillades*, and the *sauts de chat*. The variations are executed in groups of four before the great mirror at the back of the hall. With each new step, the professor gathers his pupils around him in a circle and explains to them the movement, which they execute at first with their hands, and afterward in groups of twos or fours, while the violin scratches the tune on his pocket instrument. On days of rehearsal, the dancers quit hurriedly at half-past eleven, though the lesson usually does not terminate till noon. At that hour precisely, the rehearsal begins, and the poor performer has consequently only half an hour in which to change her garments from head to foot, for she is running with perspiration, and to take a hasty bite of something,—déjeuner being out of the question. To prevent taking cold in traversing the draughty corridors, she encloses her legs in gaiters of white linen and throws over her shoulders a morning jacket, a *boléro* or Spanish jacket, or any loose garment in satin or silk which, later, finds its way to the general

POSTILION.
STUDENTS' BALL.

assemblage hung up on the projecting portions of the scenery in company with the woollen shawls, the *cache-misères*, and the tippets in rabbit-skin of the humbler members of the troupe.

Any one failing to appear in her place at the appointed time is fined one day's pay for the rehearsals and three days' pay for the representations. The former take place on the stage, doubtfully lighted by two electric reflectors while the auditorium is plunged in gloom. The directors and the authors are seated at the sides; the *maître de ballet*, in a flannel shirt, yellow slippers, and a black straw hat, if it be cold, is armed with a great stick,—traditional badge of office,—with which he not only marks time but also reduces his feminine company to something approaching silence. These rehearsals last till half-past one or two o'clock, sometimes half-past two, after which the weary performer may change her costume, eat her déjeuner, and taste a little well-earned repose. The étoiles and the premières danseuses frequently prolong their exercises until late in the afternoon in their ambition to touch perfection.

An abounding recompense for all this fatigue is, however, found in the representation, and no dancer complains of the length of her rôle before the audience. On these evenings, she generally arrives about half-past eight; in her *loge* she finds the complete costume prepared for her by the *habilleuse*, or costumer, tights in pink or flesh-colored silk for the body and legs, dancing slippers, and the various accessories according to circumstances, casque, cuirass, flowers, necklaces, jewels, etc. The wigs, tresses, etc., are brought by the coiffeur Clodion, who, the night before, had found them all in a wardrobe or closet devoted to that purpose. The loges are sufficiently large and divided into two apartments, of which the inner one is the dressing-room proper. The

administration of the theatre furnishes one table, two chairs, a large mirror with two drawers below, warming, and electric lighting, and the young ladies complete this summary furnishing with carpets or rugs, draperies, pictures, and cover the bare walls with pretty cretonne sprigged out in little bouquets. In the entrance-door is a small peephole which permits of a judicious reconnaissance of any one demanding admission.

The dancer begins her toilet by pulling on the two legs of her silk tights, for "stooping spoils the figure." Then, having well stretched her dancing chemise, of a special form known as *chemise à queue*, she inserts her feet into her slippers of pink satin, crossing twice in front the ribbons which attach them and knotting them behind. Some danseuses stick them to the heel with gum. These *chaussons* cost the administration six francs a pair; the étoiles receive a new pair for each act, the premières danseuses one for each evening, the sujets one every third evening, the coryphées one every six evenings, and the quadrilles one every twelve evenings. Thus the petites, or their mothers who sit at the sides during the lessons, spend their time in restoring with waxed thread these slippers or in trimming them with scissors. The tights, or *maillots*, of the legs cost forty francs, and those of the body, twenty-five francs, and are also furnished according to the requirements of the service, but it is observed that the demoiselles of the quadrilles require more than the sujets. Each dancer has three maillots, which are washed after each representation. Being thus clad and shod, the dancer now proceeds to the *mastic*, or the *maquillage*, a very complicated and scientific operation. First, she covers her face with vaseline to remove the dust, then she puts on a layer of white, *blanc gras*, then of *rouge gras*, over and under the eyes, all of this is then dried with a little *veloutine*

IN THE BOIS DE VINCENNES: A BOURGEOIS WEDDING-PARTY. After a water-color by Louis Malteste.

put on with a powder-puff and removed with a very soft brush. The cheeks are afterward touched up with powdered rouge, the tint dying away delicately to the ears, thanks to the hare's-foot; the eyebrows are darkened, and the space under the eyes; the eyelids are touched with blue to give effect to the glance; the lips, the nostrils, and the corners of the eyes, with *rouge électrique;* sometimes a dimple is added to the chin to diminish the length of the face. "From this time forth, the danseuse permits herself neither kisses, nor bursts of laughter, nor tears, nor emotion of any sort. That would *déferer* her face."

For the coiffure, Clodomir and his assistant, Sylvestre, appear, but the dancers, in this respect, consult their personal tastes much more than the official orders, and many of them, as the belle Cléo de Mérode, with her *bandeux 1850,*—known, but not unduly appreciated, in this country,—maintain one style in their hair-dressing through all the changing climes, epochs, and mythologies of their ballet. Over her chemise de danse the *ballerina* has put on her corset, very supple and of a special cut; then the maillot, stretched so as to be without a wrinkle; three jupons or skirts sewed together and known as the *tutu* (in the travesties and burlesques, the tutus are in gauze, very short and very clinging); over them, generally, three more jupons which the costumer sews around the hips that there may be no pins to make trouble in the groupings. During all these processes, or during the later ones at least, the dancer receives her intimate friends in her loge, disappearing into her dressing-room at critical moments. When her summons arrives, she descends into the foyer where the habitués assemble, somewhat less numerous, it is thought, than formerly in the Rue Le Peletier, and where it is customary for the gentlemen to uncover. Should any of them forget this courtesy, he is assailed

with sarcastic remarks: "Oh! he has chickens in his hat!" and the offending covering is promptly removed. Finally, M. Pluque cries: "*Mesdames, c'est a vous!*" and the danseuse flits on the stage for her brief moments of dazzling and flying grace.

One of the most graceful and famous of all these dancers of the Opéra, in the days when, perhaps, the more romantic spirit of the age lent an importance now departed to the few reigning queens of the art, Carlotta Grisi, has just died (May, 1899) in her country house near Geneva, old and almost forgotten. There is an almost pathetic *memento mori* in the contrast between the conventional lithographs of her in her prime—the glossy bandeaux, the slim figure, the light and pointed feet—and the latest photographs of a very stout and white-haired old lady planted solidly in her easy-chair as if never to rise from it. At the age of five, she made her début in the Scala in Milan as première danseuse in the corps de ballet of children; but she had also an excellent light voice, and she devoted herself to singing as well as to dancing. Malibran said to her: "Quit dancing, study singing, thou hast a voice, thou wilt have talent, thou wilt take my place." But the maître de ballet, Perrot, who gave her lessons, advised her to the contrary. "Thou art too pretty to become a singer; there are already two Grisis who sing (her cousins Giuditta and Giulia Grisi); thou wilt be crushed by the comparison. Dance, then; Taglioni no longer flies but with one wing, and Fanny Elssler is growing old." Carlotta allowed herself to be persuaded; she formed an irregular union with Perrot and took his name, but her ambition remained her passion. "Our two turtle-doves," says M. de Boigne, in his *Petits Mémoires de l'Opéra*, "did not therefore waste in loving that time which could be more profitably devoted to *ballonner*. . . . Carlotta had in her nothing of the

usual danseuse, neither the corporal indolence, nor the intellectual sluggishness, nor the pettiness, nor the jealousies. She was always occupied; when she was not dancing, she was singing; when she was not singing, she was executing one of those thousand pieces of needlework in which she excelled. She was a fairy, from the tips of her toes to the tips of her fingers, a good

THE GINGERBREAD FAIR. After a water-color by Jules Garnier.

little fairy who had always heart and devotion at the service of her friends." In 1840, she arrived in Paris with Perrot, and was presented to Anténor Joly, director of the Renaissance, who was charmed with her dancing and singing. At this theatre, she made her début, in a ballet by Sauvage, *Le Zingaro*, of which Fontana had written the music and in which he inserted a song for her. In both her arts, she pleased the Parisians; in the following year, she

appeared at the Opéra—under her own name, which she never afterward quitted—in a *pas de deux* in the second act of *La Favorita.* Théophile Gautier immediately fell in love with her, and wrote for her the *scénario* of *Giselle,* of which Adolphe Adam furnished the music, and of which she created the title-rôle with immense success. Later, in Belgium and in England, she excited the same admiration; but having separated from Perrot, she suddenly disappeared whilst at the height of her fame, and lived for many years in retirement in Switzerland, with her daughter, who became the wife of the painter, E. Pinchart.

Readers of the immortal Dumas père will remember in one of his minor romances, *Le Chevalier d'Armenthal,*—time of the Regency,—the interest displayed by that hero in the household of the worthy bourgeois, just across the Rue du Temps-Perdu,—to-day, Rue Saint-Joseph,—who had contrived on the scanty roof of his modest apartment a complete garden in miniature, flowers, walks, a little fountain, a grotto composed of gnarled and twisted specimens of vegetable growth, and curious geological and conchological formations. Semiramis of Babylon and Jenny *l'ouvrière* had carried out similar enterprises before him, but this honest scrivener had applied certain innovations and inventions of his own to thus providing himself with an out-door place of diversion and well-earned repose in the heart of the city, and his ideas have very lately been taken up by citizens of wider means and greater advantages. The credit of this revival is given by a recent article in a Paris journal to a M. Tabary, formerly costumer and ornamental sculptor, who had been struck with admiration, in the course of his travels, of the flowery terraces of Algeria and the far East. When he retired from business, he was enabled to carry out his plans for making the wilderness to blossom by ingenious construction upon

the roofs of two buildings erected by him in the neighborhood of the artesian wells of Grenelle. On three terraces, corresponding to the seventh, eighth, and ninth stories, there are now growing thriving little clumps of foliage, dwarf cherry-trees covered with edible fruit, trailing vines clinging to the chimneys, and roses, pinks, fuchsias, althæa, red lilies, larkspur, birthwort, hydrangea, and chrysanthemum — the latter flowering at this altitude, thirty-two mètres above the pavement, three or four months earlier than usual, but the stem never attaining more than half the normal height. The weight of the whole, including some ninety cubic mètres of soil, is readily carried by the metal beams and girders of the usual modern roof-construction. The important question of impermeability was solved by special measures: immediately above the ceiling was spread a layer of cement; upon that, one of fine sand; then several thicknesses of a water-proof paper, tarred; then another layer of sand and a topmost one of cement.

Similar measures were crowned with equal success, and upon a larger scale, in another of M. Tabary's buildings, in the Rue de Valois,—this garden having a superficies of five hundred and thirty square mètres, and containing a hundred and thirty cubic mètres of earth. The very latest and most extensive application of this system is that of the new building of the Automobile-Club in the Place de la Concorde,—the architect, M. Gustave Rives, having at his disposal a large, flat roof, *à l'italienne*, on which he has constructed a garden with terraces, basin, and fountain, all of the *plus belle*. Drainage is provided by the gentle slope toward the eaves of the building, and the dryness of the inhabitants below by successive strata of iron girders laid in a concrete of fine gravel and cement, of iron scoriæ laid in cement, and of concrete of fine gravel. The tarred paper is used only to a very limited

extent. In these new hanging-gardens of the new Babylon the citizen may take his pleasure at his ease, and look out serenely over the less fortunate pleasure-seekers a hundred feet below. Probably the most remarkable of all these latter—and their number is very great indeed—are the patient fishers with the line who may be seen all along the quais through the city, motionless and always expectant, fishing steadily through storm and sunshine, revolution, "manifestation," and even "Affaire Dreyfus." Contrary to the general and widely-extended opinion, these patient ones do sometimes catch fish,—at the last annual *concours de pêche*, July 2, 1899, the hundred and fifty-five competitors caught five hundred and eighty fish in the course of the hour, the opening and closing of the contest being announced by a gunshot. The course lay along the river from the Pont Mirabeau to the viaduct of Auteuil; the *prix d'honneur*, a medal in enamel given by the Minister of Agriculture, was awarded to the sportsman whose "bag" weighed a kilogramme and a half. Another, who had attained the weight of a kilogramme with only seven fish, received the prize for "the greatest weight." Of the ten ladies who competed, a medal was gallantly awarded her who had six hundred grammes to show. The only fish whose capture may be hoped for in the Seine in its course through Paris are roach, gudgeons, little barbels, and occasionally bream and *chevesnes*.

These fishermen have their *Association Syndicale des Pêcheurs à la Ligne de Paris*, which counts about a thousand and sixty members, and whose object is to discourage fishing with the net, which would soon exhaust the Seine; but *any one* may fish with a line and a cork, without cost and without molestation, if he observe certain reasonable regulations. The closed season is from the Monday after the 15th of April to the Sunday after the

15th of June; certain localities, the lock-basin of the Mint and the small arm of the river at Grenelle, are reserved for breeding purposes; fishing before sunrise or after sunset is forbidden, and the use of poisonous or unwholesome bait. There is a legend that a *pêcheur à la ligne* once caught and sold in a month a hundred and twenty francs' worth of roach.

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